Collier's

August 5, 1950

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Can Anything Be Done About It?

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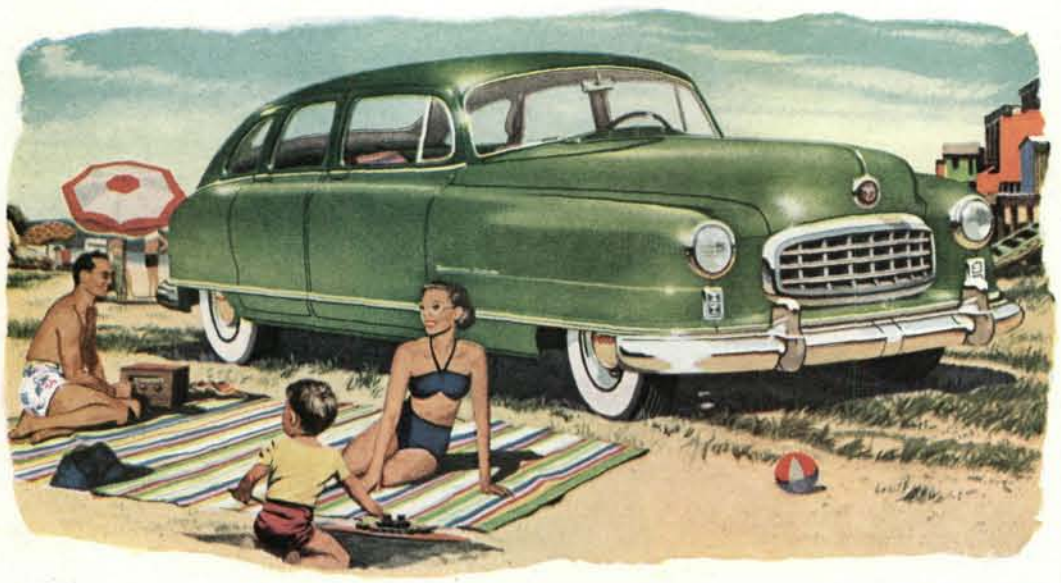
Be HAPPY with the car you buy



Sun fun!

You get so much more pleasure *out* of a Nash—because Nash builds so much more *into* it! This big *Nash Statesman Airflyte* has so much "living room" inside that the seats turn into Twin Beds in twenty seconds! And a luggage compartment that has more useful space than any you've ever seen! There's pressurized ventilation with the Weather Eye Conditioned Air System—and a host of convenience-features exclusive with Nash! All-welded Airflyte Construction makes the Airflyte safer, smoother-riding, easier to handle—and for all its size and room, this big car gets more than 25 miles to the gallon at average highway speed!

Can't miss!

No wonder the folks you see driving the brand-new *Nash Rambler Airflyte Station Wagon* look happy as larks—*they are!* This sleek, smart Rambler with advanced Airflyte Construction is practical as a clothespin—sophisticated as a diamond clip. Like the Rambler Convertible Sedan, this power-packed Airflyte (the nation's lowest-priced Custom Station Wagon) delivers up to 30 miles a gallon at average highway speed. And note the low price includes as standard equipment a fine radio, the Weather Eye Conditioned Air System, and altogether nearly $300 worth of custom accessories, at no extra cost!

True luxury!

Here's everything you've dreamed of, in a truly fine car—the *Nash Ambassador Airflyte*. Super-Compression performance, with a great 7.3-to-1 Turbo-Head Engine at your command . . . Hydra-Matic Drive, if you desire it (with exclusive Selecto-Lift Starting) . . . the only 7-bearing, 100% counterbalanced crankshaft in a car costing less than $10,000 . . . Twin Beds and Airliner Reclining Seat . . . Weather Eye . . . Airflyte Construction . . . coil springs on all four wheels . . . rich interior appointments.

Be happy with the car you drive—see all three great Airflytes: The Ambassador with Hydra-Matic Drive, The Statesman and The Rambler—at your famous-for-service Nash Dealer's!

Nash Airflyte

There's Much of Tomorrow
In All Nash Does Today

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

The Distinguished **AMBASSADOR** • *The Popular* **STATESMAN** • *The Smart, New* **RAMBLER**

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You can be confident that you're keeping your mouth and breath more wholesome—sweeter and cleaner—when you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't risk halfway dental care. Depend on *doubly-effective* Ipana care for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

"I have confidence in Ipana—Bristol-Myers makes it,"

says Bobbie Snow of Woodside, N. Y.

Bristol-Myers, makers of Ipana Tooth Paste, have worked with leading dental authorities for many years on scientific studies of the teeth and gums. You can use Ipana with complete confidence that it provides effective care for teeth and gums *both*. It's another reliable Bristol-Myers product.

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!*

You want to have a healthier, more wholesome mouth, of course. You *can*—if you follow dentists' advice: fight *gum troubles* as well as tooth decay.

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or any other—has been proved more effective than Ipana *to fight tooth decay*. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums.*

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

So start using Ipana for *double* protection—to help keep your whole mouth wholesome. You'll enjoy that wholesome, refreshing Ipana flavor, too. Get Ipana!

NEW!
Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢

IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

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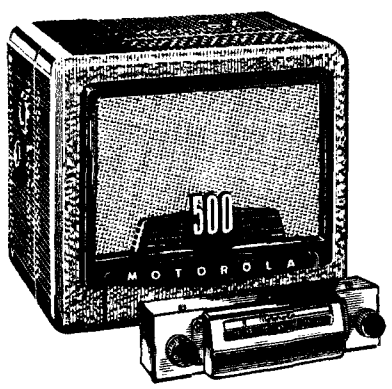
JITTERS?

YOU NEED A

Motorola

AUTO RADIO

When traffic has you tense and jumpy . . . just flick the switch on a Motorola Auto Radio . . . and there's relaxation! See how quickly that hunched back straightens, that frown turns to a smile. Try a Motorola in your car and see!



Yes—you can afford it

Model "500" is a very compact unit that fits most cars. Self-contained speaker. Long distance reception and full, rich tone quality. Special control head to fit and match your dash. All the other famous features that make Motorola your very best car radio!

ONLY $49.95

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The Cover

When Chesley Bonestell (pronounced *Bones-tell*) was commissioned, five years after Hiroshima was destroyed, to paint a conception of an A-bomb attack on Manhattan, he sought an aerial view of a scene he has often witnessed from a plane while coming in at New York's La Guardia Field. You're looking at the blast from a point approximately 1,500 feet over the Statue of Liberty, with the Battery and the financial district in the foreground and the Empire State Building (reflecting the orange blast) uptown at the left. For more details, see page 11.

Week's Mail

To Free or Not To Free

EDITOR: Congratulations to you and Mr. Lilienthal for the fine article Free the Atom (June 17th). You may be interested to know that two years ago alumni of the University of Michigan decided to establish a center for peacetime atomic research on our campus as a memorial to our war dead. For two years I have been traveling from one end of the country to another delivering the message of "Free the Atom" to thousands of people. I quote from the creed of the Michigan Memorial-Phoenix Project:

"Let atomic weaponeering remain a government monopoly. But let American free enterprise help mankind to realize the richest possible rewards from the technological gains in the years ahead, through its free and imaginative men and institutions, with private support."

The Michigan Memorial-Phoenix Project is now a going institution and one of the first institutions, we believe, in the field of all-out atomic research.

ALEXANDER G. RUTHVEN,
University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

. . . In Free the Atom, David E. Lilienthal states: "When this law (the McMahon Act) was enacted four years ago no one could see that there was any alternative to an airtight Government Monopoly." This seems not quite fair to the 13,000 manufacturers forming the membership of the National Association of Manufacturers, who, on the contrary, could see no necessity at all for such airtight government monopoly.

Speaking for the NAM, George E. Folk made the following statement to the special committee holding hearings on the McMahon Act: "We believe, however, that it is not necessary or advantageous to institute a program for government control of the production, ownership and use of fissionable materials." Mr. Folk then went on to urge a legislative approach which would be consistent with, rather than opposed to, our traditional system of free enterprise—an approach which is identical in substance with that now proposed by Mr. Lilienthal.

GEORGE H. LEE, Oak Ridge, Tenn.

. . . The David E. Lilienthal article is important stuff and I hope it has had wide reading.

RICHARD WINSTEAD, New York, N. Y.

. . . In normal times I would agree with Mr. Lilienthal's ideas. But these are not normal times. We are being subjected to the deadliest internal and external attacks to which any nation has ever been subjected in times of so-called peace.

Any deviation from the ultimate objective to lead in the manufacture of bigger and better atomic and hydrogen bombs would be sheer national suicide at this time.

ERNEST GARDOS, Miami Beach, Fla.

Dr. Mary

EDITOR: Your article about Dr. Glassen (Doctor Mary Sleeps Fast, June 17th), so

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The doctor advises a patient about

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

DOCTOR: "Your recent physical examination showed that you are in good condition, although your blood pressure is up. Additional tests and examinations I have made indicate that you have *uncomplicated* high blood pressure. This means that no underlying diseases or infections are causing your condition.

"Actually, high blood pressure, or hypertension, may be slight, moderate, or severe. Even when it is severe, many people continue to lead active, normal lives for many years simply by following the doctor's advice and by adopting healthful living habits."

PATIENT: "Just what is high blood pressure?"

DOCTOR: "It is a condition that results when the blood flowing through the body's small vessels meets increased resistance. This is usually brought about by the narrowing of these small vessels. This narrowing may occur in response to emotional or other factors.

"Everybody's blood pressure varies from time to time. However, when these blood vessels remain *constantly* tightened up, persistent high blood pressure results."

PATIENT: "How does high blood pressure cause harm?"

DOCTOR: "Mainly by placing an additional strain on the heart and blood vessels. This, in turn, causes enlargement of the left ventricle of the heart. As a result, the efficiency of the heart's chief pumping chamber is lessened. Then, too, the arteries wear out sooner than they would if the blood pressure were normal."

PATIENT: "I understand. Now, Doctor, what can I do to help myself?"

DOCTOR: "First, *learn to avoid worry and mental strain*. For example, if there are situations which always upset you, make a special effort to avoid them. Slow down—go through your daily routine without undue fuss or hurry. The calmer you become, the more your blood vessels tend to relax—and thus help to lower your blood pressure. You must also *get your weight down to what is normal for you and keep it there, you must get plenty of sleep and rest, and you must not neglect having periodic health examinations.*"

PATIENT: "What about the new treatments . . . special diets and drugs?"

DOCTOR: "In *selected* cases, the newer forms of treatment are often helpful. Some of the newer drugs may be helpful in many cases but owing to the wide variation in the causes of high blood pressure, these should only be taken with the advice of your physician. Various diets in which salt, protein, and fats are restricted have often benefited some patients. But in your case, like many others, simple common sense treatment usually produces good results."

Knowledge of what causes high blood pressure is increasing, thanks to research supported by the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund and others. In fact, there is hope that both preventive and curative measures may be found as research continues. For more information about high blood pressure, write for Metropolitan's free booklet, 80C, entitled "Your Heart."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 80C, "Your Heart."

Name_____

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admirably executed by Ruth Borden and Frances O'Brien, was like a shot in the arm to this reader and, I imagine, to countless others like me.

In these days, when so many people are beset by multiple pressures, so dogged by vague fears about the world at large, it is both exciting and reassuring to read about a woman who isn't afraid to spend herself in helping her fellows.

MRS. MARTIN B. KOHN, Baltimore, Md.

. . . Are there really such wonderful people in the world as Dr. Mary Glassen, or did somebody just make it up?

LORETTA PHILLIPS, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

. . . In case one of your staff writers ever intends to write a story on the invisible man, I have a candidate for him to interview; my uncle, Dr. E. A. Nelson of Phillipsburg, Kansas.

Please be informed that Dr. Nelson has practiced medicine for over 42 years in the town of Phillipsburg, and that his office is located across the street from the courthouse. Also that he, probably more than your headliner, has devoted his life, including Sundays and midnights, to serving the people of his community.

It seems to me that your magazine owes an apology for the injustice it has done to a fine old gentleman.

ARTHUR L. GREINER, St. Louis, Mo.

. . . I lived in Phillipsburg, Kansas, commonly called "P'burg," several years ago and I worked for Dr. Mary for a while. When she learned that I was interested in medicine she gave me a job driving for her and helping out in the office. Believe me when I say you don't sleep too much when you drive for Dr. Mary.

There was no teen-age club in "P'burg" at that time, so Dr. Mary got a bunch of us together to form a club, but it hit a snag. Dr. Mary never gave up, for you can now find a teen-agers club in "P'burg" although it took a while to get one.

I believe that anyone who really knows her will agree with me when I say, "There is only one Dr. Mary."

JACK H. LEE, Oak Forest, Ill.

. . . I certainly enjoyed the article concerning "Dr. Mary" Glassen of Phillipsburg, Kansas. However, I do want to correct the statement that I am a former editor of the Journal of the Kansas Medical Society.

As a salaried employee of that fine organization, my job was to edit and put the magazine together, but the editor is always an M.D. and a member of the Medical Society. At the time I was so employed, Dr. W. M. Mills of Topeka was the Journal's very capable editor.

ELIZABETH PETTIT, Topeka, Kans.

Poetry Corner

EDITOR: Let's give a laurel leaf to the light-verse writers who hardly ever get any praise from Collier's readers.

And to Frank R. Canning's Bright and Surly (June 17th), I have only this to say:

If Mr. Canning stopped to think
Before he blasted Mondays,
He might have come to realize
That most weeks start on Sundays.

But lest he be discouraged
For the failing in his verse,
I offer consolation:
He could have thought lots worse.

JOAN MATHEWS, East Orange, N. J.

Rallying Round the Flag

EDITOR: It is with great satisfaction I unfurl my little flag which has waved only intermittently since the war.

This hypothetical banner has been the subject of so much ridicule I have, for the sake of its dignity, kept it mostly at half-mast.

The fresh breeze coming from your editorial page (What's Wrong with Flag-Waving, Anyway?, June 17th) has caused me to hoist it hopefully again to the top of the pole. Long may it wave!

MARGARET LONG, Houston, Texas

. . . Your editorial re Flag Day proved quite correct. Very few flags were displayed. Some people who are wrought up about Communism failed to display the symbol of Americanism.

I placed a large flag across the front of my classroom. I was surprised to have a young man say, "I did not know you were in politics, what office are you out for?"

ELEANOR M. DOUGHERTY,
Great Falls, Mont.

. . . I was much interested in your flag-waving editorial. However, I would give you something for your consideration in the matter of the flag.

Hawaii is expected to add another star to the flag. Alaska will probably be admitted to the Union a couple of years later. Bringing both in at the same time would be too practical for Congress. No replacement of already replaced flags. No one left dangling. Unthinkable.

On the other hand, shall we replace worn and soiled flags or make them do another year or so to see what comes of this new state business, or buy new ones and find ourselves stuck with them when they become a couple of stars short?

KEN MOORE, Santa Maria, Cal.

Artie's Girl Friend

EDITOR: Being a loyal Tiger fan I greatly enjoyed The Kid Right-Hander, Is This His Year?, about Art Houtteman (June 17th). Could it be, however, that there are some things about Artie that even Tom Meany doesn't know?

On page 47 he said: "Houtteman, a good-looking kid, is about as eligible a young bachelor as you'll find in baseball. But there are no signs of a budding romance."

On June 12th, just five days before your magazine is dated, a picture appeared in the Topeka Daily Capital of Art and his fiancée, Shelagh Marie Kelly.

BILL J. BARNES, Topeka, Kans.

Apparently love moves faster than magazine deadlines . . . Artie and Shelagh at Yankee Stadium.

Missing Part

EDITOR: As an electrical engineer with a hobby of working with watches and clocks, I was very much interested in The Giant Job of Telling Time (June 17th).

In looking at the excellent X-ray picture of the Hamilton movement I noticed that the balance wheel has a balance screw missing from the top of the left of the balance arm.

This out-of-poise condition would cause the watch to run slow when held in the vertical position during the first 12 hours after full winding.

E. K. KANE, Pittsfield, Mass.

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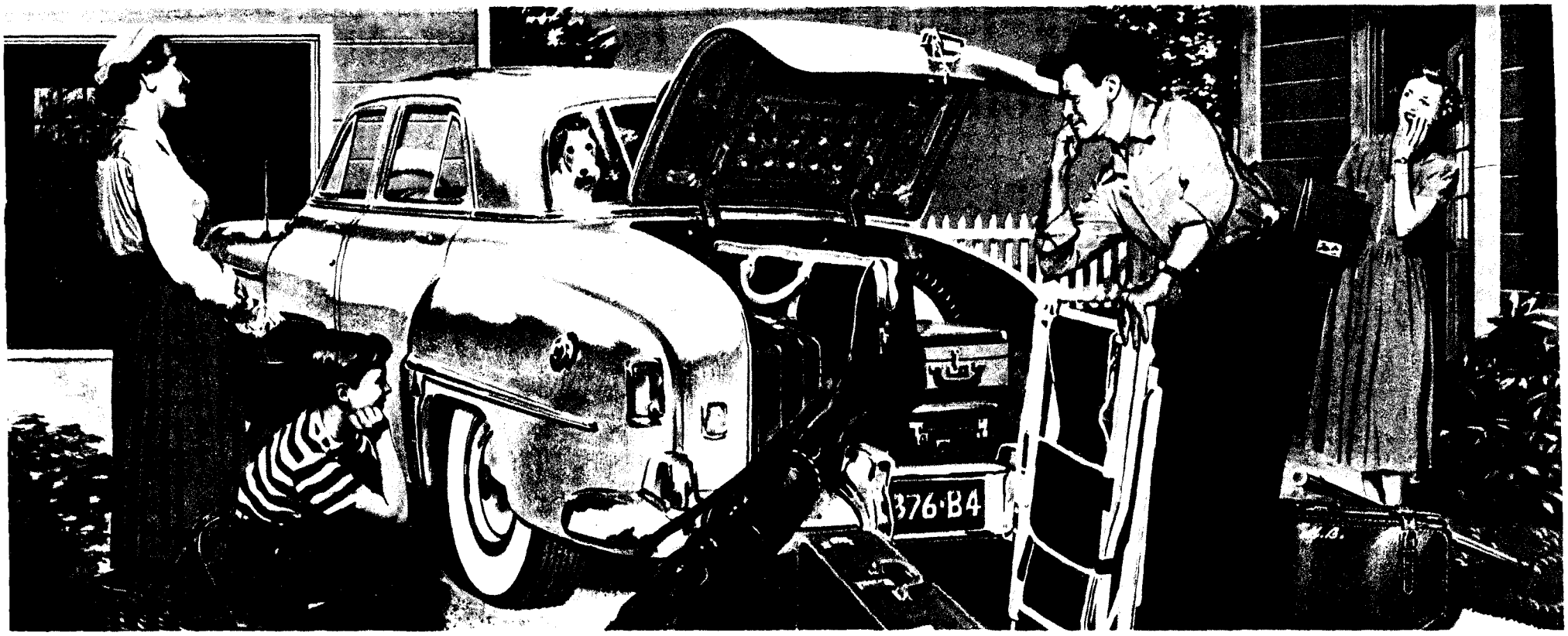
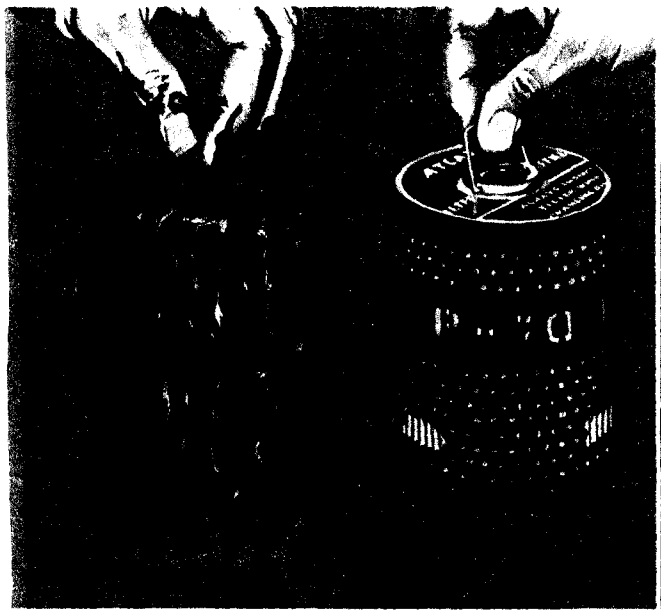
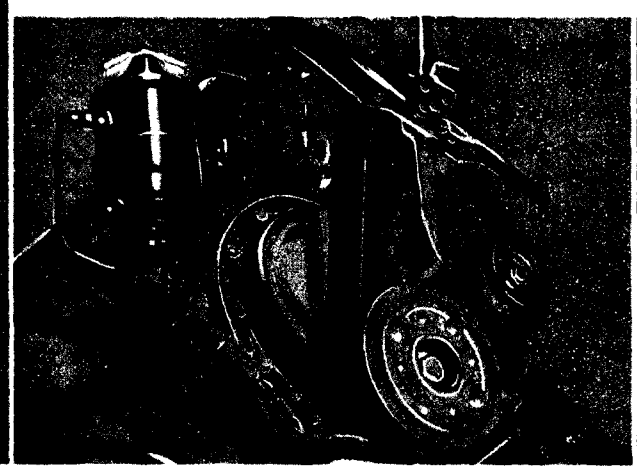
How Atlas can help you enjoy a carefree vacation



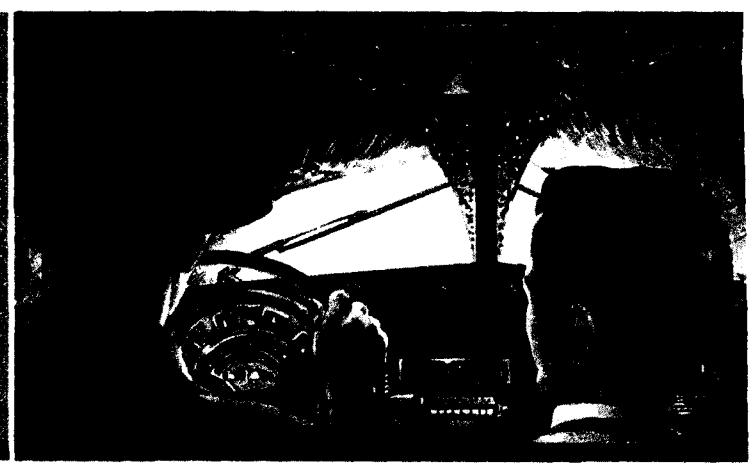
1. Planning a vacation trip? You'll probably enjoy it much more if you visit your Atlas dealer before you start. In just *"one stop"* you can have the vital points shown below checked on your car . . . and many others too.



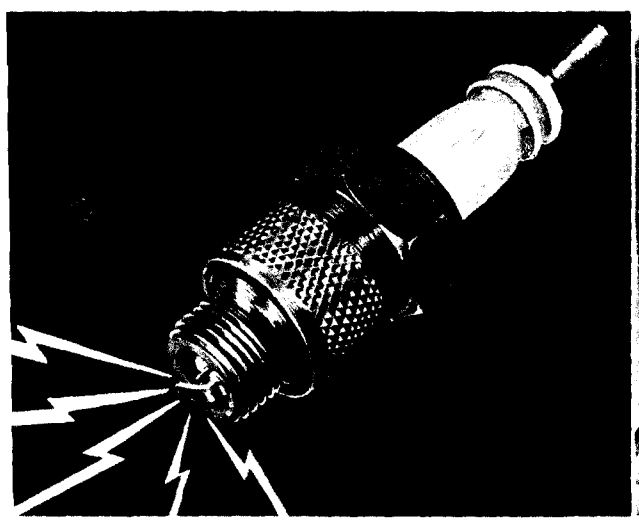
2. *Oil Filter*. When you change oil, get a new Atlas *Micronic** Oil Filter Refill. It keeps oil clean and free-flowing—protects against engine-wear.



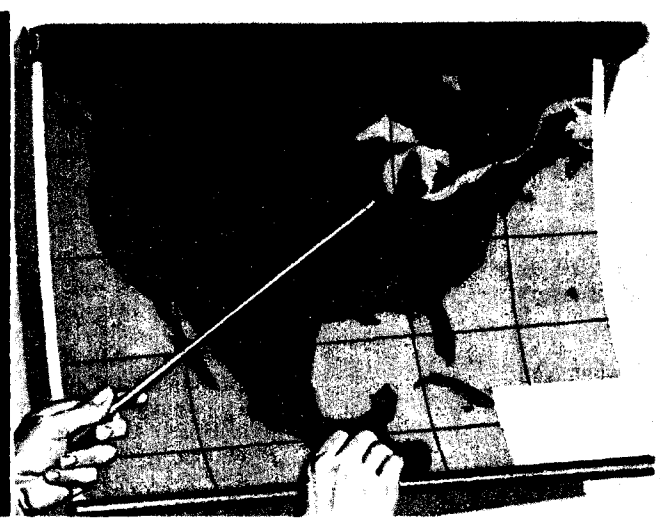
3. *Fan Belt*. Engine damage caused by fan belt failure can run as high as $100. Replace a loose or frayed belt with a tough, snug-fitting Atlas Fan Belt.



4. *Windshield Wiper Blades and Arms*. "See for Safety" with Atlas Wrist Action equipment. Balanced to your motor . . . "shaves" windshields clean.



5. *Spark Plugs*. New spark plugs give your car added pep and power. Change to Atlas Champion Spark Plugs for top performance and economy.



6. There are more than 50 Atlas automotive products . . . over 38,000 Atlas dealers at your service coast to coast and in Canada. One's always nearby.

7. Like Atlas Batteries and Atlas Tires, all Atlas products are quality tested. See your local Atlas dealer.

38,000 ATLAS DEALERS
SERVING MOTORISTS EVERYWHERE

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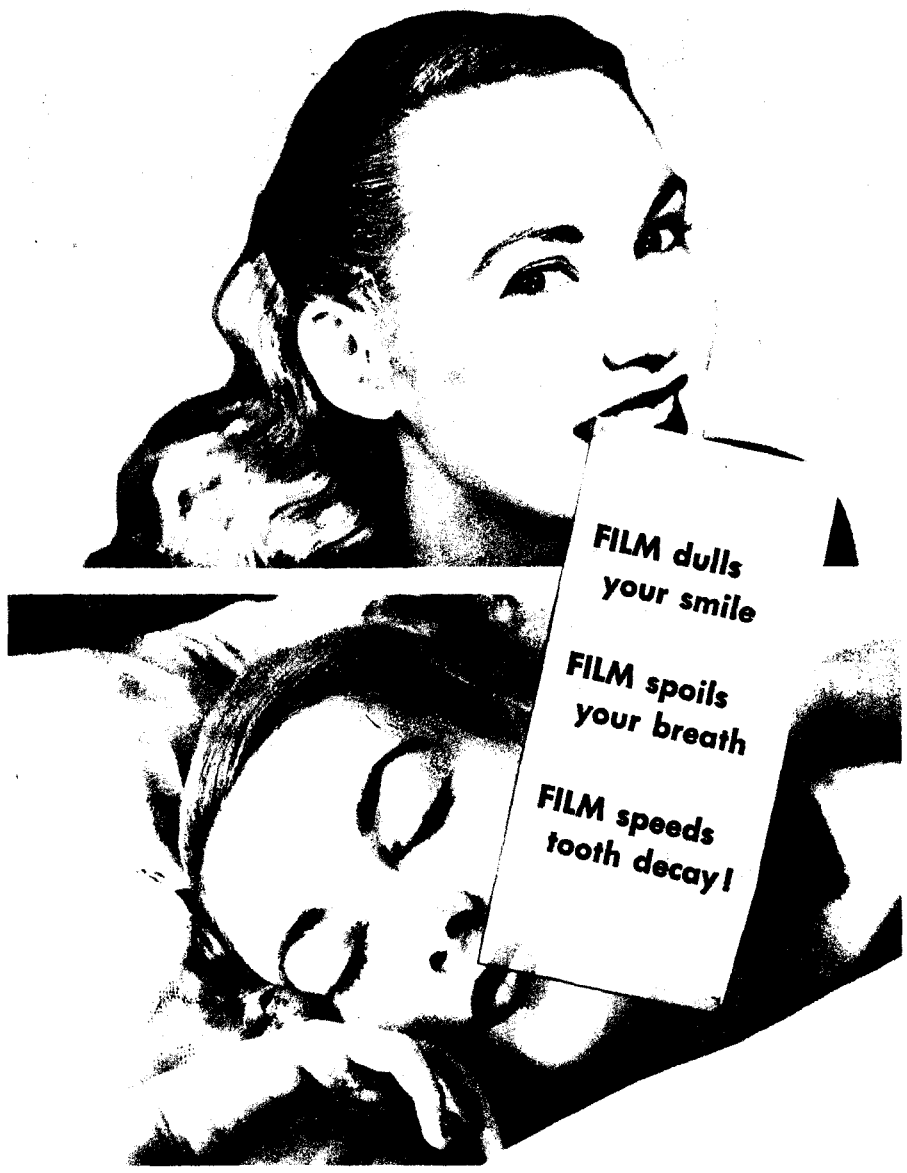
Awake or asleep–FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!



Pepsodent removes FILM–helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent.

Don't let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!

Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE · CONTAINS IRIUM

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

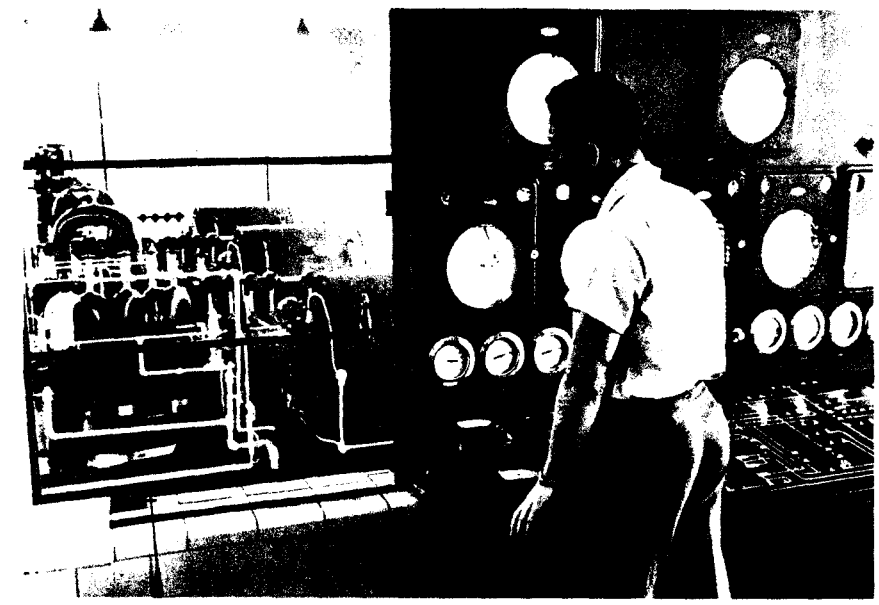


PHOTO BY CORSINI—STANDARD OIL CO. (N. J.)

A single pipe line can take gasoline and kerosene without mixing them

Various petroleum products, such as gasoline, kerosene and fuel oil, can be pumped successively through a single pipe line with little mixing occurring between them. Today, large shipments of these products are transported in this way, sometimes with several of the liquids consigned to different cities. The progress of the "train" is checked and relayed by stations along the line so that each engineer awaiting its arrival may be informed, an hour beforehand, the exact minute that he is to open and close his valves to remove his shipment.

Reinhard Heydrich, Hitler's Deputy Gestapo Chief who was so despised that he should have been protected by a small army, was murdered in an incredibly simple manner on a boulevard in Prague, Czechoslovakia, on the afternoon of May 27, 1942. He was riding in his automobile with three others when two men stepped off the curb and ordered his driver to stop. One threw a bomb into the car and the other fired his revolver at the occupants; and then both disappeared and were never captured. Enraged by the killing, the Nazis massacred several thousand innocent persons and completely obliterated the nearby village of Lidice. They leveled it to the ground, carted off the rubble, replaced it with new topsoil, and changed the course of a river and the approaching highways, a job of vengeance which required 800,000 man-hours of labor.

In a few parts of west Africa, it was believed, until recently, that inanimate objects had souls. Therefore, natives, when seeing a white man suddenly drop dead (from a heart attack, for example) with no wound on his body, thought that he had been killed by the ghost of an arrow shot by the ghost of its owner.

America's first major kidnaping was that of Charley Ross, aged four, who was taken from his home in Philadelphia on July 1, 1874. His wealthy father, C. K. Ross, soon received a note from the kidnapers, stating that the ransom would be $20,000, that instructions for its payment would follow and that his son would be killed if any attempt were made to trick or trap them. As paying the ransom seemed morally wrong to the overconscientious Ross, he called in the police and, under their guidance, opened negotiations with the abductors. Consequently, three appointments were made in the next five months, to meet and pay the money to the kidnapers; but they did not appear, having learned that they were to be ambushed. However, the boy remained unharmed, but only two of the four persons involved in the crime knew his whereabouts. One was the individual who was hiding him and whose identity was never learned, and the other was the leader of the gang who was shot and died with the secret during a burglary on the night of December 13, 1874. Although the search for the child continued for 20 years, required some 500 journeys and cost a fortune, no trace of Charley Ross was ever found.

Shortly before Christmas, 1929, ten men began to drive 3,500 reindeer from Elephant Point, Alaska, to Kittigazuit, Canada, a distance of 1,200 miles. The herders had undertaken the job believing it would be simple and could be finished within 18 months. Instead, it required five years of superhuman effort, owing to delays caused chiefly by storms and stampedes. Upon arriving at its destination, the herd consisted of only 2,100 reindeer—400 of the original 3,500 and 1,700 of the 5,000 born during the journey. The others had wandered off, died of disease or been killed by wolves.

Three centuries ago, the ambition of robust gentlemen was to become "potent in potting" and win a drinking match, being inspired by a royal palace guard in Copenhagen, who had conquered all comers and was known as the Champion Drinker of Europe. For a long time, he had been considered invincible and nobody had dared to compete with him. Then one day, the great Dane received and laughingly accepted a challenge to meet an inexperienced contender in Scotland. And the amateur drank him under the table in three days and three nights.

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Within recent years, Inco research men have developed two tough metals that help make jet engines practical — Nimonic 80 and Inconel "X". Both are alloys of Nickel.

Some day... to far-distant lands

...how Nickel helps make dreams of faster and faster planes come true

As yet ten-year-old Tod has never been far from home... on his own.

"No farther than a whoop 'n' a holler," he says wistfully.

"But some day," this fifth-grade Marco Polo promises himself dreamily, "—some day, I'm gonna take off.

"I'll fly to Brazil, to Hong Kong, to the Congo, to New Zealand... everywhere.

"And I'll fly there fast—faster than fast—in a jet air liner that'll get me there and back before Mom has a chance to worry."

* *

Happy landings, Tod. You're dreaming in the right direction—the direction Inco researchers took when war conditions pointed up the need for jet engines.

Then the right metal for jet engines just didn't exist. There was no metal that would hold its strength, hour after hour, despite white hot blasts... despite terrific stresses.

Today, there *are* several such metals—high temperature alloys of many types, all containing Nickel—and two of them are Nimonic 80® and Inconel "X"®.

These two are products of Inco research. Both were developed after years of exhaustive search, after experiments with hundreds of alloys.

With the development of these new metals, jet engines became a practical reality. Giving Tod... and you... practical reason for dreaming of journeys by jet planes in the not-too-distant future!

For all its importance, you don't see the Nickel in a jet engine. Nor in a wristwatch, a toaster, a thermostat. You don't see it because it's intermixed with other metals to give special and useful properties. That's why Nickel is called "Your Unseen Friend."

Know more about "Your Unseen Friend"— more about Nickel's discovery, how it was first used, how it's now used to make things easier and better for you. Read "The Romance of Nickel" —well-illustrated, interesting, informative. For your free copy, write Dept. 264z, New York 5, N. Y.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.

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INCO TRADE MARK **Nickel**

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never before—such utility, economy and comfort

combined in one family car!

new Plymouth *all-metal* Suburban

The new Plymouth Special Suburban

It rides like a luxurious Sedan, with the Air Pillow Ride, and natural-posture chair-height seats for 5 passengers.

It's your Handy-Andy—rear seat pivots down, forms part of floor, giving full-width space almost 6 feet long!

It has an all-metal body, with 42" of cargo space behind the second seat. The spare tire is hidden in a floor well.

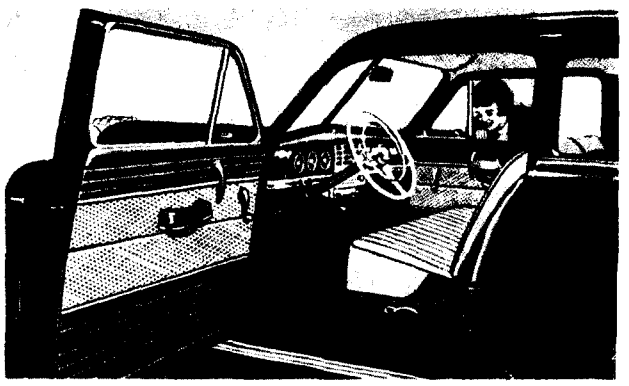
Here's Plymouth's new kind of transportation -- a car that handles a hundred family jobs and loves every effortless minute. Actually, this new Plymouth comes in two models — the *Suburban*, and its country-club cousin, the *Special Suburban*. Both have the same smooth ride, the same short-turning radius, the same all-around utility — but the *Special* is more luxuriously appointed, inside and out.

Then add, for value, Plymouth's famous engineering features, including Ignition Key Starting . . . 7.0 to 1 high-compression engine . . . pillowy Super-Cushion Tires . . . Safety-Rim Wheels that protect in case of blowouts. *And the price is only slightly higher than for a Sedan.*

Your nearby Plymouth dealer *wants you to see and drive the Suburban and Special Suburban. Wonderful for everyday use, or as an economical "second car"!*

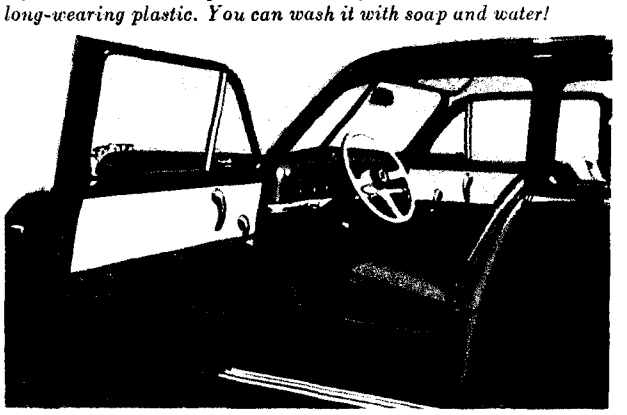
Available in 10 handsome colors

Shore Green, Brunswick Blue, Channel Green, Palm Beige, Salvador Blue, Trinidad Brown, Rio Maroon, Peru Gray, Gaynor Gray, Jet Black



Plymouth Special Suburban—*richly upholstered in Bedford cord. Smartly pleated door panels, matching trim, extra appointments. You'll feel proud in any company.*

Plymouth Suburban—*upholstered throughout with lustrous, long-wearing plastic. You can wash it with soap and water!*



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BULLETIN NOTE TO EDITORS -- ADVISORY ONLY -- NEWARK N J -- HUGE EXPLOSION REPORTED IN LOWER NEW YORK

HIROSHIMA, U.S.A.

Can anything be done about it?

By JOHN LEAR

THE hands of the clock on the south wall of Cooper Union stood out sharp and black against the worn red stone. Thirteen minutes after five. The time was visible for blocks down the Bowery, for the afternoon air was left astonishingly clear by the thundershower that had just passed. Dark gray curtains of storm still ruffled the upper sky, but broad hot shafts of midsummer sun were driving through the lower windows of the west, making the sidewalks shimmer and stink beneath their burden of the misadventures of Monday night's derelicts.

Slowly wakening to the presence of Tuesday, without yet being aware that it was two-thirds gone, these unhappy creatures drifted along the pavement, listlessly exchanging powerful gusts of rum and gin, each too deeply involved in the mechanics of his personal navigation to concern himself with any of the others unless they threatened his immediate right of way.

Taking infinite care not to invade any of these private lanes of loneliness, a tall distinguished grayhead threaded his way south from Fred Bunz's green-and-white quick-lunch on the southeast corner of Houston Street. "Mr. F.," as he was affectionately known to Bunz's waiters, had enjoyed an excellent day. The afternoon mail had brought a fat check from California for the hotel job he had recently finished in Monterey. He had drunk a toast to himself with the coffee he'd ordered to wash down one of Bunz's delicious cakes.

Life, "Mr. F." thought, was good; if only there would soon be relief from this miserable heat! He was reaching his right hand upward to wipe his forehead with his handkerchief when the heavens above him burst wide open with a blinding flash.

All that was left of "Mr. F.," when they reached the spot weeks afterward and cleared away the wreckage of the El's steel frame and the rubble of the Uncle Sam House, the barber school, the headquarters of the National Chinese Seamen Union, and the shop which advertised BLACK EYES MADE NATURAL—15¢, was a shadow burned into the cracked and chipped concrete . . . a radiant heat etching of a man in the act of wiping his brow.

Ten miles away, bathers at Coney Island saw the flash and mistook it for a lightning bolt. Eight miles in the opposite direction, a Bronx housewife went to the kitchen window to see what caused the light; on the way, the windowpane came to meet her, in thousands of slashing bits. Noticing that she was bleeding, she fainted.

Across the Hudson River, in Hoboken, New Jersey, a part-time maid was hanging up clothes in her employer's backyard; a sudden smell of scorching twitched her nose, and the blue stripes disappeared from the shirts on the line—color, cloth and all. In Battery Park, at the southern tip of Manhattan Island, a dozing sailor, roused by a stinging warmth on the back of his neck, was startled by the sight of a wind-blown scrap of paper turning black and dissolving into ashes. In another moment, he was flat on his back on the sidewalk, terrified by the crash of trees being stripped of their branches.

Not a blade of grass stirred on the wide center lawn of Ebbets Field as Duke Snider raced to get under the ball. A long drive from Stan Musial's bat, it could mean the end of a heart-pounding game, for the score was 2-2 in the opening of the twelfth. A heavy sigh of relief welled up from the Brooklyn stands as Duke reached out his glove.

Scorekeepers argued a long time over what happened next. Duke swore that the ball swerved to one side. Fans had felt an eerie wind ruffle their programs in one swift motion just as Snider missed the catch. But only one person in the ball park knew the truth almost immediately. He was Tom McKee, the little gray-haired man who retrieves foul balls on the Dodgers' roof.

McKee was standing with his back toward Manhattan when he saw the sky light up and heard a roar like an express train. He turned instinctively. A great sphere of white fluff hung over the lower East Side. The fluff melted as he watched, giving forth a fiery ball which rose and grew until its fearful flame spanned a quarter mile of space. The incandescence of it blotted out his sight, and he groped for the ladder that would take him to the ground. To reporters who queried him later, he described his incredulity:

"It was as though the Recording Angel had grown tired of writing down the evil that men do, and had decided to shorten his work by taking flashlight pictures of the whole universe at once."

Millions of people, scattered over thousands of miles, knew that an awesome thing had taken place. All over the country radios went dead in the midst of network broadcasts and did not return to the air for hours. Long-distance telephone calls were cut with sentences dangling. Seismographs at several universities registered an earthquake. On Manhattan Island itself, policemen sat in their squad cars and wondered at the long silence from headquarters. Fire Dispatcher Roger Carmody counted the lights that sprang

THE STORY of this STORY

For five years now the world has lived with the dreadful knowledge that atomic warfare is possible. Since last September, when the President announced publicly that the Russians too had produced an atomic explosion, this nation has lived face to face with the terrifying realization that an attack with atomic weapons could be made *against* us. But, until now, no responsible voice has evaluated the problem constructively, in words everybody can understand. This article performs that service. Collier's gives it more than customary space in the conviction that, when the danger is delineated and the means to combat it effectively is made clear, democracy will have an infinitely stronger chance to survive.

The opening account of an A-bombing of Manhattan Island may seem highly imaginative. Actually, little of it is invention. Incidents are related in circumstances identical with or extremely close to those which really happened elsewhere in World War II. Property damage is described as it occurred in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, with allowance for differences between Oriental and Occidental standards of building. Death and injury were computed by correlating Census Bureau figures on population of particular sections of New York with Atomic Energy Commission and U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey data on the two A-bombs that fell on Japan. Every place and name used is real.

Associate Editor John Lear spent more than three months in researching, organizing and writing the piece. He interviewed officials of the National Security Resources Board, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Defense Department; experts on nuclear physics, engineering, construction, fire and police methods, traffic, and atomic medicine. He attended Civil Defense School in England in company with Garrett Underhill, wartime chief editor, Military Intelligence Service, U.S. War Department General Staff, who advised on military questions. For technical double-checking, he relied on special studies by Worthen Paxton, an outstanding research engineer.

THE EDITOR

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CITY. IMMEDIATE CONFIRMATION UNAVAILABLE. [illegible] ONS WITH [illegible] N ARE DOWN. NEW YORK HAS

"A cloud of black grime masked the lower city. . . . Where 100,000 people had lived—in an area roughly fifteen blocks long and

up simultaneously on his switchboard in Central Park and saw at once that whatever it was had knocked out alarm boxes from Twentieth Street south to Brooklyn Bridge, all the way from the Hudson to the East River. Yet no one was in a position to identify the thing until a newspaperman looked out a window of his fourteenth-floor apartment in Peter Cooper Village and shouted:

"A-bomb!"

Oddly enough, the newsman's name was also McKee. John McKee, of The Associated Press. Tuesday was one of his two days off and he had spent the afternoon visiting his mother, who had been Bess Truman's music teacher years ago in Kansas City. Back home at five o'clock, he had lain down for a short nap, taking off only his tie and shoes. Less than 14 minutes later, the window above his bed caved in with a jarring crash, followed by a hurricane wind that lashed the Venetian blind straight out into the room. Javelins of jagged glass rained over him and buried themselves in the opposite wall.

"What on earth was that, dear?" his wife, Margaret, called from the shower bath. Then, "Why, isn't that funny? The water's off!"

McKee sat up and gingerly lowered his feet into his slippers. He waded through the litter of glass and plaster on the floor until he reached the window, which faced southwest. There he felt as exposed as a fish in a bowl, for the brick facing on the top floors of the building had been fleshed from the steel frame.

The apartments of Stuyvesant Town, across the street and six blocks south of that, were even harder hit. He could see frightened families inching their way along the sagging floor slabs toward the steel stairways. Babies were wailing, women were screaming, and here and there men's voices rose in a babel of confusion. With a roar that rattled the neighborhood, two huge gas tanks down the river threw up flame like Roman candles. Across the river, on Newtown Creek, great piles of lumber were burning. But it was over the rooftops, far down in the direction of Chinatown, that he saw the worst of the disaster.

Great waves of purple and pinkish brown billowed across the city. Hundreds of feet high, they surged up like an angry sea; the powdered ruins of

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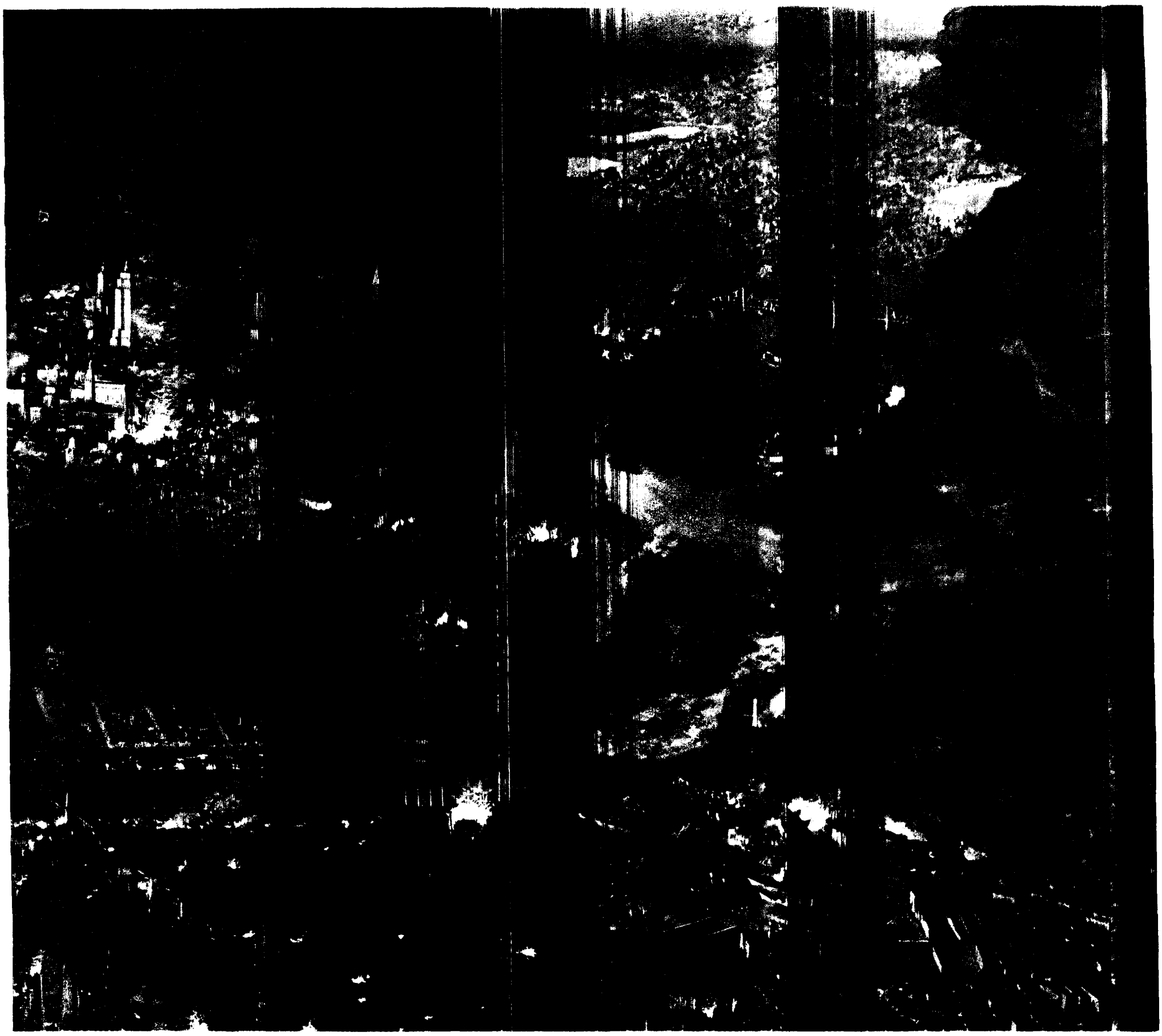
DVISED IT WILL FILE FROM HERE SHORTLY. . . BULLETIN -- HOBOKEN N J -- DOCK WORKERS ON THE NEW JERSEY



twenty blocks across—there was now an ugly brown-red scar. . . . Beyond the rim of the scar, thousands of fires were lighted"

thousands of brownstone tenements. And beneath and beyond the waves glowed the ominous red of fire.

McKee picked up the telephone. It was dead. He ran out into the hall and punched the elevator button. The cars were stuck; the emergency alarm was beginning to clang. He hurried downstairs, flight after flight, crossed the debris-littered Peter Cooper grounds to Twenty-third Street. There he hailed a taxicab.

Within a block and a half, the cab was stuck in traffic. All the signal lights were out. Nothing was moving. McKee paid the cabby and raced to the Lexington Avenue subway. Its platforms were packed with people, some cringing against the walls, others pushing and shoving. Some were burned so badly their skin came off in shreds. Others were vomiting.

Out of breath, his heart thumping, McKee pushed his way on foot to the AP office at Rockefeller Plaza and Fifty-first Street. En route, he passed fire engines, ambulances, Red Cross bloodmobiles and police emergency cars, all headed for the trouble zone, all paralyzed by the traffic stall.

When he finally reached his desk, McKee discovered that the AP had been paralyzed, too, for the first time in its long, efficient existence. The teletypes on the trunk wires were knocked out. Except for crack war correspondents like Hal Boyle, who stayed behind to cover the story, News Editor Paul Mickelson moved his New York staff to Newark, by-passing New York on the circuits linking New England and New York State to the West and South. The first item filed read simply:

BULLETIN

(NR) New York—(AP)—An A-bomb fell on the lower East Side of Manhattan Island at 5:13 P.M. (edt) today—across the East River from the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

International News Service and United Press, having the same wire facilities, were as embarrassed as the AP. All the big metropolitan newspapers, which serve as their eyes and ears in New York, had their office windows smashed. The Journal was knocked out entirely. News coverage by the others was crippled by the fact that 16 telephone exchanges were out, their 200,000 phones useless;

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SIDE OF THE HUDSON RIVER THIS AFTERNOON REPORTED A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION IN THE DIRECTION OF NEW YORK

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CITY. THEY SAID THEY SAW A TREMENDOUS BALL OF FIRE RISING INTO THE SKY . . . BULLETIN -- WITH HOBOKEN

Wind that followed the bomb blast hit Brooklyn Bridge at 150 miles an hour and the floor blew down into the waters of the East River

the distant details came in first, mostly from radio hams. Windows were broken as far out as Canarsie and Bay Ridge in Brooklyn; Jackson Heights, Long Island City and Forest Hills in Queens; the lower Bronx; north on Manhattan to 149th Street; and on the Jersey side of the Hudson to the fringes of Newark. Closer to the center of the explosion, there was silence. More than an hour passed before any of the major facts were known.

Aerial reconnaissance was impractical immediately after the blast because of the cloud of black grime that masked the lower city. Even after that cleared, it was only possible for the police helicopter squad to get a numb impression of devastation. Streets could not be seen plainly. Many were blotted out entirely. In an area roughly 15 blocks long and 20 blocks across —from Canal Street north to Tenth and from Avenue B to Sullivan Street—where 100,000 people had lived—there was now an ugly brown-red scar. A monstrous scab defiling the earth. Somewhere in it, New York police headquarters, Wanamaker's store, the pushcart market of Orchard Street, historic St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie and the famous arch of Washington Square were flattened beyond recognition.

Rising gradually outward from this utter ruin, in the approximate shape of a round soup dish, was all that was left of Manhattan between Thirty-eighth Street and Battery Park. The dish had two intermediate indentations, marked by ridges of rubble, the lowermost swinging from Twentieth Street to City Hall, the upper one curving around the horizon from Wall Street to the Empire State Building, which stared down at the shambles through paneless windows, like a fighting colossus with his eyes blacked and all his teeth knocked out.

At the center of the dish, embossed in macabre design, the Third Avenue El lay flattened along the Bowery with the bare steel chassis of two wrecked trains in symmetrical kinks at the intersection of Houston Street.

That much was visible. Beyond the perception of the flying policemen was an agonized welter of suffering. And the tragedy grew as they hovered above it. From the rim of the dead scar to the outer edge of the first rising circle of splintered buildings, thousands of fires were lighted. Smaller blazes, farther apart, dotted the city between Flatbush *(Continued on page 60)*

The Woolworth Building's tower (left) was denuded and it bent toward Battery Place as molten tracery illuminated the heavens

In Washington Square the famous arch was completely destroyed and the south façade of No. 1 Fifth Avenue was torn off

PAINTINGS BY BIRNEY LETTICK

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-- JERSEY CITY, N.J. -- PIERS ON THE JERSEY SHORE OF THE HUDSON CAUGHT FIRE ABOUT 5.15 PM TODAY AFTEF

HIROSHIMA, U.S.A.

Something CAN be done about it.

THE murk of secrecy which obscures the facts about atomic explosions extends beyond the limits of the United States. It burbles across the Atlantic and over the shores of the British Isles. But the English people, a stubborn race, with the advantage of being accustomed to London's fog, insist on peering through the gloom and trying to distinguish all they can among the vague shapes they see.

Imperfect though it must be under the circumstances, their perception is remarkable. On it, they have built the study of atomic defense as a science. Their Home Office Civil Defense School is the only institution of its kind on earth.

Collier's sent me to this school in the early days of April. I was the first American to attend its classes. I studied the atomic phases of what is known as the "general instructors course" in company with 31 professional fire fighters from Liverpool, Newcastle, Glasgow and smaller cities of England and Scotland. I crawled through the ruins of demolished buildings and got a worm's-eye view of the rescue training of men from the Admiralty, the Air Ministry and the War Office. I followed one alumnus of the school to Winchester, ancient capital of Britain, and watched him plan defenses for the vital docks of Portsmouth. I found another alumnus in Birmingham, John Bull's greatest industrial center, and went with him to night-school classes in Civil Defense for workingmen. At the end of the month, I came home with these encouraging lessons:

1. From their own and German experience with incendiaries, high-explosive blockbusters, fly bombs and rockets in World War II—plus what they know to have happened in Hiroshima and Nagasaki—the British believe it is possible to prevent 75 per cent or more of the death, injury and horror the A-bombs wrought in Japan.

2. To do this, they do not consider it necessary to set up a "garrison state" or any other type of dictatorship.

3. Nor do they think we need tear our cities apart overnight, scatter the pieces and bury them in caves.

4. The simple essentials they prescribe—and for these they offer no substitutes—are a dependable warning signal of enemy approach, properly constructed shelters to house people during attack, and an understanding by everyone that the only promising chance of survival lies in heading for shelter at the first note of warning.

I first heard these teachings in an old English country mansion, deep within the gates of a Victorian estate, two miles from Easingwold, a village north of York. In the beginning, they sounded too ridiculously easy to be true. I suspected them of being psychological illusions, born, like the ivy climbing outside my room, of the atmosphere of ease and luxury which steeped the school. For the dormitory had hand-painted posies on the porcelain doorknobs and the staircases were paneled in rich brown oak. Yew hedges paraded in stately files across the lawn beneath my window, sculptured in the shape of squirrels, peacocks, pheasants, fleurs-de-lis and royal crowns. Rabbits hopped among the trees by day, sleepy birds chittered at my light at night, and the stationery on the writing desks in the spacious library bore the pastoral-sounding name: "The Hawkhills."

In such surroundings, the natural inclination was to sink into a deep cushioned chair, lean far back and dream. But a pleasantly determined matron kept waking me at seven o'clock every morning to have a cup of tea, and an impatient Scot who had run the fire department in Singapore kept hustling me in and out of class and about the meticulously landscaped grounds. He habitually wore denims topped by a parka-hooded coat, as though in response to an endless series of general alarms.

Under these insistent proddings, my education proceeded, with the result that the lessons which at first had sounded easy gradually turned out not to be easy at all. And the more I studied, the more questions rose in my mind. The questions, however, were practical, everyday ones quite within the realm of ordinary human experience, answerable without the aid of an atom smasher, a mechanical brain, or even a slide rule.

How can people be aroused to the presence of distant danger? What is the most effective way to muster men? To raise money? Where should shelters be built? What use could be made of them during peace?

None of my instructors had the final answers. But they did have ideas. The practicality of their thinking made their classes a profound relief from the mysterious mumbo jumbo of Washington, D.C., where pseudoscientific bureaucrats have been scaring common people silly for five years with long equation-studded wrangles over how radioactive you are likely to get if you come within mumble feet of the point where an A-bomb explodes.

Mingled with my sense of relief was considerable shock. The logic of the British principles of atomic defense was unassailable. Except for unpredictable freaks of chance, everyone caught in the open within half a mile of a bomb burst was doomed to die from an instantaneous flash of gamma rays. No one had any possible means of knowing whether, at the moment a bomb exploded, he might be within that fatal circle of earth. So the only intelligent action was to find cover *before* the explosion.

Why did I have to cross the Atlantic to find this simple, sane perspective? Why had the National Security Resources Board at home concentrated its meager defense training in courses on how to use Geiger counters to locate leftover bomb fragments, giving no attention to shelters in which people might survive attack long enough to employ the counters?

For patriotic reasons, I was too embarrassed to ask these questions of the British. But one of my instructors unwittingly volunteered an answer.

A Monster of Our Own Creation

"Do you think," he asked me at lunch one day at the faculty table, adjusting his monocle slightly to cover the finesse of his query, "that when your people had the bomb to yourselves you did everything you could to give the impression that there was absolutely no defense against it?"

There seemed no doubt about that.

"And," he continued, raising his eyebrows and letting the monocle fall to the end of its black cord on his waistcoat, "now that the Russians have the bomb is it difficult to change the impression you succeeded in creating?"

Again there seemed but one reply.

"Well, you see," he concluded, "we never had the bomb to ourselves over here. So we did the sensible thing, in the circumstances. We tried to evaluate it objectively as a weapon."

My immediate reaction was to resent what sounded suspiciously like condescension and second guessing. But I later learned that the record bore him out. As far back as 1946, while we (as foreigners saw us) were boasting of our power to destroy, the British mission to Hiroshima and Nagasaki published a report which soberly examined not what England could do to others with the A-bomb but what the A-bomb could do to England.

This mission devoted its major energies to translating the bomb's effects, as visited on two Oriental cities, into terms of Western civilization.

If an A-bomb should fall on an unprepared British city, the report estimated, 50,000 persons probably would be killed, 10,000 homes would be destroyed completely, 20,000 homes would be wrecked beyond repair, 35,000 homes could not be lived in again until major repairs were made, and 100,000 homes would suffer minor damage.

Hopeful Aspects of a Tragic Scene

That was a bitter pill for any people to swallow. Naturally, the mission applied all the sugar coating it could to sweeten the pill. It pointed out that reinforced concrete buildings of modern construction stood up well, although their interiors were gutted by fire after the blast smashed the windows. Steel-framed office and residential buildings fared somewhat less impressively, but remained as salvageable shells.

The really hopeful item, however, was the survival—within 300 feet of ground zero—of air-raid shelters of a design far more primitive and weak than the steel arches British families planted in their back yards to serve as refuge from attack in World War II.

Around this tiny nub of safety (one of these steel arches, known as an "Anderson," is only six feet high and four and a half feet wide) the Civil Defense schools have built convincingly. By piling three feet of earth over an Anderson shelter, they calculate, such a simple steel cellar can be made to protect its occupants effectively from all three of the A-bomb's killing effects.

The heat flash, which strikes in straight lines outward in all directions from the bomb explosion and is gone in a fraction of a second, may scorch the earth. But it will stop there.

The gamma rays, which also strike in straight lines and do most of their killing in the first second after the explosion or not at all, may penetrate the earthen cover. But they will be too weak after that to cause any serious trouble.

The blast wave, which dissipates its smashing power in ten seconds, will either blow over harmlessly or perhaps sneak in at an angle and tumble the occupants about. In either event, the result isn't likely to be grave.

Fire, set directly by the flash of radiant heat or started afterward by short circuits or escaping gas in surrounding homes wrecked by the blast, is the one danger those who emerge from shelter unscathed can reasonably expect to meet. At that point, rescue crews will be in motion and survivors will have two to three hours grace before the fires rage out of control. If enough survivors choose to fight the fires while they are small, an unmanageable conflagration may never develop. No one knows about this for certain, because no one yet has experienced it.

Anyhow, there will be *(Continued on page 64)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KONIG

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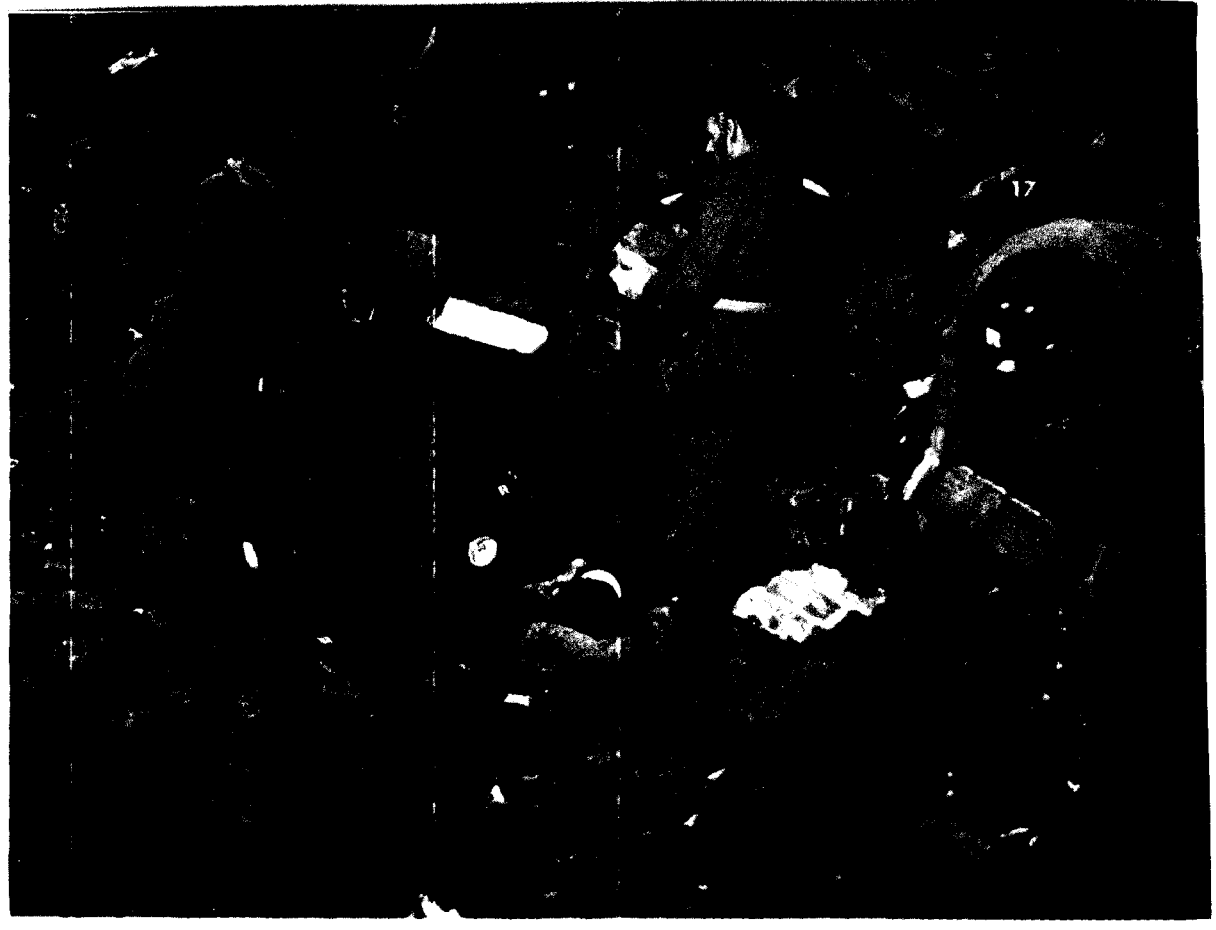
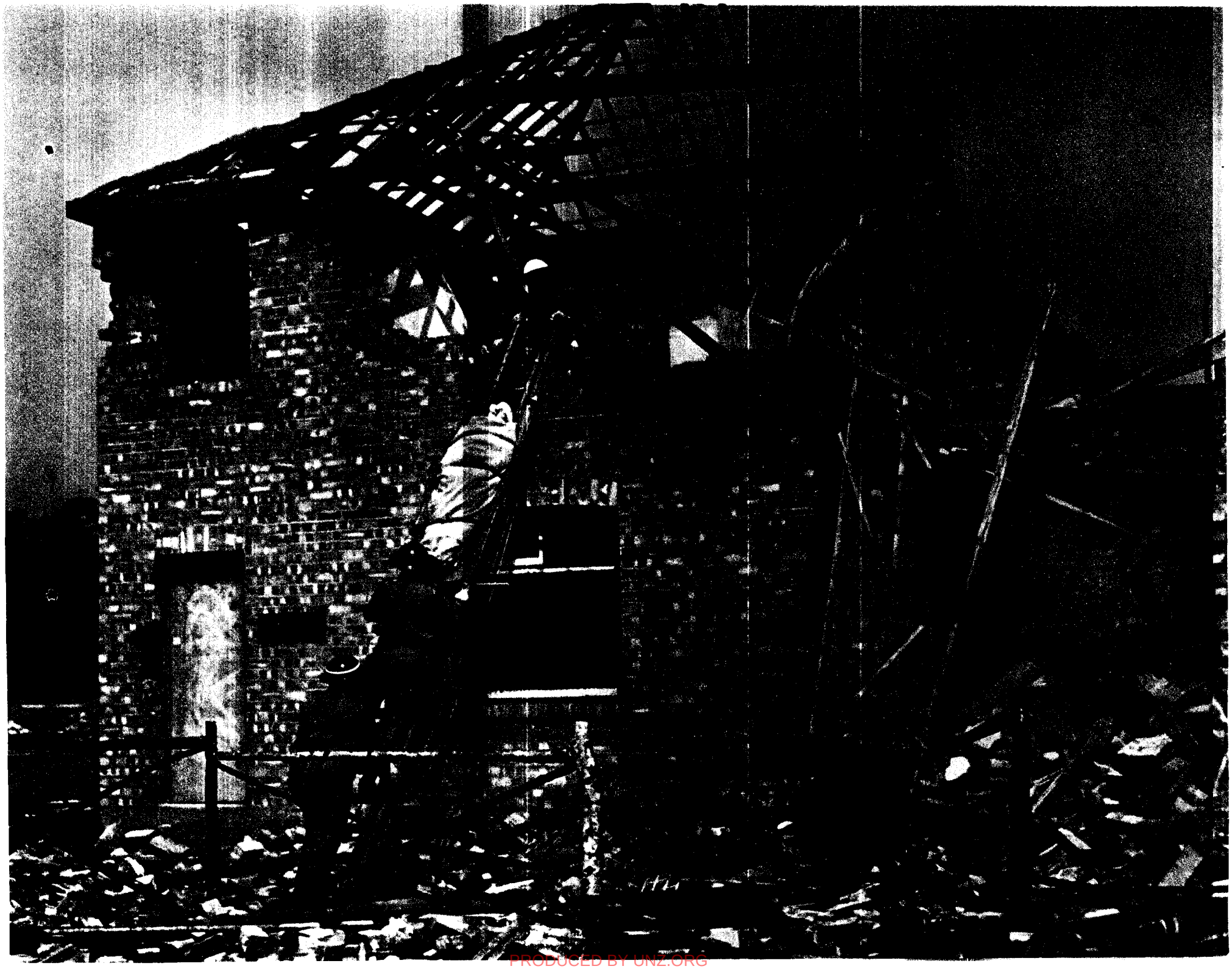
Bomb victims are faked convincingly at the Hawkhills, technical training school near Easingwold, Yorkshire



England's rescue crew trainees at the Hawkhills school learn to save A-bomb casualties by burrowing through the ruins and the rubble of a painstakingly designed mock village

Debris-littered streets are outdoor classrooms for A-bomb aid workers at the Hawkhills. Lashed to a stretcher, a "casualty" is moved to safety



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Kith and Kin

By JOHN L. SINCLAIR

Love me, love my poor relations. That's what Virgie demanded of Orville. But who could love a shiftless, thieving pack of spongers like Sug and his family?

EVERY human being, once in so often, gets the feel of misery deep within his frame of hide and ribs. It's a bug that bites hard; makes a body sorry for his lot and hanker to be something he isn't. Orville Winkler was deep in the sinkhole of woe that day he rode his cultivator down the corn rows of his dry-land homestead on the starchy flats of Star Valley. He was a man full of cuss-thoughts sure enough—sorely grieved in spite of the fact that he had just inherited three thousand dollars from his recently deceased Uncle Melvin.

Why?

Because Orville didn't relish sitting behind mules and everlastingly getting a fair view of the drag-end of them: he hated to hear that no-account dirt go scrunch under his seat as the sweeps of the cultivator chewed it up. He didn't crave to simply manufacture corn just to feed to hungry hogs and poultry; and he was sick to death of eating corn bread, fried chicken and pork-middling himself, even though Virgie, his wife, was a good cook and all his six kids had healthy appetites. In fact, Orville didn't think sweetly of a farmer's life at all.

"Then what in this weary world," folks with sound reasoning would naturally crave to know, "does that man Orville Winkler want?"

Well, Orville himself could tell them what he *didn't* want; say truthfully that he could do without farm, cultivator and mules—of any acreage, make or breed. And he could let them know that he wanted to be a high-mogul businessman, to sit at a big shiny desk in a city office, to smoke a long

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cigar while he considered important business; to have a good-looking redheaded stenographer push the buttons on her typewriter every time he told her to do so. That's what Orville *did* want for a fact.

"Was Orville covetous?" the folks would wonder. "Did he crave in his mind the position of any one man now living on the crust of the earth?"

You bet!

Because the feller Orville envied most was none other than the Secretary of Agriculture in Washington, D.C.

There, thought Orville to himself, is a man with a real job, who don't boss mules—only stenographers.

While the sweeps cut up the dirt under Orville's cultivator he'd get to thinking on what a good time he'd have in Washington if *he* were Secretary of Agriculture. How he'd say, "Good mornin', good-lookin'," to his redheaded stenographer when he'd hang up his hat on entering the office; and how the redhead would say politely, "Good morning, Secretary Winkler. The President just came in to say how he had big business that needs your advice. The farmers of North Dakota want you to tell 'em how to raise hogs."

In his daydream Orville would see himself standing there pulling at his goatee—because if he had that kind of an important job he'd wear a goatee—and he'd consider hard, like the taxpayers aimed for him to do. "The hogs can wait," Orville would finally say to his redhead, " 'cause what we need to know right now is how the potato farmers up in Idaho are gittin' along. Please send a telegram to that state capital, special delivery."

Then the stenographer would push the buttons on her typewriter and make them go clack, and when she got to the end of a line they would go ding; and all the time Orville would be smoking a big fat cigar.

As he pulled the mules onto another row his body might be in Star Valley but his mind would be sure enough in Washington, D.C., in the nation's capital no less, and he'd think how he'd go to the telephone, call his wife Virgie, and tell her to shine up the kids' shoes because they were all going to eat supper with the Ambassador of Sweden and his woman that night. He'd say how that would be nice because she and the ambassador's wife would have a lot of womanly talk to get shed of. Then he'd hang up, and after he'd looked through a stack of important papers he'd take up his hat and go tell the President how hogs ought to be raised in North Dakota.

Then Orville would come out of his dream and be once more just the weary farmer of a no-account homestead riding behind the drag-end of mules.

"My Lord," he said between cusses at the mules. "If I could only git shed of this farm, and sit at even the teentsiest kind of desk, I'd be the happiest man in all Star Valley." . . .

After supper that night he talked seriously to his wife Virgie.

"Well, I reckon any man who's just inherited three thousand dollars from his recently deceased Uncle Melvin can quit farmin' if he aims to," said Virgie. "But I cain't see why. You've done nothin' but farm all your life, and this one gives us a livin'."

"But I'd sooner be a businessman sellin' corn in cans to housewives instead of feedin' corn on the cob to gruntin' hogs," argued Orville.

"If that's the way you feel," said Virgie, "you'd better open a grocery store in Signal Rock with your Uncle Melvin money. Mrs. Lee Bassett done told me how Lute Mulkey will sell his woodyard and grocery for five hundred dollars, all stocked. It ain't a pretty place, but it's a business."

"By golly!" cried Orville. "That's just the kind of business I want. I can sit at a desk and keep accounts, and I won't need to look at mules no more. But what will we do with this cussed farm?"

"We cain't sell it," said Virgie, " 'cause nobody would want it. Maybe we can rent it."

"Nobody round these parts would rent it," said Orville mournfully.

Virgie sat silent for half a minute like any woman with a thought on her mind. Finally she said, "I know who'll rent it."

"Who?"

"My brother Sug—him back East. He'll be right proud," said Virgie.

The suggestion gave Orville the uncomfortable tingles, and he jumped from his chair like he couldn't sit. "Sug!" he yelled. "He's the laziest man layin' around the Kiamishi Mountains. No, Virgie. None of your kinfolks. There ain't one of 'em who's got enough elbow to work a row of turnips."

"He's my kin and I recommend him!" Virgie hollered back at Orville. "All *(Continued on page 56)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

Orville was a man sunk in woe sure enough, though Virgie was tickled silly to see her kinfolks. The car contained thirteen mouths

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They're Gonna Like

His real name is Luscious Easter—but don't be fooled by that. This hard-hitting rookie may drive the Cleveland Indians right to the top of the American League heap again

THE Cleveland Indians were at pregame batting practice in their spacious lakeside stadium. Clustered around the batting cage, some of the hitters leaned on or swung favorite bats while awaiting a turn at the most enjoyable phase of a ballplayer's duties. From behind a waist-high, black canvas screen on the mound, Mel Harder, the old Cleveland right-hander who now coaches pitchers, fogged them up to the plate as fast as Coach Al Simmons fed him practice balls from a large leather bag. Out in the field other players limbered up their throwing arms or shagged fungoes before going in to bat.

Dale Mitchell, Joe Gordon and Larry Doby took their first five warmup whacks in routine fashion. Then a massive, ham-fisted Negro player, wearing No. 9 on his broad back, jumped into the cage. Bull-pen catcher Bill Lobe, handling Harder's deliveries, stood up quickly, tore off his mask and bellowed: "Luke's up!"

Immediately Coach Oscar Melillo, who had been hitting ground balls to infielders from along the first-base line, retreated several paces back into the safety of foul territory. Those in the outfield, many of whom had been working out with their backs to the plate, turned around so they faced the hitter. Al Simmons checked his position so that he, too, was partially shielded by the screen in front of Harder. Mel, himself, seemed to grip the ball as if once again he was bearing down, with two away in the top of the ninth, to win a big-league game for the Indians.

The pitch came in and the batter, with unbridled power, took a mighty swing. At the crack of the bat, the ball rocketed toward the pitcher's box. Harder and Simmons both ducked as the scorching liner, gaining altitude all the time much like a golf ball belted by a long-driving pro, zoomed over second base and finally wound up clearing the wire-fence barrier in deep center field, 410 feet from home plate.

Pitchers in Peril of Their Lives

A veteran sports scribe standing behind the cage with Manager Lou Boudreau and a group of other writers whistled expressively. "There's the only player I've ever seen in the big leagues," he said, "who can make the pitcher duck on a home-run ball."

"Yeah," added another press-box tenant, "that ball could kill a man when it goes through the box that way."

"That's the big reason Harder has that screen in front of him," Boudreau put in. "I ask the starting pitchers not to use the screen when they pitch batting practice, because I feel it hurts their fielding. But Mel says, 'It's too late in my career to get killed now.' Actually, though, if they throw inside to the big boy, he won't hit through the middle."

The "big boy" under discussion was, of course, the hard-hitting Cleveland rookie who answers

One baseball expert predicts that Luke and teammate Larry Doby may eventually become the Gehrig-Ruth batting combination of the 1950s

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ROCCO PADULO, JR.

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BIG LUKE

By GORDON MANNING

to the euphonious, stranger-than-fiction name of Luscious (Luke) Easter. Upon the brawny shoulders of bull-necked Luke undoubtedly rests the responsibility of where the Indians will wind up in the 1950 American League standings. Last year the weak-hitting Tribe lost their world championship to the New York Yankees, as exactly one third of their pennant-race games were decided by a single run. At the start of this season, practically everyone from General Manager Hank Greenberg down to the bat boy predicted the "in" for the Indians depended on how well and how often Easter came through at the plate.

Few rookies have come up loaded down with the responsibility that has been shoved on "Luscious Luke." But if it seems grossly unfair to saddle such a burden on a player who, at the start of the current season, had played only 101 games as a professional in organized baseball, remember that few newcomers have had the physical potential and the baseball instinct with which this good-natured slugger seems to be blessed.

Dynamic Power Plus Tigerish Speed

The largest man on the club, Luke stands 4½ inches over six feet and his weight varies between 230 and 240 pounds. Yet, despite this superbly muscled bulk, he has the grace and speed of a tiger. Pitcher Bob Lemon nicknamed Easter "Felix the Cat" because of the way he pounces on ground balls in the field. Big Luke also can run. Boudreau, long weary of watching heavy hitters stretch triples into singles by lumbering on the base paths, was delighted to see long-legged Luke cover so much ground so quickly.

"Speed is my secret weapon," says Easter.

There is no secret, however, about Luke's heavy weapon—his hitting. The gigantic rookie, who bats left but throws right, has had more compliments on his punch at the plate than a successful party hostess in Washington, D.C. "With the possible exception of Ruth, I've never seen anyone hit a ball as hard as Easter," says Del Baker, onetime manager of the Detroit Tigers and current bench boss of the San Diego Padres. "Don't be surprised," predicts Bucky Harris, the Washington Senators manager who last year directed Easter at San Diego, "if Larry Doby and Luke Easter become the Gehrig-Ruth combination of the 1950s—the best one-two hitting threat in the game."

Luke takes the same tremendous swipe at the ball as the Babe did. "Easter is a body hitter like Ruth, not a wrist hitter like Ted Williams," is the way one observer described Cleveland's new star. Even when Luke strikes out, he fans in spectacular Ruthian fashion, twisting all the way around so that sometimes he has to hold himself up by planting his bat in the dirt.

At bat, Luke assumes a flat-footed stance slightly behind the plate. "I give the plate a lotta air," he says. Cocking his 35-inch, 35-ounce bat behind his neck, which wrinkles up in back as he raises his head to watch the pitcher, Easter remains virtually motionless while awaiting the delivery. He seldom bites at a bad pitch and can tee off on practically any ball—an inside curve does bother him somewhat—in the strike zone. Luke hits to all fields, too, so there's no putting the shift on him when he's fixing to hammer the ball.

Although most of Easter's circuit smashes reach their destination in the conventional great, high arc, he occasionally cracks one of his patented line-drive homers which Coach Melillo has dubbed "frozen ropes." When this occurs, the ball spins away at terrific speed, bullets across the infield and gradually rises until it goes into the stands or over a wall.

What happens, strangers ask, when an infielder is able to reach one of these sizzlers? Last September in Boston after the *(Continued on page 70)*

WIDE WORLD

One of the game's longest hitters, Easter scores at Yankee Stadium after a homer

Big Luke, amazingly agile for his vast bulk, nabs Washington's Sam Dente at first

ACME

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THE AWKWARD AGE

By CHARLES HOFFMAN

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IT ALL started—the gay and gaudy episode of Bianca Marlowe vs. the male sex and the San Bernardino Mountains—because Doris was writing a play. That, in itself, is not world-shattering news, although it caused considerable upheaval in the lives of the Charlie McAllisters, of which I am the Charlie and my wife Doris is the "*the*."

You've heard of Doris. Novelist. Screen writer. Ambitious to become a successful playwright. But in spite of her successes in other literary fields, Doris *wasn't* a successful playwright one afternoon last May when we sat on the edge of the swimming pool at our little home near Toluca Lake in North Hollywood, California.

That's when it all started.

I was peeling some apples for a pie I was going to make, Doris was drinking a gin-and-tonic and studying cloud formations, and Tish (our eight-year-old werewolf, Letitia-Louise) was torturing a butterfly on the edge of our swimming pool. In the kitchen, Bougainvillia Brown, our maid who sings often and loudly, had just got off a slow boat to China and was cruising down the river on a Sunday afternoon. A golf ball crashed through our dining-room window. Somewhere, a baby was strangling. It was a perfect day.

"Charlie—"

"H'mmmm?" I said.

"Charlie, I feel a play coming on."

"How does it feel?" I asked.

She ignored this. "And I think I should get away from Hollywood, to write it. It's so provincial here."

The Hollywood I know is about as provincial here as a plunging neckline, but I let that one go. "What do you have in mind?" I asked cautiously, studying an apple core.

"Oh, I don't know," Doris said airily. "Rio, maybe. Or the South of France—"

"Have you blown your top?" I said. "What are we going to use for money? I can go out and get a job peeling apples. Or selling them. But that won't get us to the South of France—"

"Your attitude," she told me, "shows *you* need a change."

"I need a lot of things," I agreed petulantly. "Like a housewife, instead of galley proofs."

"Charlie—"

"Okay," I conceded. "I'm sorry. But can't we pick someplace closer to home than Rio? Where I could go up week ends?"

At this point, Tish wandered in and sat down cross-legged in the pan of apples. "Most of my friends are going to Arrowhead this summer," she told us. "It's a lake." And then, because she's not one to leave well enough alone, added, "Surrounded by land."

"That's a geographical possibility," I conceded, "but Arrowhead is for the idle, the rich, or the idle rich. Not for the McAllisters."

"I don't know, Charlie," Doris said. "It might be just the place. The Mannings belong to the Yacht Club, and the Leslies know the manager of the lodge. It's only twenty minutes from Arrowhead Springs, and three hours from town—if we'd want to come in to the theater, or something."

"I thought you were planning to write a play," I said.

"Well, I can't write *all* the time."

"Of course not, Father," Tish said. "Don't be so provincial."

ARROWHEAD is definitely a lake surrounded by land. It is also surrounded by cocktail lounges, bowling alleys, empty Coke bottles, punctured inner tubes, children with runny noses, and real-estate agents. But not in that order. The real-estate agents come first.

"Now here," our agent said, indicating a hovel that no Cro-Magnon man would have lived in, "is a real steal. Only twelve fifty for the season. Of course, that doesn't include the utilities."

"Of course," I said, "but where's the lake?"

"Oh—" he looked at me as if he'd just found me in a hash-house salad. "If you want something on the water, you'll have to go a little higher."

"Not necessarily something *on* the water," I told him. "But something *with* water. It comes in handy when we want to make ice cubes. Or blow soap bubbles."

We finally settled on a little puce-trimmed doghole with hot-and-cold-running red ants, bedsprings which would have tortured an Indian fakir, a refrigerator which sounded not unlike a bad baritone (when it worked), and a little identifying puce-colored sign which read End-o'-Trail. The sign might also have *(Continued on page 40)*

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIA

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Mealtime at the Millgates' offers them more than the pleasure of good food. They also have the satisfaction of having helped to produce it. At the dinner table, left to right, are Irvine, Roy, 8, Mrs. Millgate and Linda, 10

Buying produce is a family job. Here they get it right off truck

Another Millgate home project: Irvine and Roy raise pheasants

Freezer units in the Millgates' cellar. One day Irvine purchased 185 pounds of meat, figured he'd "put a $50 bill in my pocket"—the $50 being the saving over the price of the same amount if bought in small quantities

A vacation gave the family a big catch of fish for their freezer

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SIDNEY LATHAM

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Family Without FEAR

Security, dream of all, has been achieved by the Millgates of New Jersey, who grow and freeze much of their food, have fun learning new ways to become self-sufficient

By ANDRÉ FONTAINE

FROM the outside, No. 151 West Central Avenue, Bergenfield, New Jersey, is the kind of modest, yellow clapboard house with green shutters that you can see perched on almost any 45-foot lot in every town in the country. It's a narrow house with a shallow, slightly gingerbreaded porch across the front and a handkerchief-size front yard surrounded by a low privet hedge. But inside No. 151 lives one of the most unusual families in the United States. A family that is self-sufficient.

The Millgates—Irvine, Rachel and their two adopted children, Linda, ten, and Roy, eight—have found an answer to a couple of the basic worries that harass so many white-collar families. Irvine is not a whit afraid of losing his job and the family has licked the problem of living within their income. They have tailored their budget to fit the average income of the American industrial worker —$2,600 to $3,000—and they are still able to have the kind of luxuries usually reserved for the wealthy.

The Millgates have the sort of meals every day that are pictured in nostalgic paintings entitled Thanksgiving on the Farm. Today and always they have in their house all the food they will eat during the next year. And in a unique scheme of living which is the result of four years of hard work, imaginative experiment and repeated mistakes, Irvine has mastered such a variety of skills that it is difficult to picture him in a situation where he would not be able to hire out one or more of them for enough salary to supply his family's needs.

Since the Millgates are self-sufficient and unfrightened, they're free to enjoy many of what are commonly called "the good things of life." Last year, for instance, they took a five-month, combined business and vacation trip from coast to coast. The kids went along of course, for one of the profoundly important results of their way of living is that their children share most experiences with them. What they've accomplished was analyzed by Ronald Lippitt, a sociologist at the University of Michigan:

"Both parents and children have the security that comes from knowing they are part of a going economic enterprise which is successful," he said. "And they also have the security of interdependence—the warmth and friendliness that come from tackling problems and solving them together."

This security is the pay-off of a four-year adventure that reads like the saga of a latter-day Swiss Family Robinson and makes the Millgates twentieth-century pioneers with a list of discoveries that should have meaning for every family in the country.

The adventure started in 1946 when Irvine, as director of visual education of The Boy Scouts of America, began to be squeezed between rising prices and a fixed salary.

"When I first saw the letters HCL (for high cost of living) in the paper," he said later, "I thought they meant hydrochloric acid. That was a great joke around the house for a while. But one night it wasn't funny any more.

"Rachel and I were going over the budget and it was obvious we were spending more than we were making. I pointed out that at the end of the year I would get the usual small raise. She said, 'Yes, I know, Irv. But HCL is here *now*, and the end-of-the-year increase is already eaten up.'"

Most families caught in this dilemma solved it by whittling away at their standard of living, but Millgate decided that somewhere among the technological marvels of twentieth-century America there must be a better answer for a man like himself. He found the beginning of it one day when a little old gentleman knocked at his door and asked if he'd like to buy a deep freezer.

Irvine is a compact man of thirty-five with shining reddish hair and irrepressible enthusiasm; as the salesman explained the virtues of his product, Millgate's blue eyes began to sparkle.

"How soon can you deliver one?" he asked.

"Why . . ." said the old gentleman, startled. "why, tomorrow, I guess."

"Great," said Irvine. "We'll take it."

Rachel, who looks like an immaculate Swedish housewife in her starched white blouses and wavy blond hair, does for the family what a gyroscopic stabilizer does for a ship. When the salesman had left, she kept her voice calm as she asked:

"How are we going to pay for it?"

"I dunno. I'll—oh, I'll sell my camera. That'll do it."

His camera was only slightly less valuable to Millgate than his right arm, but he'd had one of his ideas. The next day the freezer was delivered and the Millgates were started on the trail that was to take them into many unpredictable places and up plenty of blind alleys before they discovered a new way of life. It didn't all happen at once, of course, but unfolded gradually, with one idea leading to another. The whole thing was as exciting as the exploration of an unknown land.

Take, for instance, the way they found that the savings of mass buying could be adapted to a small family. It happened because the Millgates like raspberries and during the raspberry season that spring it suddenly occurred to them that, now they had a freezer, they could buy and pack away enough during the season when the price was lowest to last most of the year.

They went out together—a sort of family outing—to shop around for the best buy.

More Fun with the Children Helping

When they got home, Irv and Rachel, slightly overwhelmed by the number of berries in 12 crates, started the job of washing, sugaring, packing and freezing them. They would have been just as happy if the kids had left them alone, but the excitement of the trip carried over and the youngsters wanted to help. So Roy got satisfyingly soaked helping to wash; and Linda, then aged eight, self-importantly fitted liners into the packing boxes and scrawled the labels when they were full. Late that afternoon, when the job was done, they sat down to rest and it was then that Irv and Rachel realized what a good time they'd had. So from then on Linda and Roy had a part in every family project—and reveled in the importance it gave them.

Once the ice was broken the idea of mass buying quickly spread, until today the Millgates get almost everything that way—soap, flour, sugar, fruit, vegetables, meat, even baked goods. One day recently a white-coated driver plunked down 185 pounds of meat on the big table in the Millgate kitchen. Irv gave him a check "and by that operation, put a $50 bill in my pocket"—the fifty being the savings over the price for the same amount of meat bought in small quantities over a period of time.

The whole family swarmed around, Linda and Roy squabbling over who was going to turn the grinder, Irv slicing out steaks, stew meat, roasts, and chunks for hamburger, and Rachel sorting and wrapping it. It took them four hours to do the job and they had a six months' supply when they were finished. Of course their first attempt at meat cutting took longer, "but butchering is surprisingly easy to learn," said Irvine. "And besides, if you make a mistake it's hamburger."

Cheap Asparagus Was No Bargain

Some of the other early mistakes weren't as easily shrugged off. One afternoon Irv was shopping when he noticed that the vegetable counter featured a bargain in asparagus. He bought a couple of crates and hauled them home, planning to pack the asparagus next day. But the following morning it was all wilted and the tips had become mushy. What he hadn't known was that it had been kept for five or six days in a cold-storage refrigerator, which meant that it would go bad quickly. Sadly —it had cost him $7—he carried the asparagus out and dumped it on the compost heap.

Once they bought a crate of cantaloupe and packed and froze it according to directions. When they came to eat it they just didn't like the taste, so that, too, sweetened the compost heap. In the bottom of a freezer they still have several packages of stew they made three years ago. They're feeding it to the cat, Retake, because the thickening in the gravy is too lumpy.

The first time they froze apricots they scalded them; when thawed they became mush. So now they no longer scald either apricots or peaches. They made plenty of other errors in packing and freezing food, but they learned from each experience and now Irv is such an expert on subzero storage that manufacturers of freezers send him pilot models to test. Some of these discoveries are included in a book, Let's Live at Home, that he's written about his plan.

As the savings via mass buying began to dawn on the Millgates they kept doing more and more of it—and shortly discovered that they had not nearly enough freezer space. After hours of financial soul searching and half a dozen bouts with their Mormon, pay-as-you-go consciences, they took a bold step. They borrowed $1,500 from the bank and bought four more freezers plus some additional equipment (big pots, rolls of freezer paper, etc.). They paid off the loan out of savings in two and a half years.

Once they had obtained a big enough plant to store all their food for a year—Millgate figures you need 9.3 cubic feet per person—their horizons expanded in something resembling an explosion. It was a very small step from recognizing the savings of mass buying to realizing that if you could get some food for free you could really go to town. But how do you get free food?

The Millgates suddenly woke up to the fact that the country is loaded with it. The sea, the lakes, the rivers are full of fish, and Irv liked fishing; the woods are full of game, and he'd hunted ever since he was a boy of sixteen in Salt Lake City; the fields are full of wild strawberries and blackcaps and blueberries. *(Continued on page 45)*

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'EACH ONE TEACH ONE'

By THOMAS WHITESIDE

ONE day in 1937, Frank C. Laubach, a Pennsylvania-born Congregationalist missionary, stood before a class of Africans in a little schoolhouse at Dar-es-Salaam, in Tanganyika, British East Africa. With a large chart of pictures, he was teaching the group of ragged old men and boys to read in Swahili, an old slave drivers' language.

He patiently read out the syllables, then pointed to the corresponding Arabic letters on the chart beside him. Suddenly a young boy who had been murmuring the sounds to himself as he gazed at the chart sprang to his feet, trembling with excitement.

"Give me a book! Give me a book!" he shouted. "I can *read!*"

Although Laubach, the world's foremost practical literacy expert, has taught more people to read than any other man in history and has witnessed scenes like this many thousands of times, he still stands in profound awe of such moments.

Literacy is not an instantaneous process, but there is an overwhelming instant in which an illiterate, fumbling with his alphabet, suddenly realizes he has a whole world of learning within his grasp. You can compare it, says Laubach, only with the wonder of the blind man who sees light for the first time.

Once, in Yucatán, Laubach taught a sixty-year-old woman to read Mayan, her native language. When she realized she could understand the letters in front of her she began to weep with joy. "I don't know why an educated man like you should come all the way down here to help a nobody like me," she said.

Teaching "nobodies" to read their own language has been Laubach's job for 20 years. A broad-shouldered man of sixty-four whose high forehead and firm jaw give him a slight resemblance to George Washington, Laubach began his literacy work with a small group of primitive tribesmen. Since then he has expanded his program to include the whole world, and today, he is especially concerned with educating government officials, teachers, missionaries and anyone else who can help.

As a missionary-at-large for the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature, an interdenominational church group of The Foreign Missions Conference of North America, Laubach and his "lightning literacy" system have started perhaps 50,000,000 people on the road to learning. Today, with the backward world of nobodies struggling to rid itself of the shackles of poverty, disease, ignorance and illiteracy, Laubach's name is a fable among the peoples of India, Africa and South America, three continents where nine out of ten cannot read their own language.

The three fifths of the human race who cannot read or write, Frank Laubach points out, are automatically disqualified from skilled labor. In Asia, where 80 to 90 per cent are illiterate, the remaining 10 or 20 per cent are burdened with the responsibility for all technical industry and production. "What's the use of giving illiterates new tools if they can't read the directions for their use?" asks Laubach.

The same thing applies to the promotion of democracy. "In India, which is a new democracy, more than 300,000,000 people can't read. How can they vote if they can't read the name of a candidate on the ballot, let alone the newspapers telling them what the candidate stands for? And how can India be a democracy if her millions can't vote?"

World-Wide Demand for His Services

Laubach's almost fanatically zealous promotion of literacy has resulted in his getting calls for help from virtually every government in the world. While most requests come from governments, they may also come from missionary groups or philanthropic organizations.

When Frank Laubach is asked to launch a new literacy campaign in some country, he gets together a small team—an artist to draw the pictures which are essential to his teaching and usually two assistants to help organize his program in the field—and immediately heads for the nearest airport with a pith helmet, a tropical suit and a suitcase full of sample reading charts and primers.

Last year he flew off to make thousands of new literates in Siam, India, Pakistan, Korea and New Guinea. (In New Guinea, rival tribesmen almost went to war with one another over who should be taught to read first.)

The Laubach team has just returned from work in seven African areas: Angola, Mozambique, Nyasaland, Tanganyika, Uganda, Ruanda-Urundi and French Cameroun, thus filling in the places he has missed on previous African literacy missions.

So far, Laubach has helped teach people to read in 206 languages ranging from Telugu, an Indian tongue written for 3,000 years on palm leaves, to pidgin English. But by far the hardest to teach is English, because "it's the world's worst-spelled language."

In Dr. Laubach's book Streamlined English he offers a fresh hope to millions eager to learn the language.

Oddly enough, Laubach himself reads fluently in only four or five languages. People unfamiliar with his methods find this puzzling. The explanation is that Laubach relies primarily not on extensive reading or speaking knowledge of the language in which he is going to teach, but on phonetics, the science of relating basic speech sounds to a written alphabet.

"Let me illustrate it this way," explained Laubach. "Do you read the Coptic alphabet of Ethiopia? No? Very well, allow me to teach you part of the Coptic alphabet in just a minute."

He reached across his desk and unfolded a large chart. On the left side were simple drawings, among others, of a bug, a gun, a man walking upstairs and of the setting sun. Opposite them, on the right, were drawn what looked like a combination of shorthand and the marks which printers use to indicate footnotes.

"Now," said Laubach, in a gentle but rapid voice, "you see this picture of the sun. Cut off all the rays except the perpendicular ones, and you have the Coptic sign for 'Suh.' Here's a bug. Cut off his head and tail. That's 'Buh.' See the curve on this gun butt? That's like Coptic for 'Guh.' The stairs

Tribesmen from the inland cannibal country of New Guinea greet Laubach and his teaching party. Their chief, who already had been taught to read, rang the class bell by drum and bush telegraph

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT S. LAUBACH

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That's the theme of Frank Laubach, a missionary who has helped 50,000,000 learn to read. He has taught in 206 languages, some never written before

Classroom in India: Madras women listen as Laubach shows his phonetic chart of the Tamil language. Below: Natives of New Guinea study the Medlpa language. In a week Laubach and his team taught 50 natives the written language well enough for them to teach others—"Each One Teach One" in action

going upward? That's 'Uh.'" The lesson was finished in one minute flat.

"Now let's see you write Coptic," Laubach directed. By thinking of the simple pictures which suggested the letters, Laubach's listener found he could write part of the Coptic alphabet with almost no difficulty.

The doctor smiled and explained how it works. "It depends on finding a sort of pun in the language. Oddly enough, that isn't too difficult. Every letter or symbol can be drawn so that it looks like a familiar object. The name of the familiar object has to be the same as the sound of the letter. The student sees the picture and pronounces the sound of the letter automatically."

First Steps with a New Language

Laubach's first job on arriving in a region is to go into a huddle with local educators, if there are any, or with native interpreters. Together they comb the language for words that can be linked by the picture-word-syllable technique. The artist member of his team then makes the basic chart which is tried out on a test group.

"If any of them find it hard," Dr. Laubach says, "then there is something wrong with the chart. We have to go back and try again."

He has so far made charts for 206 languages. Today, in front of Laubach's charts, millions are grunting the local equivalents of "Uh," "Buh" and "Suh," with the reverence of a litany, and are learning to read with amazing speed. Laubach once taught a Philippine illiterate to read in less than an hour. The man was so delighted that he thanked Laubach profusely.

"Tell me," he asked gratefully, "is there anybody you want me to kill for you?"

"No, thank you, brother," Laubach answered calmly, "but you certainly are a big-hearted man. Just teach others to read, and that will make me happy. Later Laubach discovered that his student was one of the most notorious outlaws in the province. *(Continued on page 72)*

After Laubach taught Africans his "lightning literacy" system, Uganda founded this school

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Joe Cigar's eyes were closed, and a leather-covered blackjack hung from a cord on Clancy's wrist

WATERFRONT

By FERGUSON FINDLEY

If they wanted to play rough, okay. I could play rough too. Everybody seemed to be after me—the Gunner, Joe Cigar, Jack Thumm. But I was after the guy behind them—Blackie Clegg . . .

The Story: A policeman's lot is not a happy one. I'm a cop, and I ought to know. My name is FREDDY MALONE, I'm a detective third grade; and I made the mistake of witnessing the wrong murder. I saw a black-haired guy kill another guy, and I let the black-haired guy get away. He turned out to be BLACKIE CLEGG, a waterfront racketeer who was moving in on the New York docks. It wasn't his first murder, and it wasn't his last. I'm out to get him now. And, because he knows I'm out to get him, and because he knows I'm the only man in New York who can identify him, he's out to get me first.

My superiors chewed me out for letting Blackie Clegg get away. Then they gave me a special assignment: Get him. So I went after him. I made up a trick disguise for myself—dyed my hair blond, took the name "Tim Flynn," moved into the Royale Hotel down by the Hudson River, got a job as a longshoreman, and started looking around. I knew Blackie Clegg would be hard to find, so I listened to anybody who could tell me anything useful—SMOOTHIE, the bartender at the Royale; HANK FARMER and CLANCY, a couple of dock wallopers I fell in with.

On my first day at work, I made a mistake. The hiring foreman asked me if JOE CIGAR had got me my union card. I'd never heard of Joe Cigar, so I said no, Joe's boss had got it for me. The foreman was impressed, and gave me a soft job. Later that day, I had a fight with a mug named Culio, whose soft job had been given to me. I beat him up, then knocked off and had a date with my girl, MARY KIERNAN. When I left her, I started back to the Royale. I didn't get there. A bunch of guys in a car caught up with me on a dark street and took me to a house on Seventeenth Street. They wanted to know what I knew. I didn't know anything then, but I did before I left. One of the guys was Joe Cigar; another was a bodyguard they called the Gunner, and the boss was JACK THUMM, a West Coast racketeer with a long record. These boys roughed me up a bit and took my gun away from me. The Gunner went out for some beer, taking my gun with him. When he came back, they gave me my gun and let me go.

The next day, while I was at work on the docks, a swarm of cops descended on me and charged me with the murder of Culio, who had been shot with my gun. A SERGEANT BENNION, in charge of the squad, "questioned" me at the station house. I didn't like Bennion, and I was suspicious of him—he didn't act like an honest cop. And I didn't like the way I'd been framed.

My bosses, INSPECTOR STRATFORD and LIEUTENANT POTTS, of Homicide West, and the man from the district attorney's office got me out of Bennion's clutches. I had to spend the night in jail, though, before they got me out "on bail." I went back to the Royale, and went into the bar for a drink. Smoothie, the bartender, gave me an unexpected tip: he told me I might find the Gunner on Eighteenth Street, if I wanted to find him. I did want to find him, because I had an idea that the Gunner, eventually, might lead me to the real boss of the whole racket, Blackie Clegg . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

III

THERE was going to be a fight, and somebody was going to get hurt. I stood for a second or two in the bright sun and fingered my sore cheek. The Gunner had started the long round of cuffing that my face had absorbed, and what I had in mind for him—when we next met—was unpleasant.

"Try Eighteenth Street," the bald bartender had said. It wouldn't be dark enough, or late enough, to try Eighteenth Street for about twelve hours. That gave me half a day to wonder what the hell was going on.

"Try Eighteenth Street." First of all I'd check up on Seventeenth Street, where I had been so early Saturday morning. I ducked around a couple of corners, caught a subway, caught another one going the opposite way, and decided nobody was following me. Judging from the orders Stratford and Levitt, the district attorney's man, had been giving the day before, I was probably one of the few people in New York who wasn't being tailed.

I called Stratford. "What cooks on Seventeenth Street?" I asked.

"There's something funny up there," he answered. "Only I don't know what it is. The landlady, who lives five houses up the street, rents the place to a guy and his wife. She's got leases to prove it, and she don't know anything else."

"How about the people who live there?"

"I'm coming to that. Don't be so impatient. They moved out to Lake Hiawatha, in Jersey, on Memorial Day—just like they've been doing for the last four summers. They got a cottage out there that they rent for a month."

"Okay. Who did they lend a key to?"

"Not so fast, my boy. We sent a man out there, and he and a couple of Jersey cops talked to 'em. They didn't lend a key to anybody, they say. Both the guy and his wife were born in New York and have lived here all their years, except for the month they spend in Jersey." Stratford sounded like a man who couldn't be dragged to New Jersey. "The guy is a paper hanger. We didn't get a thing out of them and we don't have any way to get them back to New York before July."

"You should have told them the place burned down."

"We did. The man said the furniture didn't belong to him and burning was too good for it. He thinks maybe he'll spend the rest of his life hanging wallpaper in Jersey. I give up. You got any hot ideas?"

"No," I said. "How about the bullet hole in the wall?"

"Funny thing about that, too," he answered. "I'm laughing myself to death. There wasn't any bullet hole where you told us to look. But there was a big nail—damned near a spike—driven in there, with a picture hanging from it. The boys pulled the spike out and jabbed around, but somebody else had been there first. No bullet." Stratford sighed, as though the weight of his frustrations was almost too much to bear. "That's all I got. You know anything?"

"No," I told him. "Maybe I have a clue, as we detectives say, but then maybe it isn't any good."

"Okay," he said. "Good-by."

"Maybe I'll have to kill a man tonight," I added. "Do you mind?"

"Not at all, just so you tell me which one it is, and I don't have to spend a lot of time investigating. *Good-by!*" He hung up.

I wasted the afternoon in a movie and then killed some time in a restaurant. Then I drifted back to the Royale Hotel. It was about eight o'clock when I entered the bar, and Smoothie wasn't there. Instead, a stranger was behind the bar. "Where's Smoothie?" I asked him.

"Why," he said, "Smoothie knocks off at seven. He's just the day bartender. Anything I can do for you?"

"No. Give me a glass of beer." This was something I hadn't figured on. Somehow or other I had the idea that Smoothie was *always* there. Now I began to wonder where he was. Maybe he could be found up on Eighteenth Street. Maybe we'd be looking for each other, or maybe he would just be checking to see what I was going to do.

He wasn't going to have long to wait. I finished the beer, went up to my room and changed my clothes, and checked my gun to make sure it would go off in an emergency. Then I went down the

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back stairs and out a fire door, so that nobody saw me go. There was still plenty of light in the summer sky, but there were clouds, too, and that meant no moon. I was glad, because I wanted a black night. The blacker it got, the better it would be.

Now, Eighteenth Street runs from one side of Manhattan to the other, and covers a lot of territory. On the western end it is flanked by factories, warehouses and loading platforms. From there, going east, it cuts through different classes of residential buildings, ranging all the way from cold-water flats to the modern Stuyvesant Town apartments. A lot of men could hide along Eighteenth Street.

But I figured the best place to look for the Gunner was at the west end, where the factories ended and the old houses began. It was near the Hudson waterfront, and it was near the section where I had first met Jack Thumm on Saturday morning. While I waited for night to come on, I worked my way southeast, away from where I eventually wanted to be, doubling on my path now and then, waiting in the shadows, watching for anything that might turn up. Once I stopped in a drugstore to buy something I hoped I would need later on.

By ten o'clock the night was as dark as it would ever get, and I had worked my way carefully back to just about where I wanted to be. I had located the little store that carried cold beer, the only one in the neighborhood, and had followed the shortest path from there to Eighteenth Street. I figured Thumm and his boys would be sure to run out of beer from time to time and the Gunner would come by on his way to get some.

There was an abandoned house, an old-law tenement, with the glass gone from the windows and the outside walls covered with the tatters of election posters from years ago. The front door sagged open on a single rusty hinge, and as I went in, I carefully opened it as far as it would go.

The floors were littered with fallen plaster, empty whisky and wine bottles, the debris of bums and vicious kids who would grow up to be bums or criminals or outstanding citizens. But nobody was using it then, at least not the first floor. Nobody, that is, except the rats.

I could hear them scurrying in the corners, and telegraphing the news of my arrival with high-pitched squeaks.

For my purpose it was a very nice place. The back room on the ground floor was far enough away from the street so that a little noise wouldn't attract any attention, and only a little light filtered in through the back window. Furthermore, if you were in that back room, and somebody did come in the front door, you could go out the back window and through a litter-heaped yard, and eventually get somewhere—I didn't explore that far.

Then I went out on the street again, to find a waiting place. There was a street light near the abandoned house, but after a couple of bad throws I managed to hit it with a stone and knock it out, making the darkness complete. Now almost any cellarway offered shelter, and I sat in one of them and waited.

Time doesn't go too slowly when your mind is racing over a lot of details, and you know that, if you forget any of them, the time you are spending in waiting may be the last time you will ever have. You wonder whether you should have let one of your bosses know what you are planning. Maybe it would have been smart to have all the cellarways filled with cops.

Somewhere a distant clock boomed the hours of eleven, and then twelve. The street was deserted, for all law-abiding citizens had long since taken to their beds. A police car came by slowly, but the cops in it didn't see me, and its red taillights disappeared down the street.

Then a door slammed shut, somewhere, and I heard footsteps coming toward me. I half rose from my sitting position, the little automatic palmed in my hand, ready to fall in behind him as he walked by. But it was only some workman, probably on his way to an early job. At least it was no one that I knew, and I settled back.

One o'clock came, and I was getting cramped and uncomfortable, and wondering if I would have to wait all night, and the next night, and the night after that. . . .

Then he came swinging down the street, whistling softly. As he passed me I stepped in behind him, quietly.

He must have sensed that I was there. The whistling stopped in the middle of a note, and his hands stiffened at his sides. But he kept right on walking.

"Keep your hands out a little more, Gunner," I said to him, "and keep on the way you were going. Make it easy for me, and I won't have to kill you right here. Maybe I *(Continued on page 48)*

I gave a long, low whistle when I saw her, and she smiled at me. Not even my conscience could make me believe that she was homely

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"When I give my version of the accident," Bradley said, "I don't want to have to say anything about your driving"

No Time for TROUBLE

By GORDON FLETCHER

It would be easy for Bradley to drive away from the accident. But it wouldn't be fair, to Ann or to himself

THE car was moving down the four-lane highway at sixty-five miles an hour. Bradley sat behind the wheel in his shirt sleeves, his coat neatly folded on the back seat. It was midsummer, shortly after noon on a Sunday, hot and very humid.

"If we could be on time for something, even once a year," Ann said from across the width of seat, "I'd be happy."

Bradley was keeping in toward the center line because the outer lanes had been made almost useless by years of pounding from overloaded trucks. The oncoming traffic was continuous and he had been trying with no luck for several miles to get by the Cadillac ahead. The driver would not pull over to let him pass and at this speed he couldn't risk going by on the wrong side.

"I don't see why it has to be so hot," his wife said. "By the time we get there I'll look like I've stepped from a suitcase."

She folded her skirt back well above her knees to give the air from the ventilators a chance, and Bradley looked at her legs. After ten years he still liked to do it.

"You look all right to me," he said.

"Well, I'm not."

The dark glasses didn't hurt her profile any, Bradley noticed when he thought it safe to look. And the light blue dress full of those calculated holes certainly was about the coolest thing she could be wearing. Ann was thirty-five years old, yet the only way a stranger would guess that was from her hair. Two years before, the black had begun to be softened by gray. A little early, maybe, but somehow he had liked her better. She had never tried to do anything about it and as a result had lost that too-young look so many women foolishly prized. If only they knew how well a little maturity became them.

"Forget about the time," Bradley said kindly. "You'll be cooler." He smiled at her. "Why don't you rest your eyes?"

Ann didn't answer, but she relaxed and tilted her head back against the top of the seat. After a minute she said, "I'm a beast."

He turned and watched her smile, saw her eyes were closed, looked at her lips just as she said, "You're as late as I am, as hot, and probably you've got a headache, too."

"No," he said. "That's the difference. No headache." Last night they had gone to a good party, a late one, and they had overslept this morning. Ann hadn't said anything, but he knew she hadn't wanted to go to the party. *(Continued on page* 34)

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

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I Was There, Buddy

By TRACY PERKINS

Some slightly cockeyed observations of a mad era by a man whose memory isn't what it was

THERE seems to be so much nostalgic interest in what was known as the Turbulent or Tumultuous Twenties, that I would feel remiss in my duty if I didn't describe a typical day in my life during those colorful times (a lot more colorful than the Finicky Fifties will turn out, I'm sure). Suppose we hit this dead center, and take a day in 1925 when I was in college—I mean, when I was a collegiate.

Well, I customarily awakened at 11:00 A.M., already having cut two classes, and breakfasted frugally on orange juice and gin (prohibition days, you know. At some of the other places they drank lemon juice and rubbing alcohol, but I was at Harvard, which was notoriously more conservative). Feeling refreshed—or "crocked," to use the popular synonym of that time—I would then dress, gather a few companions and go out looking for some guy who wore garters.

If our search was successful—and, I'm warning, this may shock you—we forced the renegade into the rumble seat of my runabout at the point of a machine gun and took him for a long ride which ended up at the harbor. Here we encased him in wet concrete and waited for it to harden. None of that Ready-Mix Kwik-Dry concrete that became popular later. We mixed our own. We were patient in those days, and we didn't expect to have everything done for us. . . .

Where was I? Oh, yes, after it hardened, we tossed the so-and-so into the harbor and let him drown. Taught him a lesson.

After that we'd drive around for a while, looking for flappers, and making nifty remarks at them. The most popular ones, if I recall correctly, were "Oh, you kid!" and "Twenty-three skiddoo!" Nope; that's what Lindbergh said when he landed in Paris after soloing the Atlantic.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. The flapper was the young girl of the times. She ran through two lipsticks a day, wore skirts a foot above her knees and was Hopelessly Irresponsible. The one I knew best—gal named Sal—was *Particularly* Hopelessly Irresponsible. I heard afterward that she opened up a law practice in Vermont somewhere and later became a juvenile-court judge.

Getting back to those open runabouts we drove, there was only one hitch: *Everybody* wanted to sit in the rumble seat, which made it kind of tough if you were the only fellow who had a driver's license. But finally I solved this by rigging up a steering wheel that extended all the way back there. This meant I could ride in the rumble seat even if I was all by myself. I could furnish many other examples of our ingenuity back in those nostalgic times, if there were any. Don't think, however, that it was all fun, frolic and running over chickens at 80 mph. We had our serious moments too.

Sometimes a bunch of us fellows—supplemented by a few celebrities of the time such as Gilda Gray, Sophie Tucker and Charles Evans Hughes—would get togther and have what we called a symposium or bull session. Then we would discuss pressing questions of the day, such as how big should a hip flask be or who would reach Omaha first in the Bunion Derby. (The Bunion Derby was a famous cross-continent race of the time, eventually won by Gertrude Ederle, affectionately known as "Little Miss Poker Face."—Ed.) Well, like I said, our minds were in a ferment all the time.

I guess this brings my day up to evening time. Evening, of course, meant the prom. We had proms about four nights a week, and you never saw such dancing or heard such music. There were Paul Whiteman, Isham Jones, Ted Lewis and a lot of other hot-shots who could beat it out in real Chicagoland style. Sowbelly Grifus, for instance. And Horse Lips Padilla, and Beagle Beak Throsmin, and Leprosy Raggensmirfer, and Snake Lungs Kreggs, and Tom Smith. We never could figure how Smith got that silly moniker.

There was only one dance in that time, but an awful lot of it. The Charleston! The Charleston was a dance that demanded a great deal of knee action. You could do it all by yourself if you were in top physical condition—like Red Grange or Cal Coolidge. But most of us weren't that gifted. If you didn't have someone or something to hold onto, your knees would eventually buckle and you would land flat on your face in the sawdust. Therefore, beginners usually grabbed something like the back of a chair or some kind of convenient railing.

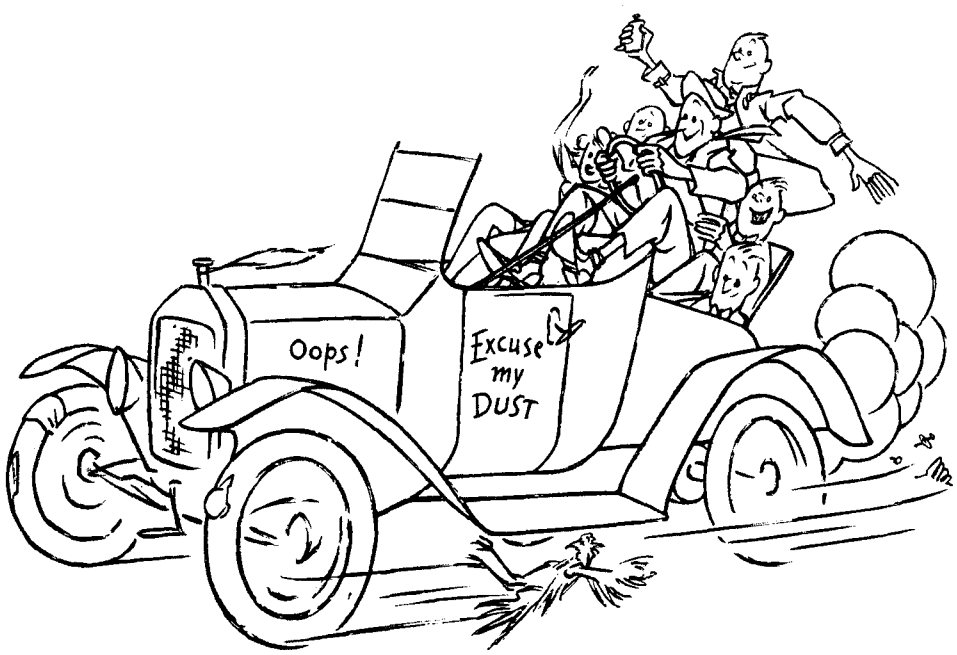
It got so that most dance academies and cabarets installed special rails for the benefit of their patrons. They didn't want to take any chances on having their customers collapse and maybe call the federal agents in out of revenge. There is still one of these Charleston railings standing on the site of the old Scurvy Rat Club down on the corner of Beale and Twelfth streets. Go down there and look for yourself if you don't believe me. And if you find it, I wish you'd let me know.

Sports? That was the golden age of sports, you know. Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth, Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen, Paavo Nurmi and Charlie Paddock, Big Bill Tilden and Little Bill Johnston, Jack Dempsey and Man o' War. The last two weren't in the same sport, come to think of it, but I can remember Dempsey poring over a copy of Three Weeks while Elinor Glyn stood by feeding Man o' War a few lumps of sugar.

Well, I could go on and on talking of those mad, fabulous, unbelievable times, but there are some things which are so close to my heart that I could never bring myself to reveal them. Not, anyway, until the demand and rates for memoirs go up a little more.

THE END

Guys wearing garters were taken for a ride, encased in wet cement and eventually dropped into the harbor



A trick steering wheel enabled me to ride in the rumble seat with all the other passengers

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THE WINDOW

By RAY BRADBURY

Thousands of miles away, in another land, he could hear footsteps retreating from the phone. He waited for the next sound

THE old man opened his eyes swiftly and sat erect in his wheel chair. He jerked his cold hand out and found the telephone. It was still there! He held it against his chest for a moment, blinking.

"I don't like that dream," he said to his empty bedroom.

It was bad enough—the telephone company coming to the house tomorrow to take the phone away—without the old man seeing it in his dreams again and again.

At last, his fingers trembling, he lifted the receiver and dialed the long-distance operator. He gave her the number and waited, watching the bedroom door as if at any moment it might open, and a vast invasion of doctors, nurses and relatives might swarm about him, yelling and critical.

"Calling Mexico City," said the operator. "Erickson 3899."

And then, at last, the far away, but infinitely clear voice:

"Bueno."

"Hello, Jorge!" cried the old man.

"Señor Bolton! Again? This is costing money."

"Let it cost! You know what to do?"

"Yes. The window."

Thousands of miles away, in another land, in an office in a building in that land, there was the sound of footsteps retreating from the phone. The old man leaned forward, gripping the receiver tight to his wrinkled ear that ached with waiting for the next sound.

The raising of a window.

Ah, sighed Mr. Bolton.

The sounds of Mexico City on a hot yellow noon rose through the open window into the waiting phone. He could see Jorge standing there holding the mouthpiece out, out into the bright day.

"Señor . . ."

"No, no, please. Let me *listen.*"

He listened to the hooting of many metal horns, the squealing of brakes, the calls of vendors selling yellow bananas and jungle oranges in their stalls. Mr. Bolton's feet began to move, hanging from the edge of his wheel chair, making the motions of a man walking. His eyes squeezed tight. He gave a series of immense sniffs, as if to gain the odors of purple grapes and the meats hung on iron hooks in sunshine, cloaked with flies like a mantle of raisins; the smell of stone alleys wet with morning rain. He could feel the sun burn his spiny-bearded cheek, and he was twenty-five years old again, a camera slung from his shoulder, walking, walking, looking, smiling, happy to be alive, very much alert, drinking in colors and smells.

A rap on the door. He hid the phone instantly under his lap robe.

The nurse entered. "Hello, Mr. Bolton," she said. "Have you been good?"

"Yes." The old man's voice was mechanical. He could hardly see. The shock of a simple rap on a door was such that part of him was still in another city, far removed. He waited for his mind to rush home—it must be here to answer questions, act sane, be polite.

"I've come to check your pulse."

"Not now!" said the old man. "Later!"

"You're not going anywhere, are you?" She smiled.

He looked at the nurse steadily. He hadn't been anywhere in ten years.

"Give me your wrist."

Her fingers, hard and precise, searched for the sickness in his pulse like a pair of calipers.

"What've you been *doing* to excite yourself?" she demanded.

"Nothing."

Her gaze shifted and stopped on the empty phone table. At that instant a horn sounded faintly, three thousand miles away.

The nurse took the phone from him as if it were a sick animal. "You promised you wouldn't do this. We agreed that if you made only one call a week you could keep the phone. I even told the telephone company *not* to send a man to disconnect the service tomorrow. Now I'll just have to make them come take it out."

"This is my house, my phone," the old man protested. "I pay your salary!"

"To make you well, not get you excited." She wheeled his chair across the room. "To bed with you, now, young man."

He looked back at the phone and kept looking at it.

"I'm going to the store for a few minutes," the nurse said. "Just to be sure you don't use the phone again, I'm hiding your wheel chair in the hall."

She went out and shut the door. In the downstairs entry, he heard her pause and dial the extension phone.

Was she phoning Mexico City?—he wondered. She wouldn't dare!

He heard the front door shut.

He thought of the last year here, alone, in his room, and the secret, narcotic calls across continents, an isthmus, whole jungle countries of rainy forest, blue-orchid plateaus, lakes and hills. . . .

He lifted himself in the cool, white bed. Tomorrow the telephone would be gone. What a greedy fool he had been! He slipped his brittle ivory legs down from the bed, marveling at their desiccation. They seemed to be things which had been fastened to his body while he slept one night, while his younger legs were taken off and burned in the cellar furnace. Over the years, they had destroyed all of him, removing hands, arms and legs and leaving him with substitutes as delicate and useless as chess pieces. And now they were tampering with something more intangible, the memory; they were trying to cut the wires which led back into another year.

He was across the room in a stumbling run. Grasping the phone, he took it with him as he slid down the wall to sit upon the floor. He got the long-distance operator, his heart exploding within him, faster and faster, a blackness in his eyes. "Hurry, hurry!" He waited.

"Bueno?"

"Jorge, we were cut off!"

"You must not phone again, Señor Bolton," said the faraway voice. "Your nurse called me. She says you are very ill. I must hang up."

"No, Jorge! Please," the old man pleaded. "One last time, listen to me. They're taking the phone out tomorrow. I can never call you again."

Jorge said nothing.

The old man went on. "For the love of God, Jorge! For friendship, then, for the old days! You don't know what it means. You're my age, but you can *move*. I haven't moved anywhere in ten years."

He dropped the phone and had trouble picking it up, his heart was so sick. "Jorge! You *are* still there, aren't you?"

"This will be the last time?" said Jorge.

"I promise!"

The phone was laid on a desk thousands of miles away. Once more, with that clear familiarity, the footsteps, the pause, and, at last, the raising of the window.

"Listen," the old man whispered to himself.

And he heard a thousand people in another sunlight, and the faint, tinkling music of an organ grinder playing La Marimba—oh, a lovely, dancing tune.

With eyes tight, the old man put up his hand as if to click pictures of an old cathedral, and his body was heavier with flesh, younger, and he felt the hot pavement underfoot.

He wanted to say, "You are still there, aren't you? All of you people in that city in the time of early siesta, the shops closing, the little boys crying *lotería nacional para hoy!* to sell the lottery tickets. You are all there, the people in the city. I can't believe I was ever among you. When you are away from a city it becomes a fantasy. Any town, New York, Chicago, with its people, becomes improbable with distance. Just as I am improbable here, in California, in a city by a sea. All of us improbable to one another because we are not present to one another. And so it is good to hear the sounds, and know that Mexico City is still there and the people moving and living . . ."

He sat with the receiver tightly pressed to his ear.

And at last, the clearest, most improbable sound of all—the sound of a green trolley car going around a corner—a trolley car carrying alien brown people, far, far away. The metal crash of its wheels on the hot blue rails. Fading away with a brass thunder in the warm distance.

The old man sat on the floor.

Time passed.

The downstairs door opened. Footsteps came upstairs.

The nurse stood in the door, prepared to be angry, when she saw the old man seated there on the floor.

There was something in his silence that made her shut her opened mouth.

She approached, almost on tiptoe. She had to work hard, bent down, to disengage the phone from his now quite cold fingers. And when she lifted the receiver to her own ear she heard one last, far sound.

Three thousand miles away, the closing of a window. THE END

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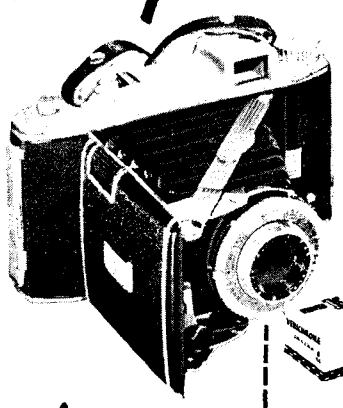

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No Time for Trouble

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

She had insisted on going, though, even when he had suggested staying home, because she knew he'd been counting on it. She would do anything for him, but she didn't like hot weather—or being late to Carl's.

They rode now in silence, still behind the Cadillac that weaved more than Bradley liked. Although he was watching the car ahead closely, he could see that Ann was getting jumpy again. She kept looking at her watch.

"Take it easy," he said finally.

"I can't," she said. "I keep seeing Uncle Carl when we walk in. He'll pull out that pocket watch. He won't say anything, but everyone will know from the way he reads the time that we're getting the treatment. You know he won't excuse *anyone* from the clock."

"He should be used to us by now." Bradley was remembering the informality in his own family and thinking how silly it sounded when Ann called the old gent "Uncle Carl." Yet everyone in the family called him that except the man's wife—and his niece's husband, Martin Bradley. Bradley called him "Carl" whenever they met, and although Uncle didn't like it much, Bradley was damned if he was going to call him anything else. You couldn't help marrying your wife's relatives, but you could call them what you pleased.

In spite of the name business he got along pretty well with Carl. Maybe part of it was because he stood up to him—not many people did—and certainly part of it was because Ann was in many ways like the daughter Carl didn't have. When she had been younger, Carl had generously helped her widowed mother according to the conventional pattern, paying for schools and clothes, and for straightening teeth.

Bradley checked the oil pressure and the temperature of the water in the cooling system. The car was running hot.

"I don't see why you worry so much about Carl," he said, "especially when he's in the country. Get him away from the city and he's nothing but a gentleman cowherd." Bradley kept his eyes on the road. "When you worry you're doing exactly what he wants."

"I don't know what you mean by 'gentleman cowherd,'" Ann said, "but if you're the opposite, I'll take Uncle Carl. Whenever you go down to your place you come back covered with muck."

"On a farm a man is bound to pick up a little dirt," Bradley said.

"And," his wife said, "you should be able to see why I worry. You wouldn't be sitting in that paneled office if Uncle Carl didn't put in a word for you now and then."

AT FIRST that had been true, true enough so that he didn't like to be reminded of it, even inaccurately. And soon now he might owe Carl a much greater debt.

"I only hope you'll behave like an adult today," Ann said. "If you can choke back that insane pride of yours, there's a good chance for you in the new cement development."

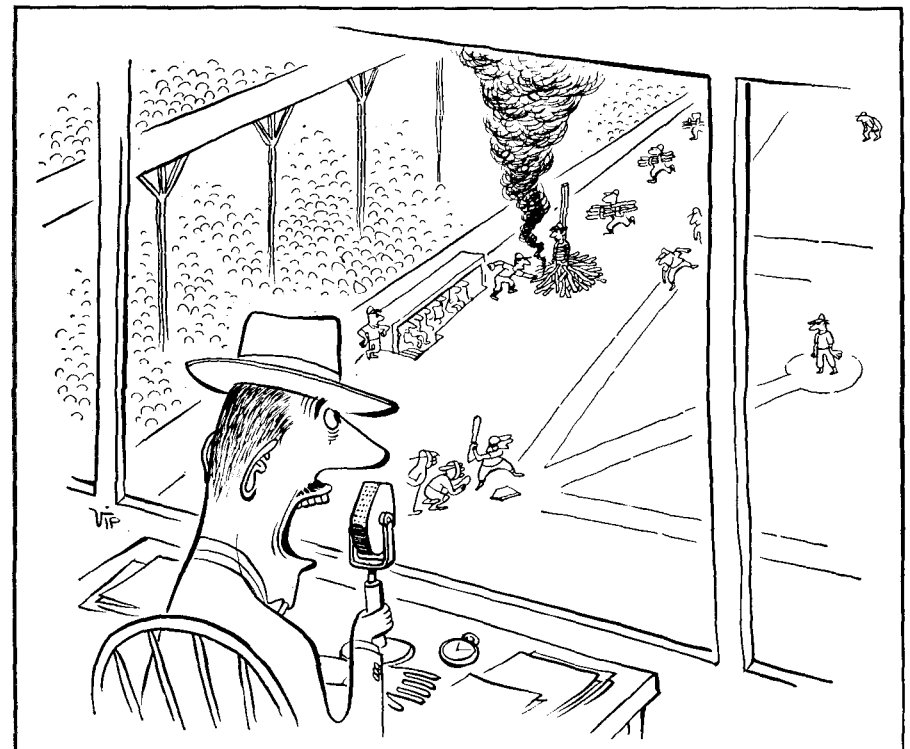
"All right, Annie," he said. "I see why you worry."

It was childish to get back at her by using a name she despised, and immediately he was ashamed.

Really she didn't ask too much of him, much less than many women he knew asked of their husbands. But she was a woman, and ambitious for him. Sometimes this wifely ambition could be trying. It couldn't possibly take into consideration the many thousand small facts of a man's business situation, of his past life and conditioning, of himself. A woman was not a man, and did not think like a man, yet Ann probably had come closer to understanding him than any other person could—man or woman. Anyway, no one in the long history of the human animal had ever completely understood anyone else. That was man's Original Complaint.

And he began to think of what the afternoon would be like. Carl was about to move in on cement and was giving him a chance at something big. This was the last stage in the vertical expansion of Carl's construction behemoth, not as important nationally as Carl would like to think, but regionally admittedly top dog.

Now Carl Standish could not only build, but build completely on his own terms. With this last move he would produce, or control directly, a supply of all the major items used in modern building—brick, structural steel, sand and gravel, lumber and cement. Right now Martin Bradley was nothing, a minor cog in one of Carl's many subsidiaries. But this afternoon, for the first time, he was to meet all of Carl's top men as an equal. If they liked him he would be general manager of the entire cement division. Carl had as much as told him that.



COLLIER'S "Brooklyn is warming up a new pitcher in a hurry" VIRGIL PARTCH

They rode without speaking and Bradley kept a careful eye on the Cadillac. It slipped over the center line occasionally, but the lapses did not occur at dangerous moments. When he was beginning to think of slowing down for the turn, the taillights of the Cadillac suddenly flashed red, and the car cut its speed and turned onto the side road.

"Look," he said.

"Oh, God," Ann said, "that was all we needed. It hasn't rained for a week."

The side road was made of crushed stone, and became very dusty twelve hours after a storm. As they passed the substation and crossed under the high-tension lines, Bradley had a glimpse of the Cadillac churning along very fast, making trail like an airplane dusting cotton.

Taking the side road meant cutting ten miles off the distance to Bur Oak Farm, so Bradley swung the wheel and bored into the dirty white cloud. They had shut the ventilators and the windows but the smell and taste of the dust were thick in the car, and the temperature was rising. The particles hung over the road in front of them like poison gas in a hollow. When the temperature continued to go up, Bradley loosened his tie and undid his collar. Ann began to cough.

"We'd better pull off on a side road and wait until it clears," Bradley said, looking for a break in the hedge.

"No," his wife said, "we're in it and we'll go on through."

When a thing was bad enough, sometimes this unreasoning, blind stubbornness was the way she met it. Bradley knew better than to talk and drove on grimly, as fast as he dared. More than anything, he wanted a drink.

Then suddenly the dust ahead began to thin and he saw the Cadillac stopped at an odd angle. As they drew abreast he saw the cow lying on the road a few feet ahead of the smashed front of the Cadillac. When they had passed, Bradley pulled over on the shoulder.

"We're so late, maybe there's no need to stop," Ann said. "I could see no one had been hurt."

Bradley looked at her and wondered why he had married her. "I hope you're kidding," he said harshly.

He stepped out and walked back down the road. As he approached the car, he saw a young boy in dungarees running away from them across a field. He had a long stick in his hand and had apparently been bringing the cow in from a pasture across the road. Now, Bradley supposed, he was running to find the cow's owner and tell him what had happened.

The cow, when he got closer, looked peaceful and brown lying on the white road. She was obviously dead. The Cadillac's left front fender and part of the grille were badly damaged. The driver, helped by gestures from the woman beside him, was racing the engine and trying to back away. The fan blades were hitting the radiator, protesting for the whole car.

"Stop it!" Bradley said.

The driver shut off the engine and climbed out. He was a very tall and well-tailored man of perhaps fifty-five, and the coat to his suit still managed to look neat out here on the road under the sun. Bradley recognized him almost immediately.

"It's a new car," the man said, anger in his lament. And then he was all anger. "I want to get my hands on the farmer who keeps cows on the highway."

"If it's a new car," Bradley said evenly, "why don't you handle it like one? I've had a good chance to look at your driving." Bradley's dislike of this driver had been hardened by the terrible clank of the wounded engine. To him the misuse of machinery was like cruelty to animals. He pointed to a clearly painted sign nailed to a post at the side of the road. "That says 'Cattle Crossing,'" he said. "When you see a sign that says 'Cattle Crossing' you're supposed to slow down and watch for cattle. It's the driver's responsibility, not the cow's."

"I was late," the man said, looking at Bradley with the disbelief of one who is used to soft phrases from inferiors. "It was necessary to hurry." He turned aside at a question from the woman in the car. Bradley didn't catch what it was.

"Martin," Ann called. "Come here."

BRADLEY looked up the road. Ann was standing beside their car. He walked past the cow and approached her, thinking how poor his luck was. The driver of the Cadillac was Arnold Collins, one of the keymen in Carl Standish's empire, a man who had started out as Carl's foreman when the company equipment had totaled three picks and six shovels. Although Bradley had never met Collins, he knew a lot about him. Having returned from the Coast only yesterday, Collins would have had no chance to learn who he was. It would have been interesting to see what he would have made of Martin Bradley when they met for the first time over a highball in Carl's garden. Now it was a little late for that.

Many of Carl's successes were due to Collins' pile-driving tactics, with Collins only occasionally getting into trouble because he had never learned the difference between a case of eggs and a stack of logs meant for use as piling. He gave both the same treatment.

Somewhere around there was a case of eggs in the form of a farmer who had lost his only cow, if Bradley could judge the local prosperity level by the poor look of the land. He had nursed his own farm too long in the lean thirties not to appreciate the condition of this section. And he had seen too many farmers kicked around by people who considered themselves made of finer stuff.

"Are you listening?" he heard Ann say. "Why don't you give him the A.A.A. card and tell him to get on the nearest telephone? We've got to be leaving."

"I understand about leaving," Bradley said patiently. There was no need to tell her yet who their friend was. If Collins' destination was what he thought, Collins would be needing a ride. "We'll go as soon as we can. But there are a couple of things that have to be straightened out."

Looking around, he saw that the woman who was with Collins was now sitting in the shade of the hedgerow. Bradley handed his wife a square-folded handkerchief. "Why don't you go and sit under the hedge?" he said.

When he got back to the wrecked car, Collins said, "I've got to find that damned farmer, and a telephone. I was due at Carl Standish's Bur Oak Farm at two."

Bradley looked at his watch with pleasure. "It's ten of now," he said. He and Ann were fifty minutes overdue.

Bradley couldn't help grinning when he saw the annoyance in the man's face and although he hadn't forgotten the racing engine he was curious to see if his name meant anything to Collins and said, "My name's Bradley—Martin Bradley," and put out his hand. . . .

While they were peering under the hood to see how much damage had been done, the farmer came up to them. Although it was Sunday, he had been working in the fields. He had on very faded and very dusty blue overalls and was wearing high-cut Army shoes. He was about forty, a short man, and his face had been made brown and leathery by the sun.

"How'd it happen?" the farmer said. He looked at the cow calmly, a man who had

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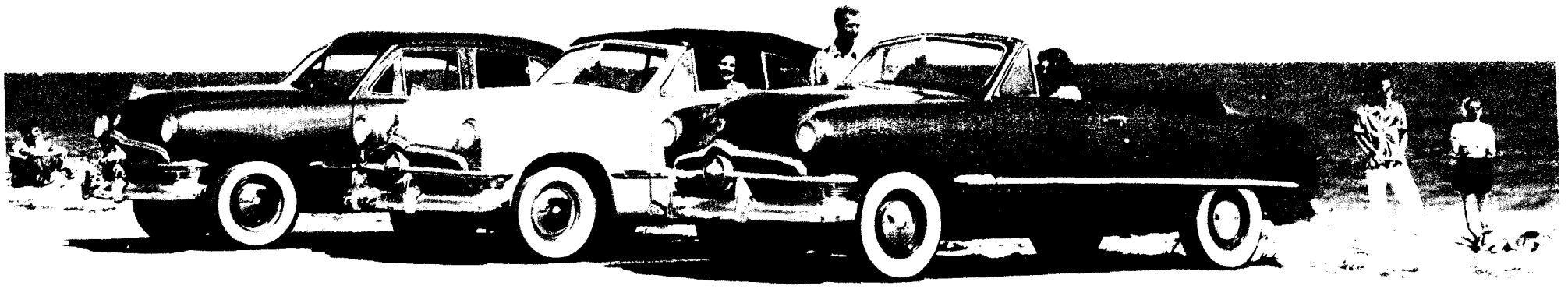

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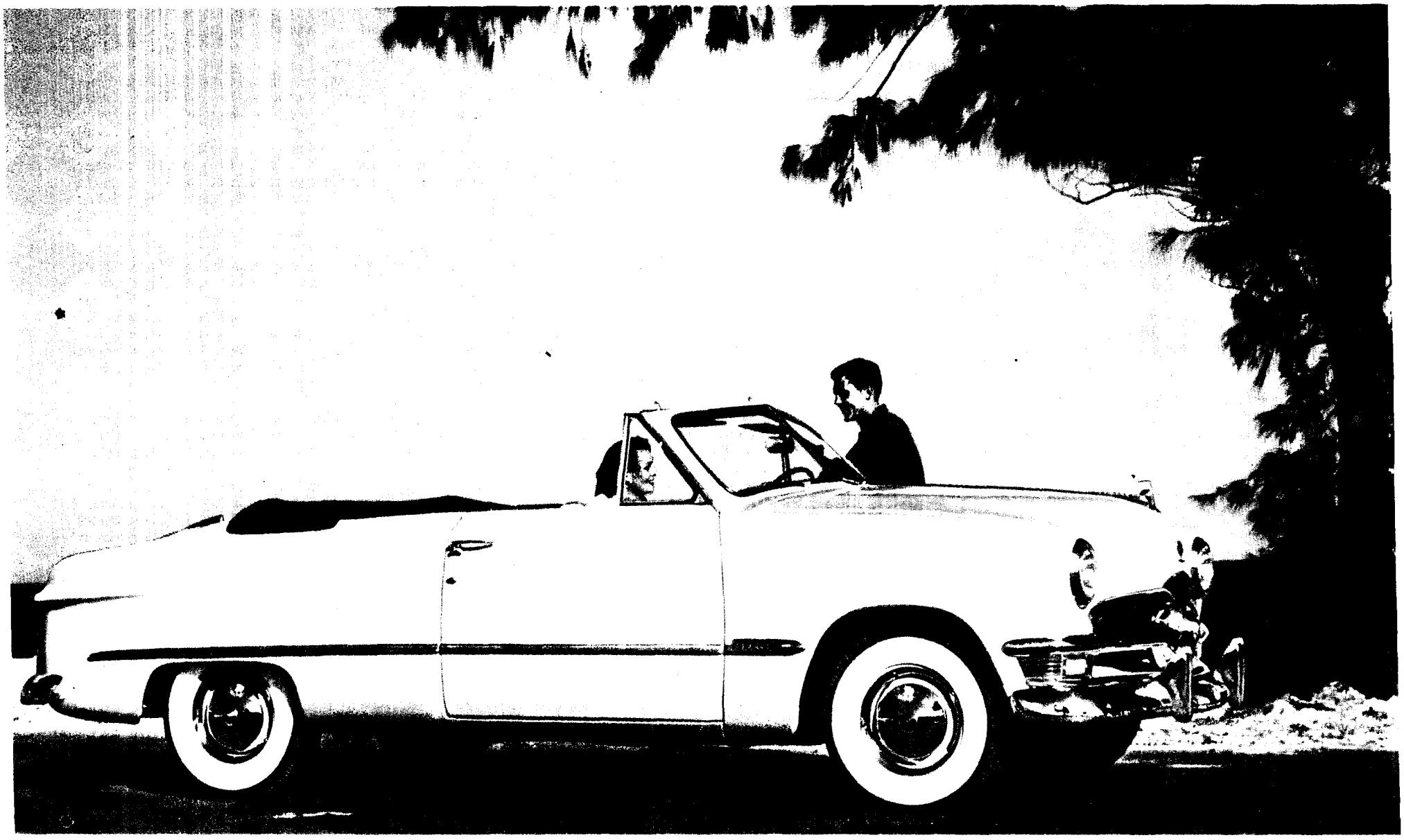

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taken too much from nature to have any room left for anger.

"It happened by accident," Collins said evenly. "By accident the cow was in a public highway when it should have been somewhere behind a fence."

"And by accident—" Bradley began.

"I'll thank you to stay out of it," Collins said sharply. "I'm talking with this gentleman, the owner of the cow." He turned to the farmer. "You'll hear about this when I get back to town. Right now I'm late for an important engagement."

"An engagement can be put off when something comes up," the farmer said. "There's a telephone in the house." He indicated a group of buildings in the distance. "And a car can be fixed. No doubt you carry collision insurance. If it's the kind I had when my car was worth covering, the most the job can cost is fifty dollars."

"My car is smashed and you tell me about insurance."

The farmer spoke again, as if he hadn't heard. "A car can be fixed, but a cow can't," he said. "You get another cow like this, clean, with plenty of milk and a nice moo, by paying someone two hundred and fifty dollars."

Bradley rapidly revised his opinion of what was behind that brown face.

"If you're suggesting I pay for the cow," Collins said, a deeper red climbing from his collar, "you're crazy."

They had to stand aside while a car slowly passed them. The driver was curious and swung his head but did not stop, and left only his dust as he picked up speed and was gone.

"We'd better get to a telephone," Bradley said, and Collins was grumbling about the importance of his engagement. How would he get there?

"That's an idea," Ann said.

She was talking about the telephone, of course, and Bradley was annoyed that he hadn't seen the women coming over to the group on the road.

"I think we'd better go up to the house now," the farmer said to Bradley.

BRADLEY drove into the big yard and stopped near the steps to the back porch. After they had got out, Ann said to him in a whisper he was sure the farmer could hear, "I think we should go. We've done everything we can. Really it's a matter for them to work out."

"It'll be cooler inside," the farmer said as he led them up the steps. "We can all get a drink in the kitchen."

Bradley was behind the others and stopped on the porch to light a cigarette. The barnyard and the buildings were neat enough and well kept, but he could see many things that should be done—all of them calling for the expenditure of money. Bradley could hear voices inside and then he heard the screen door close softly behind him. The farmer had come out.

"You like farms?"

"Yes," Bradley said. "I've got one, and a good tenant."

"Then you know what this needs." The farmer looked away from the yard and back to Bradley. "I appreciate your staying around," he said. He nodded toward the kitchen.

"Well," Bradley said, throwing his cigarette into the grass, "I guess we'd better be going in."

After he had finished his glass of water, a drink that was cool and free of chlorine and wonderful after the road, he and Collins left the women in the kitchen and followed the farmer down the hall into a small room that contained a desk, two chairs, a table, and some books on shelves. There was a telephone on the wall.

When Bradley saw that Collins had no idea where to call—that he was faced with a simple situation he couldn't meet because there was no one he could tell to handle it for him—Bradley took the A.A.A. card from his wallet and gave the operator the emergency service number. While he was waiting for the connection, he noticed the diploma in the frame. It was twenty years old and bore the same name as the mailbox at the end of the lane. By the time he had worked down to the signature of the president of agricultural college, the call came through. He arranged for a wrecker, hung up, and said to Collins, "Now you'd better call your host and tell him you'll be late." He left the room.

When Collins returned to the kitchen the five of them went out and got into the car again and drove back to the wreck. As they pulled over and stopped, Bradley could see that Ann wanted to talk to him alone.

They all got out of the car quickly and the Collinses and the farmer moved on ahead toward the other car.

When the others were too far away to hear, Ann said in a low voice, "I found out something in the kitchen. Do you know who these people are? That's Arnold Collins, one of Uncle Carl's big men."

"I can't decide if he's a mink or a mouse!"

COLLIER'S GEORGIA WEBSTER

"I've known it for some time," he said.

"You've known it?"

"Yes."

"Then why have you been acting this way?"

"I haven't been acting any way." Bradley was getting a little tired of it. "A thing like this has to be straightened out, that's all."

"Well," Ann said, "I wish you'd quit helping. It's no affair of yours." She looked at her watch. "Anyway, we can take them with us."

"We can, and we will," Bradley said. "But I'm asking you not to mention it yet. I want to issue the invitation myself."

The dust and the worry and the heat were all in her face and he thought she was going to cry. Then he saw the farmer walking over to them. At the sight of the man, Bradley felt a strange anger.

"I can't do a thing with him," the farmer said. "I've got to get something for the cow but I can't do a thing with him."

Bradley looked at his wife and then turned to the farmer. "Come on," he said, "I'll go back with you."

"Please," Ann said, a wail in her voice. "Don't make things worse."

"Take it easy," Bradley said. "We can settle it in three minutes." The farmer was telling him to forget it, saying Bradley had done all he could.

Bradley was thinking of the weaving car that wouldn't let them pass on the highway, and all of the rest of Collins' performance; and of the farmer, who could not afford a new cow.

"Come on," Bradley said, walking away from his wife over to where the Collinses were standing. He looked into the face of the tall man, who was poking at the broken headlight with his finger. "What have you decided?"

"We're going to wait for the wrecker," Collins said.

"I mean about the cow."

"That's not my worry."

"When I give my version of the accident I don't want to have to say anything about your driving." It was a gamble, but it was the kind that might beat Collins.

Bradley was conscious of the farmer's hopeful silence but he was watching Collins. He could almost feel the tall man groping for something to slam into, and see him find nothing solid to smash.

"I don't carry that kind of money," Collins said finally. "I'll have to send it to him."

NO GOOD. He would never do it. Bradley could have shouted as he saw the retreat begin. "You can write a check now," he said coldly.

"It's Sunday. My checkbook is at home."

"I'll get mine," Bradley said. "You can change the name of the bank." He crossed quickly to his car and took the checkbook from the inside pocket of his coat. On the way back to the other car he tore out a blank.

"Make it for two fifty," Bradley suggested, and Collins was asking the farmer's name.

"No," the farmer said. "Only two hundred. Fifty dollars off for repairs on the car."

Collins wrote out the check and handed it to Bradley. Bradley passed it to the farmer and was embarrassed by the naked look in the pale blue eyes. He turned back to Collins and said, "How are you going to get to Bur Oak Farm?"

Collins did not answer but kicked some of the loose stone across the road into the ditch on the other side, and Bradley finally and neatly put him into his collection of telephone slammers and blotter stabbers.

There were many men who had risen in the world, men who had the necessary drive to meet any tangible obstacle and crush it. But often, even if only temporarily frustrated, they couldn't control their drive and took it out on anything that got in the way, inanimate objects or underlings. These same men probably loved their wives, were kind to children, and spoiled their grandchildren. But their success couldn't measure up to the success of the comparative few who got ahead—maybe grossing a bit less, or performing before a smaller audience—with quietness and tact as well as astuteness.

"We're going that way," Bradley said quietly. "You and your wife are welcome to the back seat."

When Bradley had started the engine he leaned out his window and asked the farmer to wait for the wrecker. The farmer agreed and then said, "Mr. Bradley, if there's ever anything I can do, any eggs, any meat when we butcher—"

"Sure," Bradley said, "I'll be bothering you from now on." With that he let in the clutch.

Bradley drove carefully until they reached the main highway. Once on the concrete, he speeded up, and after twenty minutes of flat country they were passing through the village.

The Collinses had been ominously mute since they had started and Ann had remained quiet at the far end of the front seat. It was like driving alone.

Five minutes out of the village they were in different country. Here there were shaded, rolling hills and soon they passed the property line of Bur Oak Farm. Herds of dairy cattle were grazing and small groups of cows were standing in picturesque streams among the cattails behind the white wooden fences.

Bradley noticed the barns, rustic in a white-lead way, sources of pure milk. As they passed the last of the buildings he slowed gradually and turned up the private road. It was smooth and blue-black and very restful on his eyes after the glare of the highway. He took off his sunglasses and put them on the seat. The drive was lined with bur oaks which formed the sort of tunnel Bradley associated with the roads of France. In the shade of the drive it was cool.

After the last turn he saw the magnificent house at the top of the rising straight stretch of road. There, he drove past the dozen cars in the area and parked beyond the dark green convertible at the end. Still unnaturally silent, the four of them got out in the shade and the cool breeze. Without a word Collins started off toward the house with his wife.

Standing next to Ann, watching Collins and his wife, Bradley could see that they were arguing. They stopped and then Collins came slowly back.

"I want to thank you for the ride," he said. The way he said it had nothing to do with the words.

"That's all right," Bradley said. He was looking full at Collins but he was conscious of Ann at his side.

"I don't know who you are," Collins said, "but you seem to know your way around here. Maybe it's a good thing because I'm not finished with you yet."

Collins would batter at him forever, Bradley thought. "That's all right, too," Bradley said.

Collins turned and went back to his wife.

Bradley reached under the seat and took the rag he sometimes used for the windshield and wiped the dust from his shoes. After he had put on his coat, Ann reached up and carefully straightened his tie. Then with her hand she brushed back a lock of his hair.

Ann, he realized, did not do these things lightly, as many women did. For ten years she had kept her hands off him unless it meant something. She was Carl's niece, all right, and now she was doing a good job of making the best of a bad show. Yet the way she had performed those simple acts cleared from his mind all the sharp things she had said since they had left the city. She was his wife now, giving him strength.

IT WAS very pleasant here in the shade and very pleasant to think of that farmer. And Bradley really knew for the first time how hard a day it had been for Ann. She had never liked hot weather, or being late. And then Collins. What he had done might cost them a great deal. Collins was a powerful member of Carl Standish's organization.

Bradley looked down at his wife. "I want to say something before we go in," he said. "I don't know what's going to happen inside, but I wouldn't worry too much about Uncle Carl. There are a thousand cows in these baronial hills and he's proud of every one of them. With all he's got, I sometimes think he's proudest of his cows. Somehow I don't think he'll be too hard on us when his favorite niece tells him about the cow in the road and the kind of man that farmer was."

"Stop," Ann said. "Stop it." She took off her sunglasses and put them in the breast pocket of his coat. "It doesn't make any difference what happens," she continued. "There wasn't much else you could have done, was there?"

"No, Ann," Bradley said. "No, there really wasn't."

Hearing the words come from her he felt a great relief, and with it the kind of pride in his wife every man wishes he could feel more often.

Noticing the cool wind on his brow, he smiled. He would never understand Ann. If it hadn't been cool here, if there hadn't been this breeze and it had been hot, as it was back on the road, she might have stayed as she had been all day.

Ann had turned and had started to walk toward the porch. He followed close behind. Halfway, he said softly to her back, "Ann, remember—"

She stopped so suddenly he almost ran into her. She turned, smiling. "I know," she said. "Take it easy." Then the smile was crowded out. "If he drags that watch from his pocket—"

"Be quiet, woman," Bradley said gently. "Sh-h-h."

He put his arm around her waist and they walked toward the porch, this time side by side, in step. THE END

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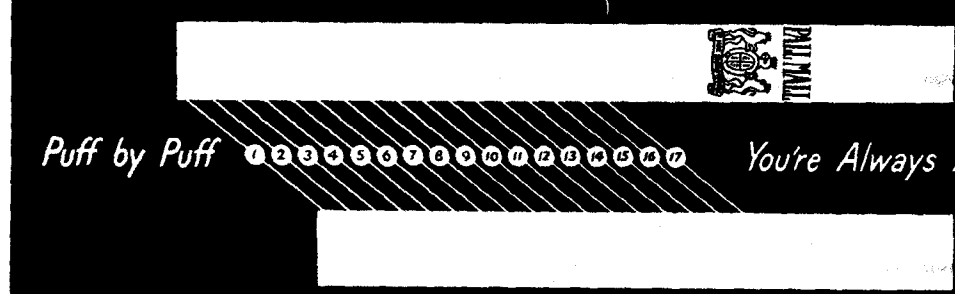

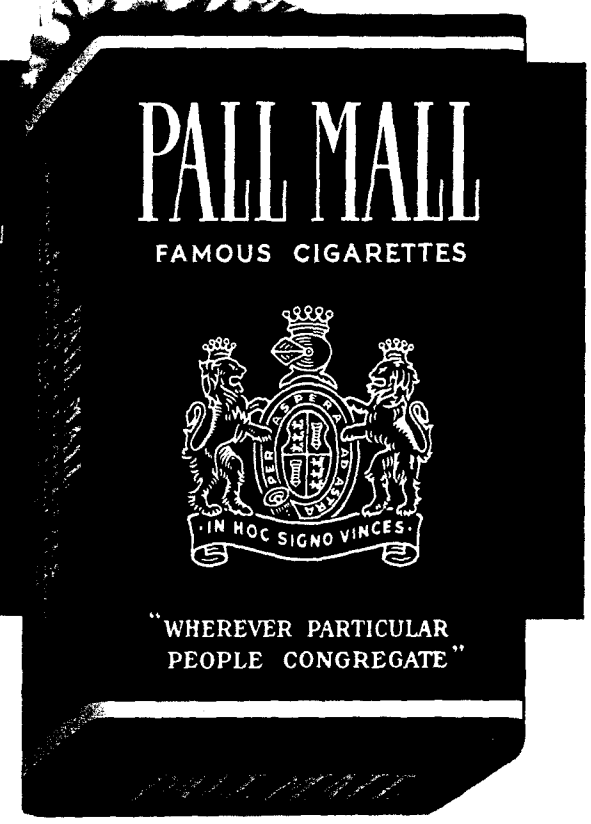

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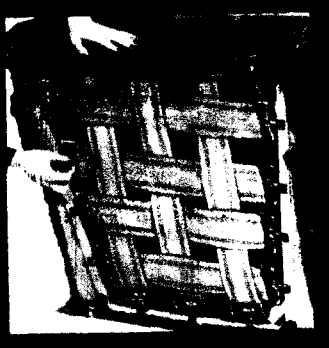

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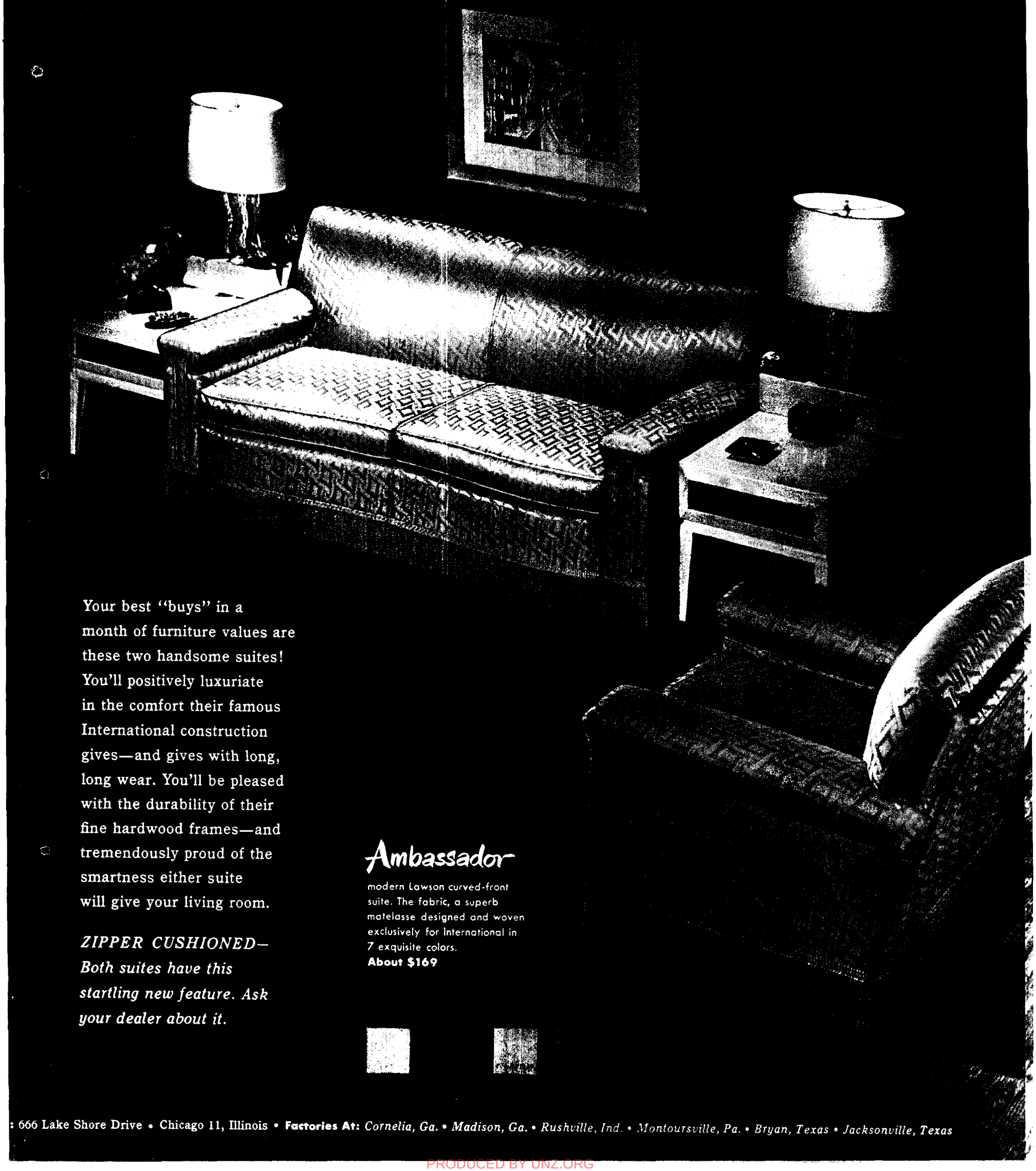
INTERNATIONAL *values of the month*

AT YOUR FURNITURE DEALER'S



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The Awkward Age

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

indicated that it was the end o' my fifteen hundred dollars. But as long as it didn't, the agent did.

"Just breathe the air!" Doris sighed, after he had left (from starting blocks) to see if the check was good, and we were standing on the loose planks which the agent had described as the porch.

"I am," I said. "There doesn't seem to be anything else to breathe."

"You know, Charlie, this is going to make new people out of us! Up at dawn for a quick dip. Then you can chop wood for an hour before breakfast, and I'll work on my play." She slipped her arm through mine. "Long lazy afternoons—the sap running—the world in tune!" She sighed dreamily. "A second honeymoon—"

"The sap is running," I agreed. "*Out.* And I don't know about a second honeymoon, Doris. There's been quite a lapse of time."

GETTING the McAllister family from North Hollywood to Lake Arrowhead is like taking Ringling Brothers' circus on tour. Bougainvillia had to be bribed with the promise of more money. We practically promised her Fort Knox. Tish was carsick all the way up, and we had three flat tires. I had baked a ham so we would have something for the first night's dinner, but when we sat down to it, we found it was in a pan in an oven in a bungalow near Toluca Lake, some ninety miles away. In the excitement we forgot to bring it.

But somehow we got fed. Then we sent Tish to bed, and Bougainvillia was left in the kitchen where she was in love was in love was in love was in love was in love with a wonderful guy. Finally Doris and I were sitting out on the porch, drinking brandy, and I was beginning to take a less dim view of things as the stars came out and the neighbors went in. The view went back to its original dimness when Doris suddenly exclaimed: "Charlie! I forgot about Bianca!"

"Bianca?" Nothing registered on me. "Who's Bianca?"

"My niece," Doris said. "You know—Bianca. My sister's child. From Omaha."

"What do you mean *from* Omaha? Isn't she still *in* Omaha?"

"She's arriving tomorrow to spend the summer with us," Doris announced. "You know that."

"I most certainly don't!"

"But I told you—" And then, with a coy little chirp Walt Disney would have patented: "Didn't I?"

"No, Doris," I said flatly, "you didn't."

"Well, I meant to. And anyway," she sighed, "she is. The Los Angeles station on the nine-o'clock train."

"Who's coming with her?"

"Nobody."

"You mean they're sending a *little baby* all the way out here from Omaha—alone?"

"Little baby? Bianca's fifteen."

"Oh, no," I said. "She was a little baby when I saw her, and that was—"

"—fifteen years ago. Girls grow up, you know, Charlie. And this is a fine idea, really. It'll give Tish someone to play with and keep her out of our hair. So if you leave at six, you'll be able to stop by the house and pick up the ham you forgot, before you go to the station."

That's my Doris—no problem is too great for her to handle with the assistance of her aging lap dog of a husband. . . .

California, richly endowed with natural and man-made phenomena, is accustomed to having visitors come and look at them. But Bianca was probably the first phenomenon who has ever come out West to have California look at *it*. And phenomenon was the only word for this Bianca, a teen-age terror whose good looks were positively frightening; she was just a kid, but what she did to the white knit dress she was wearing should never be done to virgin wool, and she carried her charms with an air that would make the most flaming movie siren look like an insipid ingénue.

A retinue of goatish young men followed her off the train—all of them little older than herself in years but quite obviously advanced in their ideas.

"Uncle Charlie!" Bianca called to me.

"Hello—Bianca," I gulped. Her masculine convoy looked me over suspiciously, and she unglued her lips from my cheek and held me out at arm's length. "I'd know you anywhere, from Doris' description!"

"Well, thank you," I said bashfully. "I—I don't think I'd have recognized you. You've—*changed.*"

A bronzed, crew-cut hulk of some six-feet-seven stepped in, surveying me with distaste, and then looking at Bianca. "So long, baby," he murmured, with all the passion of a cut-rate Gable. He was wearing a football sweater.

" 'By, Homer," Bianca said idly. "And if you ever make All-America, you can write me."

Homer's place was immediately taken by another stripling who had come up the station ramp sideways, his shoulders being too broad for him to exit in the usual way.

"Well, be seeing you, Bianca. And don't forget good ol' Andy."

"I won't, Andy," she assured him. "Thanks for buying all my meals, and when you win the Olympic decathlon, drop me a card."

And good ol' Andy left, too, his place being taken by a shrimp who couldn't have been more than six two, and seemed shy.

"Miss Marlowe—"

"Yes, Peter?" Obviously Bianca's relations with Peter were something apart from those with Andy and Homer.

Peter extended his hand with something gold glittering in it. "It may seem like a little thing, but—well, I wonder if you'd take this as a memento of a very pleasant journey?"

Bianca accepted the offering gracefully. "Why, thank you, Peter. I'd love to. And you've been sweet, really you have."

Peter floated away on a small pink cloud. And I took his place as Bianca looked at the sacrifice and reacted with pleasure. "A Phi Beta key!"

I reacted, too. "Phi Beta key? You mean he gave you his—"

She nodded. "Isn't that nice? I'm saving them—to make a bracelet."

"Bianca," I said, "a man has to work very hard to make Phi Beta Kappa."

"I know," she said. "This isn't going to be just like an old *charm* bracelet. But Peter isn't exactly a *man*—he's a Rhodes scholar." She ran her arm through mine and several people turned, and looked at us suspiciously. You could tell they were wondering what kind of an old rip I was. May and December, June and January—that's the kind of picture we made.

"Oh, Uncle Charlie—I'm so glad to see you!" Bianca said. "I've had the loneliest trip a woman ever had!"

Three hours later, the cobalt of Arrowhead shimmered beyond the pines along the shore, as we pulled up in front of End-o'-Trail and I beeped the horn. Bianca stirred from the deep sleep into which she had fallen the moment she hit the car seat and sat up groggily.

"I'm afraid I haven't been very good company," she said.

"You've been perfect," I assured her.

"Of course," she went on, "*you* can let yourself go. But I think younger people should keep up with their sleep."

Doris appeared on the porch, followed by Tish and Bougainvillia. They all stared as Bianca and I climbed out of the car.

"What's the matter?" Doris asked. "Where is she? Who's *this?*"

I said, "Where's who and who's what?"

"Bianca," Doris told me. "And where did you pick up—"

"Easy," I cautioned, as Bianca came around the car. "This is Bianca. Girls grow up, you know. Remember? Bianca, this is your Aunt Doris."

Tish, her eight-year-old innocence outraged, said fretfully, "Is she the one who's supposed to play with me?" . . .

Whether or not Bianca wanted to play with Tish, it was soon apparent that there were a great many people in the general region of Lake Arrowhead who wanted to play with Bianca. All of them were men. Or, rather, *males*—in various stages of development. The National Selective Service Act uncovered no more varieties of American manhood in the entire U.S.A. than did Bianca Marlowe of Omaha, Nebraska, in the highlands above San Berdoo, California, that summer. They both scraped the bottom of the barrel.

"Was the invasion of Normandy anything like this?" Doris asked me one evening, when several divisions of hot-blooded young men had established a beachhead on our porch, and we had been sent behind the lines to positions of comparative safety.

"On a smaller scale," I said. "And there weren't so many ukuleles."

"I wonder if I should write my sister," Doris said.

"I think you'd better write your play," I suggested. "We hadn't counted on feeding a couple of extra hundred mouths. We may need a few extra bucks."

So Doris wrote her play, and I worked out a wholesale deal with the local produce firms. Bougainvillia, in worse voice than ever, spent the gentle summer days looking over a four-leaf clover which she overlooked before. Tish moped. And everything went off as smoothly as could be expected in a community where a female atom bomb was spending her vacation, until Ho-Hum Spiegel materialized on the scene.

Ho-Hum's real name was Winchester Spiegel, Jr., and he was the spawn of the people who owned the house next to End-o'-Trail, a Japanese-lanterned affair with its identifying sign reading:

THE WELCOME MAT
CHET AND DAISY SPIEGEL
AND THE SPIEGLETS

That may give you some idea of Ho-..um's background. He was bored with life. At seventeen, ennui had already caught up with him. The tedium showed in his every glance, his frequent yawns, his lagging walk, his nasal monosyllables.

ONE day at breakfast on the porch, when I commented on the world-weary type who had taken over the house next door, Bianca said, "He's arky, pokeeasy, oofless."

"..ie *is?*" I asked. I gathered that neither was a good thing to be.

"I don't think he's so oofless," Tish said, putting her elbows into her peaches. "He told me a story about the lake which is simply bolic."

This attracted Doris' attention. "Simply what?"

"Bolic," Tish repeated. "There used to be a valley where the lake is now. A farmer had a little farm on it. Then the capitol lists came along, and decided there should be a lake where the valley was, so they dammed it up and filled it with water. The farm's still there. Right down in the middle of the lake. Don't you think that's simply bolic? Chet does. People have to make a living just like banks."

"I think you mean *sym*bolic, Tish," Doris suggested. "And when did you two anarchists have this party meeting?"

"Chet and I understand each other," Tish said airily.

"I don't think he understands much more than that," Bianca put in.

"You don't think, period," Tish told her. "That's what he says. He says you're an empty shell. A bone and a hank of hair."

"Oh, he does?" Bianca said stiffly.

"But that's all right," Tish said. "I told him you came from Omaha."

Oofless or not, Ho-Hum seemed to have a fascination for Bianca. Why the girl should fall for him, when she had her choice of such assorted Mr. Americas as foregathered in End-o'-Trail, is one of those fascinating paradoxes which dot the age-old story of man and woman.

But that's what happened. Head over heels. In fourteen languages. Like leaves fall for autumn, the Dodgers for the Yanks; like water falls for Niagara.

And why I didn't recognize it from the first isn't explainable either. I was there, but not having Doris' sense of the dramatic I didn't make much of it. I was painting our float.

Ho-Hum came down the trail from The Welcome Mat one day, in swimming shorts and an advanced state of disdain; he spread himself out on the pier beside ours, just as the Cyclone—a speedboat belonging to Lightning, the lake's younger-Gregory-

COLLIER'S **"Peaches, pears, plums, watermelon preserve. You mean *that's* your well-stocked cellar?"** NED HILTON

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Peck-type patrolman—with Bianca on water skis at the end of the towline behind it, circled into our cove from the lake proper. The boat slowed up as Lightning cut the motors and Bianca skimmed around the little bay in a wide arc, preparatory to gliding in for a landing.

"Hey, partner!" Lightning called to Ho-Hum when he saw that our pier was covered with wet paint. But Ho-Hum might just as well have been in a Tibetan monastery, for all the attention he paid.

"You!" Lightning hollered again. "With the ribs!"

Bianca was losing speed and in a moment would have to let go of the rope and dunk herself. But at the second call, Ho-Hum lifted his tentative specifications for a human body up on one elbow and looked out at the water nymph bearing down on him on six-inch "jitterboards."

"Yeah, you," Lightning repeated. The rope splashed into the Cyclone's wake and Bianca headed toward Ho-Hum's pier. "Take it from here, brother!" Lightning called. He gunned the motors and roared away.

HO-HUM still wasn't having any of it, even when Bianca coasted up to the point on the pier where he was lying. She started to sink into the water but then quickly hoisted herself up beside him, retrieving her skis in an experienced maneuver and shaking the spray out of her hair.

"Excuse me," I heard her say, "but my uncle's painting our pier and—well, I just don't know what I would have done if yours hadn't been here."

"Okay," Ho-Hum said, shrugging and applying his whole attention to the nail of his right big toe.

This indifference might have discouraged a more timid person, but not Bianca. She used the "Okay" for an opening, the way other people use doors.

"My precious little cousin's mentioned you," she went on. "And we thought that maybe—well, perhaps you might stop by for a beer sometime."

Now Ho-Hum looked up. "I don't drink beer."

"I know just how you feel," Bianca agreed. "I think it's revolting, too. You can have something else. And maybe we can get up a canasta game."

"Cards bore me."

"Isn't it the truth?" she said, undismayed.

"Isn't what the truth? How would *you* know that cards bore *me?*"

"Now, don't be difficult—"

"I'm not being difficult," he said flatly. "But I've had a very wearing year. In advanced physics, at Cal Tech. And I have problems to work out. I can't afford to waste valuable time getting drunk or gambling away the summer. Or," he finished pointedly, "spending my thinking moments in idle chitchat with children who water-ski up to other people's piers—"

That did it. Bianca stormed out of there the way a hurricane storms out of the Caribbean. . . .

"Of all the sour grapes," she said that night at dinner, as Bougainvillia blew in from a room full of roses with the fried chicken and took an old-fashioned walk back to the kitchen for more gravy. "He'd certainly make a good dry wine!"

"That," Tish advised her, "is just because he doesn't approve of exploding the masses. And we capitol lists are nothing but paradise."

This is the kind of conversational ball you only want to bounce once, and I grabbed for it quickly. "The words are *exploiting* and *parasites*, Tish. Eat your dinner."

"He wasn't talking about you," Tish told me coolly. And then, to Bianca: "He was talking about *you*. Pleasure-mad, that's what you are. What can you hope to be when you reach maternity? Nothing but a woman—"

"Well," Bianca said, biting away the color in her lower lip so that it was white and it trembled, "he's got a nerve! That's all I can say! He's got a nerve!"

And, surprisingly enough, it *was* all she could say. She studied her chicken as if it were a crawling thing, as Bougainvillia came in with her lips telling me no, no, but with yes, yes in her eyes. And the gravy.

The following morning when I was down on the pier again, continuing my painting, Bianca joined me; she sat down on the one dry spot on the pier, drawing her brown legs up into her arms and looking off at the lake in deep thought.

"Charlie—darling—"

I looked up. "Huh?"

"Darling, you and I haven't had a chance for a really serious talk since I arrived. Tell me, what do you think of the Russian experiment?"

I said, "Huh?" again.

"You know, the over-all plan. Stalin and the Politburo and Nijinsky."

"It's Vishinsky, Bianca," I corrected her. "And what brought this on?"

I should have known what brought it on, of course. I should have realized that the flesh-colored shadow with the knees and elbows on the adjoining dock was a quick combine of Plato and Einstein, but I didn't. To me it just looked like Ho-Hum, bored as ever.

"I've wondered so," she went on, "since the war ended. You know, Russia *does* have a place in the sun."

"By now," I said, "I imagine Russia *has* the sun."

Bianca sighed—a sigh that bounced off the fir-treed slopes across the lake and ricocheted back to the pier beside us. "This can't be a world of haves and have-nots, darling. I believe in the great democratic principles of Woodrow Wilson. Every man is created equal. Even if he is created a Russian."

"That isn't exactly what he said," I told her. "And that isn't exactly who said it. And if your Aunt Doris hears this 'darling' stuff, you're going to be a dead American duck. Now if you don't mind moving your little —er—*derrière*—you're sitting on where I'm going to paint."

Which was as good a time as any for Lightning to arrive in the Cyclone. And while she slipped her feet into the rubber bindings of her water skis, he tossed her the towrope and gunned the motor again. The line grew taut and Bianca rose to a perfectly balanced crouch, straightening as they gathered speed. They started off across the lake in a series of graceful jumps and zigzags which sent great plumes of silver water up behind them as they went.

Ho-Hum shouldn't have stood up on his pier the way he did just then—because it gave him away. With his legs apart and his fists doubled up on what would have been his hips if he had any, he looked out toward the disappearing speedboat, his mouth opened slightly, his eyes distant, thoughtful and envious. And that's when I finally understood what was going on; when I understood that Ho-Hum wasn't nearly as bored with Bianca as he gave out. At the moment, he looked like any other kid in love.

DORIS had just finished Act I of her play when I knocked on the bedroom door —and she was crazy about it; I didn't need to ask, I could tell by her eyes.

"I see you have a smash hit," I said, heading for the bathroom to wash off the paint. "But are you aware there's quite a little drama going on around you? Bianca's trying to convince Ho-Hum she has something between the ears. And he'd like to prove to *her* he has something below the neck."

"Ho-Hum?" she repeated incredulously. "Bianca?"

"He's the only guy on the lake who hasn't looked at her twice, and she's going to see that he does. And this ennui of his is an act the Theater Guild would go for." I reached for a towel. "He's about as bored when she's around as Romeo was bored with Juliet."

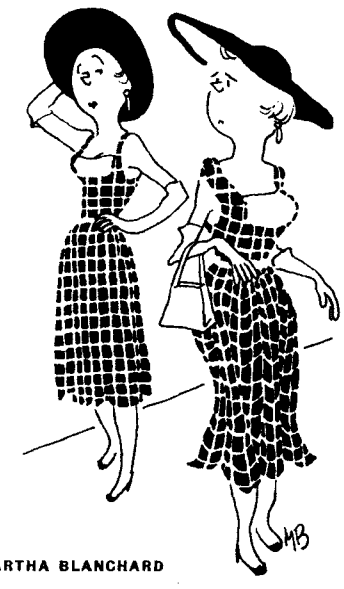
"What a wonderful idea for a story!" Doris exclaimed. "A high I.Q. with no biceps, and a beautiful girl with no brains."

"You stick to your play," I told her, starting to dry my neck as I walked back into the bedroom. "If there's any story here, it's mine."

ALMOST before I had the sentence out, Tish bounced into the room with the world-shattering news that Ho-Hum was downstairs, and wanted to see me.

"Are you sure?" I asked. "An old capitol list like I am?"

"He asked for the man of the house. And Bougainvillia said she guessed that was you," she explained breathlessly.



MARTHA BLANCHARD

I Can't Understand It

The frock that on the model looked so keen
Is not. Just look at me; see what I mean?

—HELEN CASTLE

Ho-Hum was standing on our porch looking out at the lake again when I came downstairs, followed by Tish. He didn't look any better on closer inspection: he was bony and had a bobbing Adam's apple, prominent ears, the expected cowlick, and a pimple on his nose.

"Mr. McAllister?" He extended his hand and it was somewhat like shaking hands with a skeleton. "I'm Winchester Spiegel, Jr. We have the house next door."

"Hello, Winchester Spiegel, Jr.," I said.

He cleared his throat and went on quickly, flat and nervous. "I'm here, Mr. McAllister, to make a deal with you. I want to enter the water-ski race Sunday, but I don't have a boat. And I thought perhaps—well, if you're not using your boat—"

"*You?*" I asked skeptically, before I could stop myself. "Enter the *water-ski* race?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Daddy," Tish said, "it would be such fun! Bianca and Lightning are in it, and maybe we could beat 'em!"

"But it's a long race," I protested. "Ten times around this lake. You'd have to be very expert—"

"You just aren't familiar with my philosophy, Mr. McAllister," Winchester Spiegel, Jr., said. "With proper equipment, a clear eye and a keen mind, and the will to win, one can enter all of life's many races and never come out the loser."

Tish sighed in awe at her pimpled god, but I'm older and not so easily impressed.

"I'll think it over, Winchester Spiegel, Jr.," I said, "and let you know tomorrow. It might be a lot of fun, but I don't know how I'd feel about competing against my own niece." But I *did* know, I had to admit to myself. I felt just like Tish did. Maybe we could beat her!

And if I didn't know it then, I certainly knew it about five o'clock that afternoon when Doris and I were sitting out on the porch and Bianca breezed in, fresh from the village, and looked at me accusingly.

"What's the meaning of this?"

"What's the meaning of what?" I asked innocently. "Darling."

"Ho-Hum's entered the water-ski race Sunday."

"I think the Constitution grants him that privilege," I remarked.

"But he also put you and your boat down, tentatively."

"He spoke to me about it," I admitted. "So what?"

"Well," she said, "I don't think a ski race is any place for an old man."

"Look," I said. "It's about time for you to stop confusing me with Methuselah. Just because I happen to be pushing forty doesn't mean that I'm pushing up daisies. And I'm perfectly able to drive a speedboat around this lake ten times."

"But it isn't *safe* to have half-blind—"

"I'm not half-blind!"

"Now, you two—" Doris said quietly.

"Shut up," I told her.

"All right," she agreed. "But I've invited the McAfees to dinner Sunday, and I was planning on you making a pineapple upside-down cake. And of course there won't be time to do that and also—"

"Doris," I said firmly, "it may come as some surprise to you, but husbands do things like run speedboats, not make pineapple upside-down cakes. Those are left to the distaff side—you and Bougainvillia. It's high time someone recognized me for what I am around here."

"Okay," she shrugged. "Have it your own way." She laughed that little laugh of hers which isn't a laugh at all, but another way of telling me what a fool I am. "Happy landings."

So Ho-Hum Spiegel, and that octogenarian, Charles McAllister and the Skim-a-long (the speedboat that went with my fifteen hundred, and had been christened by the same poetic mind that thought up End-o'-Trail) entered the seventy-five-mile water-ski race at Lake Arrowhead, with assorted odds against them. Such as the fact that Ho-Hum didn't know a water ski from a machete, despite the clear eye, the keen mind and the will to win.

ONE day when he turned up with a dilapidated pair he had borrowed someplace and was trying them on for size, I said, "Winchester Spiegel, Jr., in spite of this philosophy of yours, you could break your neck in this little experiment."

"It's only a question of mind over matter, Mr. McAllister," he assured me, putting his feet into the water skis backward.

"But I'd be an accessory to the crime," I said. "Why don't we leave these feats of physical endurance to people whose constitutions are more accustomed to them?"

"If you mean withdraw now," he said coolly, "I refuse. There's no such a word as 'quit' in my vocabulary."

There's such a word as "quit" in my vocabulary. In fact, it's one of my favorite words. But on the day of the race, I looked off across the lake and there, roaring down the choppy middle of it, came the Cyclone, with Bianca on the "jitterboards" behind it, executing great loops and turns across its frothy trail. And whatever there is in any of us, the competitive spirit, the will to win—whatever it is—took hold of me. I felt a tingling sensation along my spine. Ho-Hum

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was right. We'd get out there and show 'em —we had to! The oofless two of us, arky and half-blind!

Of course, this wasn't a contest between Ho-Hum and Bianca, alone. There were ten contestants altogether. And it made a pretty impressive sight, I must admit—or, rather, *we* made a pretty impressive sight—lined up in the cove between the village and the inn, all the entrants ready for a shallow-water start, waiting for the white flag to drop on the judge's stand at the tip of Picture Point. But my hands felt like soft, damp putty on the wheel of the boat.

"Isn't this exciting?" Tish, whom I'd brought along as my mechanic, exclaimed eagerly on the seat beside me.

"It makes my pulse race," I agreed, turning and looking behind us at Ho-Hum's head sticking up out of the water like a turtle's. The tips of his water skis were just visible a few feet in front of him, and I wondered what was going on beneath the surface, and if our thousand practice starts would do any good now.

And then the flag dropped, and with the rare combination of mind and muscle which is mine alone, I let the throttle out. The Skim-a-long raised her prow proudly, Ho-Hum managed to pull himself up on the skis behind us, and we headed down the channel past the public beach neck and neck (or whatever is an appropriate expression for speedboats) with the Cyclone, and Bianca, riding like a fresh-water Diana, after her.

I can tell you this about a water-ski race: you can have it. There are few human beings who can hold up against one, and no words in the English language which describe it. And while I'm making public statements, I can tell you this for Ho-Hum Spiegel: he has guts. He hung on to the end of the towrope, against a wind as sharp as sand and on a water surface like a lava bed; he hung on with a determination which was both a little frightening and a thing of beauty at the same time. His cowlick bobbed in the wind; his ears flamed a violent red in the sun; his teeth were clenched, and every muscle was straining. God took notice of this Herculean effort and gave us all the breaks.

BY THE time we reached the ninth lap, the field was down to six, with the Cyclone ahead of us by a scant hundred yards. The other boats were trailing us slightly as we roared past the judge's stand and circled by the public campground where Doris and Bougainvillia were waving figures in black-and-white, and people were cooking hamburgers and reading the funnies and making love and paying no attention to the contest of the century.

And I think it's perfectly possible Ho-Hum might have won that race—in a less disastrous way—except for what happened as we turned into the homestretch on the final lap. A rowboat with a man and a woman in it made its appearance in the very path of the race.

The occupants of the rowboat were looking at each other dreamily and completely ignoring the screams of onlookers, the blast from the patrol boat and the roar of onrushing motors.

The happy pair in the rowboat were drifting lazily into a suicide pact.

What was it Bianca said? A ski race is no place for an old man? Something like that. Not that I concede her point, mind you. Because when you're skimming across a lake at a dizzying speed and a rowboat looms up in front of you, there's nothing your age can do about it, and very little *you* can do. All you can do is yell frantically and have the words blow back in your face, turn and wave at your skier, to see that his eyes are closed with fatigue, his muscles paralyzed on the "jitterboards." All you can do is glance at Tish, frozen on the seat beside you, white-faced and horror-stricken, and, at the final moment, swerve violently —*so that the Skim-a-long misses the rowboat* by some fractions of an inch, its occupants sitting up and looking out at you idly and then freezing too, as, with a sickening crash, a bored young physicist with an Adam's apple and a leftist philosophy and borrowed water skis rams smack into them, slicing the rowboat virtually in two with his shinbones, and the towrope jerking his arms almost out of their sockets as he and it part company and he goes down in the carnage.

I suppose it's some comfort that the disaster happened a foot or so over the finish line, so Ho-Hum and I got a silver cup along with the other debris.

IT MAY seem a long time going ten times around Lake Arrowhead in a speedboat; but it's only a matter of seconds in relation to the eternity, the forever, it takes to set the fractured bones in crushed legs. And Bianca and Doris and I sat with the Spiegel, Seniors, on a bench against the whitewashed wall of a San Bernardino hospital corridor, and waited out this forever, from the time Ho-Hum was wheeled into the operating room a little after noon on Sunday, until he was finally wheeled out, such a long time later.

"I—I don't know what to say," I tried once, to the Spiegels. But Doris' hand covered mine before I could go on, stopping further words.

"Don't say anything," she told me. "It's happened. You can't make it *un*happen with words."

"Anyway, it wasn't your fault, Uncle Charlie," Bianca sobbed from a tiny handkerchief. "It was mine."

"Nonsense," Doris said. "And stop sniffling. You've done a lot more damage to men with just a *look*."

I turned to Mrs. Spiegel. "You should be very proud of your son, Mrs. Spiegel. He has guts."

Mrs. Spiegel looked at me incredulously. "He *has?*" she asked.

"Yep," I assured her, just as Doris kicked me, "cast-iron guts!"

And then the door was opening, and Ho-Hum was being wheeled out head first, his cowlick preceding him by an inch or two, and the bandaged forehead and swollen nose and gashed chin following in that order, and we were all on our feet, bending over him and saying assorted and incoherent things.

But he didn't pay any attention to us old folks at all; his eyes fixed unblinkingly on Bianca.

She leaned over and looked down at him tearfully as she said, "I'm sorry, Ho-Hum. Terribly sorry."

A furrow of curiosity ran up between his eyes and disappeared under the bandage. "Ho-Hum?" he asked.

"It's a—well, a little pet name I have for you," she explained.

I glanced at Doris, but there was nothing we could do about it; it didn't seem exactly the time to be making fun of the Spieglet, but it was too late now. Only it wasn't too late for Ho-Hum. It came at just the right time for him, this disclosure. His eyes widened with pleasure and surprise, and the shadow of a smile erased the pain on his bloodless lips, and one hand fluttered ever so slightly beneath the sheet at his side.

"Gee," he said very quietly, "Ho-Hum." He moved his head back and forth slowly, and the Adam's apple went up and down, as in gulping. "I never had a nickname before." And then the smile broadened, reaching all the way to his eyes. His jaw straightened, and it was as if Ho-Hum became a man, then—instead of the arky character in the house next door. "Of course," he went on, "I never had two broken legs before, either. I'll bet no nuclear physicist at Cal Tech ever did!" he finished proudly.

COLLIER'S **"Imagine wearing an old-fashioned suit like that!"** JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Bianca turned away from him and looked up at Doris and me, touched and compassionate. "You know," she said, "he's right. And a *genius* has never beaten me in a water-ski race, either." She shook her head too, swallowing, and said with conviction, "There's something about this that's *certainly* simply bolic."

BIANCA left for Omaha the following Friday, and I drove her back down to the Union Station—only not alone, this time; the whole family went along, including Bougainvillia, who had to go to the dentist, and who was up a lazy river by an old mill run, a lazy, lazy river in the noonday sun, all the way from "End-o'-Trail" to Alameda Street.

And once again I was standing on the station ramp, and Bianca was ungluing her lips from my cheek.

"Good-by, Uncle Charlie," she said. "It's been a wonderful summer."

She turned to Doris and kissed her with a little less mucilage. "And a *perfect* rest, Doris. Two months of doing absolutely nothing have made a new woman out of me. I just won't know how to act when I get back to *civilization* again!"

"You're doing all right," Tish assured her. "Just act the way you are."

"Well, I only hope it hasn't been too much for you," Bianca assured us. "I know the awkward age can be a little strenuous and—"

She didn't quite get the sentence finished, because her eyes strayed slightly during it, and Bianca's eyes never stray without something to stray to. This time it was a young Army officer, built on the order of an inverted Cheops Pyramid, coming up the ramp as if he could get to Omaha on schedule without ever taking the train at all.

"Nick!" Bianca chirped with surprise.

Doris tried to give me a here-we-go-again look, but I avoided it, as the khaki conqueror skidded to a stop, exclaiming, "Bianca, baby! What're you doing here?"

"Going back to Omaha," she said. "I've been spending the summer with"—she glanced at us apologetically—"with relatives. And what are *you* doing here?"

"Going back to Omaha, too," Nick said, grinning. "I'm tired of occupying Japan. Thought I'd come home and give American women a treat."

"Well," Bianca told him, "it'll be wonderful, having you on the train. I won't be so desperately lonely."

And the way Nick looked at her, you knew she was right. "You said it, baby," he assured her. "Li'l old you and li'l old me can have a li'l old ball."

An "All aboard!" echoed down the platform, ringing away his words, as Nick swung his luggage and himself up the steps, the porter picking up his little white stool and Bianca grasping Doris' and my arms quickly. "Tell Ho-Hum I'll wait for him forever," she breathed. "Until he's out of his casts."

"I didn't know you cared," I ventured.

"Of *course* I care!" she said. "Breaking hearts is one thing, but breaking legs is another. You need them to *walk* on."

"Well," I said consolingly, "he wanted to win the worst way. And he won—the worst way. And he's the first nuclear physicist at Cal Tech who ever had two broken legs, so that's something."

WITH a little smile, Bianca said, "That is why I got this." She opened the virgin wool at its throat and withdrew something that gleamed again, hanging from a little chain around her neck.

"His junior Phi Bete Key?" I gulped.

"He practically forced it on me," she confided. "And I took it so he'd have something to remember me by." She bussed us both again quickly as the whistle blew. "Now I only need two more for my bracelet!" She swung jauntily up the steps just as the streamliner pulled out for points east.

We dropped Bougainvillia off at the dentist's and headed back for Arrowhead, and suddenly it seemed as if a big load had been lifted off my shoulders.

"Whew!" I sighed, as we headed up the freeway toward Pasadena. "A strange peace seems to have descended upon the land."

"Yes," Doris agreed, leaning back wearily. "She was right about that awkward age. It certainly *can* be strenuous."

"What awkward age?" Tish asked.

"Fifteen," I explained. "All hands and feet. Didn't know whether she was coming or going—"

"*Bianca?*"

"The one and only," I agreed.

"But she wasn't talking about herself when she said the awkward age," Tish protested. "She was talking about *you*."

"Us?" Doris sat up quickly.

"Sure," Tish nodded. "It may be strenuous, but you're the ones who are worn out."

"Just a minute—" I began.

But she hurried on in spite of me. "And not knowing whether you're coming or going—well, when you're eight, like I am, you haven't *started* yet. And when you're thirty-eight, like you are, you've *been*—and it's all over." She sighed enviously. "But when you're fifteen, like *she* is, you're right in the middle of on your way. And if that's the awkward age—gee, I wish I was all hands and feet. And other things."

Doris and I exchanged brisk glances, which turned into smiles as she pushed Tish over into the back seat. Then Doris moved up beside me, slipping her arm through mine and resting her head on my shoulder as we swung right on Foothill Boulevard and headed into the li'l old twilight of our lives, together. THE END

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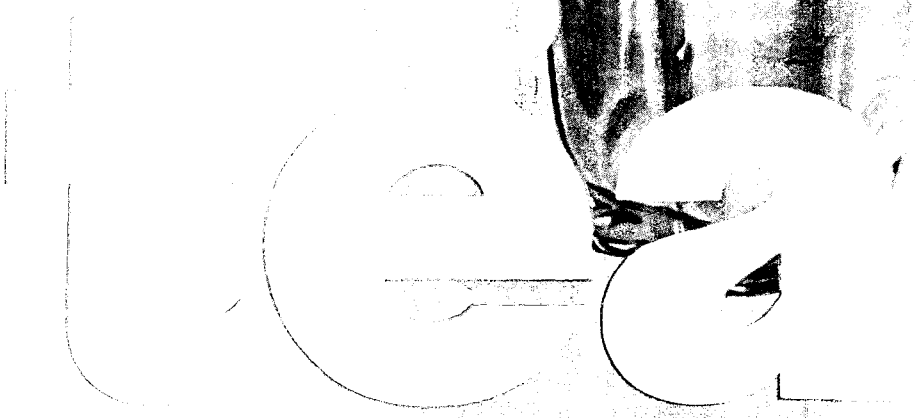

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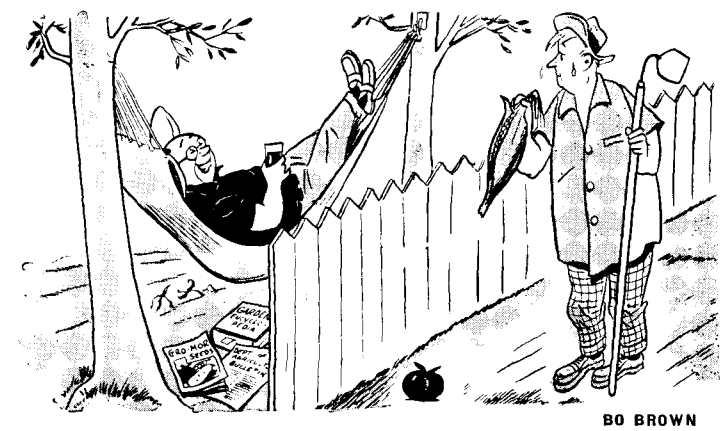
3. *Don't skimp the time in which you brew it Three minutes or more- no less will do it!*

Tea Council



BO BROWN

I Talk A Green Thumb

By PARKE CUMMINGS

FOR years I have been a garden fiend (a synonym for "slave"), with special emphasis on the period covering World War II when I toiled and sweated to relieve America's food shortage. No more. I have resigned from this back-breaking pursuit.

The main reason is I have discovered a much more satisfactory and much less wearying substitute. From now on I am going to confine myself to *talking* gardening. To raise vegetables and flowers requires weeks of practically unremitting toil; to talk impressively about horticultural matters calls for not more than three or four hours of research at the most. You simply get a good seed catalogue, a garden dictionary and one or two gardening supplements from your Sunday paper, study them and make a few notes.

When you're through you'll shine in any conversation where the subject of agriculture comes up—even at the expense of plodding friends who are raising food for six while you have let your plot go to ragweed and hay. Let me illustrate how this works. The other day a hard-hoeing acquaintance of mine remarked sadly, "I don't have any luck with lettuce in the hot weather. It all goes to seed."

"Get New York 515," I snapped.

His eyes widened. "New York 515?"

"Sure," I said. "Heads well, and less susceptible to tipburn."

"Boy!" he said admiringly. "You really know your stuff!"

I merely waved my hand disparagingly, being careful not to deny the compliment. It was plain from his attitude that he thought I knew the fine points of all the other 514 varieties of experimental lettuce that had preceded 515—that I could have dissertated on 327's superiority over 161 for tenderness, or could have written a scholarly essay on 35 versus 418 when it came to resisting slugs. All I had done, actually, was to look in my seed catalogue, note that there was a lettuce called New York 515, and memorize what the catalogue had claimed for it in the fine print underneath. Frankly, I wouldn't know 515 from a head of savoy cabbage if it sneaked up and kicked me.

Corn is another subject on which a little light reading (and no heavy spading) will get you a good reputation. The chances are ten to one that your gardening acquaintances will grow Golden Bantam. When this is mentioned you should comment: "Nothing wrong with Golden Bantam for a main crop, but I always say Spancross for early and Marcross for second early. Still, it wouldn't hurt to try a little Carmelcross for a flier. Particularly heavy-yielding, you know." This establishes that you could readily reel off seven or eight other varieties with names ending in "cross" if anybody had the temerity to ask you.

A little superficial knowledge of chemistry won't hurt you either. Recently somebody asked me if I grew raspberries. The fact is that I *did* once grow raspberries, but my patch went to pot because I was lazy. I did not mention that, however. What I replied (with a slightly patronizing smile) was: "With my soil having a pH 9 content? Don't be silly!"

This merely meant that my soil is alkaline and that raspberries prefer acid soil (it says in my garden manual). But the chemical formula sounds more impressive, and you will seldom encounter a person willing to display his ignorance by asking you what it means. And if he should ask: "What does pH mean?" there is no need to be alarmed. Simply reply nonchalantly: "Hydrogen ion content, of course." The round will be yours.

The other evening I scored a particularly gratifying triumph over Edwards. He is a plugger and has raised some pretty impressive crops. In fact, some of our set still regarded him as my superior as an authority, a fact which led him to start throwing his weight around. "Best crop of celery I ever grew, this summer," he boasted, and then turned on me. "How about yours?" he asked challengingly. This was just what I wanted.

"Oh," I replied. "I've given up that sort of stuff. I'm going in for hydroponics."

Edwards hesitated for a moment (I was afraid he was going to remain silent and spoil everything), and then he stepped right into my trap. "Didn't know there was any decent place for motorboating around here," he said.

Gently, I replied: "Are you sure you haven't got that confused with hydroplaning? Hydroponics, you know, is the science of raising things in chemicals—without soil." I then went into a little monologue on the merits of the Marglobe versus the Rutgers tomato for forcing, touched briefly on Pacific Hybrid delphiniums, and wound up with a lecture on how to keep Holland Erfut cauliflower seedlings from damping off in a flat.

The fort was mine and it still is. It's true that friends, going past my place, sometimes discover me in a hammock with a tall cooling drink in my fist, but I have them bamboozled. "Doesn't work at it as hard as most of us," they comment, "but he doesn't need to. Goes at things so efficiently that he has plenty of time to rest. Must be wonderful to have a green thumb."

Maybe—but I'll take a green tongue every time. THE END

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Family Without Fear

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

They started going on picnics in the country to collect the fruit. Of course the kids ate as much as they picked. Roy was constantly wading through the chest-deep bushes and returning to Irv and Rachel with a triumphant "Look how many I got," and waving a pot whose bottom was scarcely covered. Linda would wander off, dreamy-eyed, to discover a bird's nest or an anthill. But it was fun, as all picnics are, and a refreshing change from the same old routine.

When Irv goes deer hunting, he goes alone; Rachel was brought up by her father, an entomologist with the Department of Agriculture, to loathe guns and dislike the idea of killing things, except when necessary for food. Since the game always goes into the freezer and since Irv enjoys stalking his prey, she makes no objection. But all the other trips for food are family holidays.

Luxurious Travel by Trailer

They used a long week end in the spring of 1949, for instance, to take a four-day trip to Lake Meddybemps in Maine, during the herring run. They drove up in their jeep, hauling the 26-foot, blue and silver trailer which Irv fitted out after buying the shell and which is unquestionably one of the most unusual equipages ever put on wheels. Like the Millgates at home, it is almost completely self-sufficient:

Its living room has a studio couch-double bed, a dish cabinet with a front that drops down to become a dining table, and a kerosene stove for heat. The kitchen is streamlined with a counter sink, an electric water heater, a bottled-gas stove, a refrigerator and—obviously—a freezer. The back bedroom has double bunks for the kids, cabinets for their toys, and a closet for Irv's photographic equipment and the outboard motor. Between the kitchen and bedroom are the shower and toilet.

The trailer gets its electricity from a small gasoline generator mounted on the jeep's station-wagon roof and its water from a 40-gallon tank in the same place. Atop the trailer are two canoes and a platform made of aluminum I-beams (Millgate design) which can be used to fasten the canoes together into a four-seater, ultra-seaworthy catamaran.

As soon as the season officially opened, they stationed themselves on a stream that connected the lake with the sea. The fish were so thick all the family had to do was drop their hooks in and jerk them out. The kids were excitedly hooking fish by the tail, the fins and everything else. After they'd caught about 45 pounds they took the fish back to the trailer, cleaned and wrapped them and tossed them into the freezer.

The rest of the vacation was spent on side trips and projects. They visited a farm where the kids saw their first cow milked and fell in love with a baby pig. There was canoeing and, finally, the whole family made a short movie in color called Fishing Is Fun which was one of nine such features Millgate made last year with the idea of someday starting his own film business.

Foraging the countryside is not the only source of free food; the most obvious one is to grow it yourself. But how do you do that on a 45-foot lot like the Millgates'? The answer is that you don't, of course, grow all your food—Irv figures it takes about 500 square feet per person to do that—but you do grow some. And if you copy his scheme you produce more than you'd think.

The Millgates go in for organic gardening because they're convinced it increases the yield per square foot and cuts down drastically on the labor. Their garden looks a little like the debris from a stone quarry; all the space between rows is covered with rocks, which keeps down the weeds, keeps up the moisture content of the soil. The planting rows—six to eight inches wide—are loaded with humus from their compost heap, so vegetables grow thick, high and unusually resistant to blight and bugs.

They never turn the earth over; they bought 10,000 earthworms a couple of years ago, propagated them all winter in the cellar, then turned them loose in the garden. So now the worms do the plowing. Rachel can plant peas in the middle of April and harvest a crop about the first of June without doing a tap of work between.

The other half of Millgate's grow-your-own scheme is more unusual. He raises chickens and, since last fall, pheasants in his cellar. Since he raises them "on wire" in tiered batteries, they take up little space and there is no smell. The kids, of course, love the whole idea. One of the high lights of the year for Roy was the day he came pounding and hollering up the cellar stairs with the first egg still warm in his hand.

When they're hatching pheasant eggs it's the kids' job—or privilege—to turn them over the required five times a day. They're so fascinated with the operation that Linda has been badgering Irv to make her a special miniature incubator for just one egg so she can take it to school and keep it on her desk. If he can figure out a way to keep the contraption at the proper temperature, he'll make it, too.

There are two batteries for the chickens, a small one in which six laying hens supply the Millgates with an average of five eggs a day at a cost of 11 cents a dozen, and a large one in which baby chicks are grown until they reach three and a half to four pounds, when they are killed and tossed into the freezer. Millgate lets them get no bigger because during these early weeks they eat surprisingly little and when cooked are most succulent. They cost him an average of just 28 cents apiece—18 cents to buy as chicks and 10 cents to feed.

The Millgates take turns caring for the chickens and it usually requires about 20 minutes a day. Even so, considering the variety of operations that go on in the little yellow house, the question most often asked Irv is, "How do you ever find the time?"

Millgate's answer is that a freezer is a sort of time bank: "You deposit big chunks of time during, say the summer, and you draw it out in small amounts during the rest of the year. But the withdrawals always add up to more than the deposits."

For instance take the business of making sandwiches for the kids' lunches. It takes less time to make 40 sandwiches at one time and store them in the freezer than it does to make two sandwiches 20 times—because you have to get out and put back the bread, butter, mayonnaise, knives, cold cuts, lettuce or whatever only once instead of 20 times. So you deposit an hour to make 40 sandwiches and draw out 10 minutes every morning for 20 days.

There are other time dividends, too. The average housewife spends at least two hours a week shopping for food—a good part of it going to and from the store and waiting in line. With the Millgate system you shop once for enough food to last you maybe three months. The same thing happens with food preparations; you spend perhaps three hours preparing a half bushel of string beans in July and save 15-20 minutes every time you serve them for the next six months. When you apply that to every item that goes into a meal, you find it takes you maybe 20 minutes to put dinner on the table, as it does the Millgates, instead of about an hour.

But even a man as talented and as determined as Millgate would not be able to do all the things he does in any other century or any other country. He makes use of more modern labor-saving devices than this reporter has ever before seen assembled under one family roof.

Quite aside from five freezers, the Millgates have automatic clothes- and dishwashers, an electric ironer, a refrigerator, a kitchen incinerator, a five-kilowatt electric generator as a stand-by in case of emergency, a radio, phonograph and television set, a piano with Solovox attachment, two trailers, the jeep with snowplow attachment, winch and power take-off, several thousand dollars' worth of photographic equipment, an oil burner, two ventilating fans and even a tape recorder. The latter because Irvine hates to write letters; he talks his message and air-mails the tape to those of his friends who also have recorders—Irv sold most of them on the idea.

The third reason he's able to get so much done is Millgate himself. Some years ago, when he first heard of industrial time-and-motion studies, he investigated them and now applies what he learned to his own life, both in the office and at home.

One evening when this reporter was visiting him he suddenly said, "Hey! I want to give you some chickens to take home. Come on down to the cellar and we'll get them."

As we left the kitchen I glanced at the time; it was exactly eight o'clock. We kept on talking while he killed, plucked, cleaned and cut up three birds, then went upstairs. I looked at the clock again; it was eight thirty. Ten minutes per chicken; I've never seen it done so fast.

One reason he could do it was that he had the equipment, part of which he'd bought at a poultry supply house. He'd designed the big work sink and had got it cheap by working alongside the tinsmith who made it. But the most remarkable thing was the way he plucked the birds. He dipped them in a bucket of hot water, laid them down and, using his cupped hand as a scoop, literally swept the feathers off in no more than two passes per side. I asked where he'd learned that one.

"I went to one of the live poultry markets," Irv said, "and asked them to show me how. Of course I had to figure one little trick out by trial and error. The hot water has to be no less than 160 degrees."

As a result of this sort of thing Millgate has mastered so many skills that he should always be able to make a living. He probably could get a job as a cook, a butcher, a carpenter or an electrician—he completely rewired his own house a couple of years ago so the circuits could carry the load of electrical devices. Through purchasing meat in wholesale lots he's learned enough to be a professional buyer.

His insatiable curiosity has given him a mass of more or less unrelated knowledge which also has market value. Right now he picks up extra money fairly frequently lecturing about his plan of living. He's written several magazine articles—mostly about camping, at which he's an expert—and is now working on two more books. Last fall he bought four acres of land near Bergenfield and will shortly start to build an establishment which will be more than self-sufficient. One of its features will be an artificial lake which will be an income-producing, permanent-yield fish farm which he estimates will deliver about 150 pounds of fresh fish a month.

He learned how to stock and operate it from the Arkansas Department of Agriculture. On the place he'll also raise sheep and enough fruit and vegetables to feed his family—and if he can afford a fence high enough to contain them, he'll raise a couple of deer.

His job has taught him additional marketable skills. Generally recognized as one of the top short-film producers in the country, he won the National Safety Council award for a movie called Ice Rescue a couple of years ago. So, he could always make money as a photographer. He knows how to make film strips and is currently assembling equipment and a starting inventory of films for his own independent film company. Furthermore, he has had experience in the building business since he ran his own contracting firm very successfully in Salt Lake City before the wartime priorities put an end to civilian building.

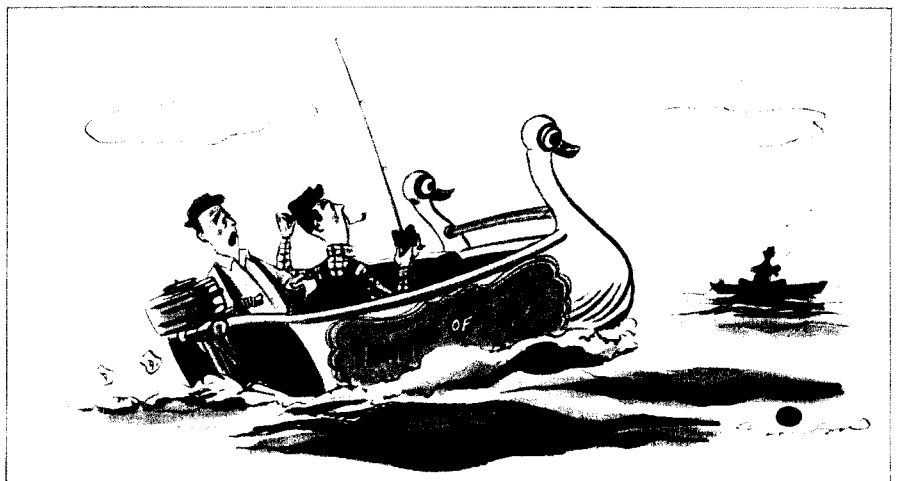
Because their "going economic enterprise" frees them from worry, the Millgates, an unusual family, have more time than most suburban families for pleasures. During most of the year they do no work at all on Sundays and very little on Saturdays. They take in the same number of shows, movies and concerts as most other families in their income group and make considerably more trips to museums and other tourist attractions.

Guests Work—and Love It

They do about the same amount of entertaining; the difference is that their guests are taken right into the Millgate operation for the length of their stay. Recently a radio executive came for dinner and was given the job of broiling the steaks; it's conceivable that some guests would resent being put to work, but this man was so enthusiastic he phoned Irv five times in the next three weeks to thank him for the extraordinary time he'd had.

Irv and Rachel bring the same imagination and zest to family recreation. Last spring the kids wanted a kite. They all got together and made one, but it was no ordinary kite—it was five feet across and had a full mile of string. They flew it, paid out all the string—"a whole mile!" Roy boasted to the gang—and, of course, lost both kite and string. But they had a wonderful two hours and now they're working on *two* miles of string.

One rainy day Rachel took an old sheet, cut square holes in it for windows and painted a rough replica of a railroad car on one side. She strung it up in the playroom—which used to be the dining room—and the kids arranged chairs beside the win-



COLLIER'S

"The ad was cleverly worded and I snapped it up blind!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

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dows. They played train all day with the expected amount of squabbling about who was to be the engineer, but no other kid in the neighborhood had such a realistic train.

This sort of thing explains why the Millgate house is always full of kids—usually anywhere from five to a dozen—and why Linda and Roy are so much the envy of their friends that one mother, obviously weary of hearing so much about *it*, sniffed: "Well! Some children have *too* much!" It also explains why it was quite a while before the Millgates were accepted into the community.

Being "different" has sometimes been called "the standard sin in the United States." Well, the Millgates are different, all right. Not many suburban families keep pheasants in the cellar. And a trailer parked in the driveway is usually considered an eyesore. Until a year or so ago the Millgate back yard bore some resemblance to a shantytown. There was an unpainted contraption made of odd lengths of board, bits of tin and old burlap bags which the kids had built and loved as a playhouse. There was Irv's "smokehouse" in which he smoked fish and meat, but which looked like a couple of haphazard barrels.

A Swell Playroom for Kids

Finally, there was the kids' playroom which opened right off the living room. And because it was used, it was not neat. The furnishings consisted of two paint-daubed workbenches and a long table covered with the usual miscellany of bottles, boxes, wood, paper and old tin cans that are worthless to grownups but precious to children.

To Irv and Rachel this was perfectly acceptable because it was what the kids valued. But more conventional householders were aghast and showed their displeasure by refusing all offers of friendliness and by prohibiting their young from visiting the Millgates. "It was the toughest thing we ever had to lick," said Irv; and the brunt of it, of course, fell on Rachel.

She fought it with a cleanup campaign. She was overconscientious in seeing that the neighborhood youngsters who did come to play were cleaned of paint spots before they went home. The backyard was tidied up and the kids' playhouse was moved behind some screening bushes, but not dismantled, because it was important to Linda and Roy. The house which had grown shabby because they'd used the redecorating money to buy an electric dishwasher, was freshly papered and painted. Space was found in the cellar for the kids' workbenches, but the big table was left in the dining-playroom.

Irv and Rachel realized they'd been so busy being self-sufficient that they'd forgotten they were also citizens of a community, so both began to take a part in the town's life. It is probable that one thing Irv did—and the way he did it—marked the turning point.

During heavy spring rains last year a sewer overflowed onto the street a hundred feet or so from their home. The neighborhood kids had a fine time sailing boats and wading in the pond it formed. Irv talked to the neighbors about it; they were horrified but resigned. They said that for years it had happened every so often, but they'd never been able to get the town officials to do anything about the situation.

The following day Irv took some pictures. At the next Town Board meeting, he showed them to the officials and said, in effect: You gentlemen can appreciate what a fine story this would make for the local papers. Of course we don't want our town to get unfavorable publicity, but this situation is a menace to our kids' health and we think it ought to be cleaned up.

It was, the very next day.

And the Millgates' efforts paid off. Last fall when word got around that they were planning to move, Elias Leiby, a venerable attorney whose family has lived in Bergenfield for generations, phoned Irv one evening and offered to sell him some land from a tract he'd owned for more than 30 years. "We don't want you people to leave us," he said, and he made the terms so attractive nobody could turn them down.

When Margaret Mead, the eminent author and anthropologist for the American Museum of Natural History, heard about what they were doing she went out, looked them over and came away enthusiastic about the ways they have found to pull the family together in spite of modern distractions.

"The big problem," she said, "is to find common tasks that are simple enough for the children to do and interesting enough for the parents—so they won't get bored to death playing parcheesi. The production of food is the nearly ideal answer. Millgate has reversed the old situation where people on farms needed lots of children to dig potatoes; he thinks up potatoes to dig so the kids can enjoy it. And he gets the same kind of solidarity that farm families had 100 years ago." THE END

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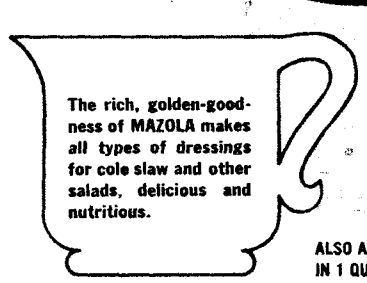
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Waterfront

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

won't have to kill you at all, if you behave yourself."

He did as I told him, even to finishing the tune. Then he whispered, "I thought you were in jail, Flynn."

"You were wrong," I said. "Dead wrong. Let's go in here, Gunner, and let's be very careful."

He turned obediently and walked into the deserted ruin of a house. I stopped him there, and took a Luger out of his pocket and dropped it in my own, then prodded him to go ahead. He reached the back room about four paces in front of me.

"Turn around," I said, and he turned. "The last time I saw you, Buster, I told you that when we met up we'd have a little rassle and and see who came out with the sorest jaw. Now's the time. You got no gun; I won't use mine. Just a friendly little party, just you and me."

"Okay by me," he said. "But how the hell did you get sprung? We thought we had you solid."

"I got friends," I said. "Joe Cigar and Jack Thumm should have thought of that before they tried to frame me."

"So you know what happened," he said. "So you know about Jack? I'll have to kill you, Flynn. You know too damn' much!" He reached suddenly to the floor, picked up a bottle that he had located with his foot while he had been talking, and, like a shortstop making a hard chance at first base, pegged it at my head.

It missed as I ducked, but he came in right behind it with a kick that caught me on the hip as I turned my body sideways. I grabbed his leg, but one of his arms went around my neck, and the fingers of his other hand went for my eyes, and I had to let the leg go. He stamped on my instep as I got in my first blow, a short solid punch that spread his nose across his face.

He didn't give an inch. I seized one of his fingers and broke it, butted my forehead into his wet and sticky face, twisted away from the arm around my neck, and hit him with a punch that slammed him across the room.

"I wish I'd broken your arm," I panted. "Stand up and take some more!"

"Don't talk so much, Blondy," he said. "You'll wake the neighbors!" Another bottle came hurtling out of the darkness where he had fallen and hit me on the head. I saw the bright lights of Concussion Town, and heard the bottle break against the wall as I dropped to my hands and knees.

The Gunner was on me, feet first, trying

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to beat me all the way to the floor. Only some old reflex, left over from the days when I was a kid and used to fight in the streets, got me away. I fought clear, and turned to face him as he came back at me.

He was just about my size, and knew how to handle himself. If he spent his nights drinking beer—when he wasn't killing people—it certainly hadn't made him soft. When I hit him it hurt both of us. When he hit me he wasn't using a feather duster.

But slowly I backed him into one corner of the room, and was getting more punches home than he was—about four to one, I would guess. Then, suddenly, I realized his fists weren't hurting me any more, and it wasn't because I hurt too much to hurt any more, either. His hands and arms went up across his face, and I lined him up for the pay-off.

There he was, almost crouched in the corner, his face a bloody mess. God forgive me, but I gloated, and felt fresh and clean and good all over.

And then the wily rat swung an uppercut into my groin that doubled me up, knocked me down, and paralyzed every muscle in my body with waves of nauseating, killing pain. All I wanted to do was die.

The Gunner was willing to help me. He fell on my twisted body and his hard hands reached for my throat, and started bearing down—down—down . . .

Something in the back of my brain tried to tell me that this wasn't exactly what I had planned. And then another cell chimed in and told me I was going to die right away quick, if I didn't do something about it.

And suddenly I didn't want to die, and there was a little strength in my arms again. But I couldn't breathe. The tight fingers around my throat were pressing down, and my lungs were sobbing for oxygen.

Only the fact that I had broken one of his fingers saved me, I'm sure. He couldn't do the job quickly and efficiently with it. I forced my body to go limp, and it fooled him the same way he had fooled me. He slackened off for a better grip, and as he did I found a little extra energy from somewhere and clubbed him across the soft spot behind the ear with the heel of my hand.

He rolled off and I rolled over on my side, facing him, but still unable to move much more than that. Very slowly I tried my legs for size, and when I could crawl I crawled over to the window and vomited.

The Gunner was alive, but he was out cold, and looked like he would stay that way for a long time. I took the adhesive tape I had bought in a drugstore earlier and taped him up—his wrists behind him, his ankles together, his mouth shut. Then I figured the blood in his busted nose would clot and suffocate him, so I untaped his mouth, and went to work rigging up a gag that would allow him to breathe through his mouth.

I found a plank about six feet long and tied him to it with strips of his shirt and trousers, so that he wouldn't be able to move until someone came and untied him. Then I left the quiet house where, somehow or other, the gurgling sound the Gunner made as he breathed made things seem quieter and lonelier than before.

The walk home was long and slow and painful, and seemed to take forever. Sometimes I stopped and was sick, and sometimes I had to stop and sit down on the curb. I wanted to telephone, but I couldn't go to any public telephone the way I was. Finally I reached the Royale. The clerk was asleep, and I shuffled past him and up the stairs. Cold water felt good on my face. One of my eyes was going to be black, and there was a knob on my head where the bottle had hit me. My throat was sore—I was sore all over. I lay down on my bed to rest for a few minutes. Then, I told myself, I'd go out and make that phone call.

THE sun was streaming in the window when I opened my eyes. In spite of my protesting muscles and my rebellious bones, that were determined to stay in bed, I got up, washed, and went out through the back door again. I didn't want to see anybody for a while.

There's some other hotels and flophouses around that section of town, where they have telephones. I headed for one of them and dialed. "This is Tim Flynn," I said, and then I waited for a connection to be made. "This is Tim Flynn," I repeated. "Along about one o'clock this morning I ran into the Gunner and we had a little argument. You'll find him where I left him"—and I described the old house—"all tied up and ready to go. He's the man who killed Culio, though I can't prove it."

"Okay," the voice at the other end said. "We'll send somebody down to get him. Call back in an hour."

During the hour I soaked up four cups of black coffee, about half a pack of cigarettes and several aspirin tablets, and I still hurt. Then I called again.

"Did you find him?" I asked.

"Yeah," the voice said. "We found him."

"How's he feeling? As lousy as I do?"

"You didn't say open the darn' door. I heard what you said"

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Before you scold me, Mom... maybe you'd better light up a

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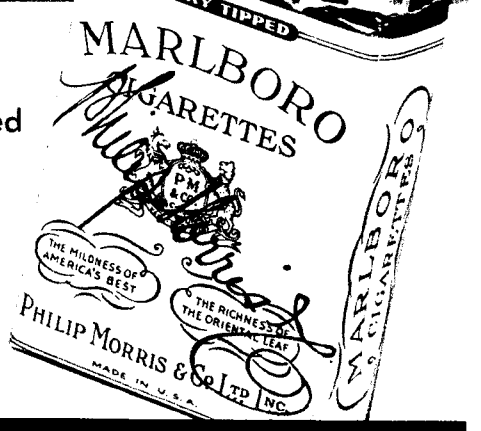

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"He isn't feelin'. He's dead."

"Dead! My God," I said, "he was all right when I left, except that he was unconscious. What did he die of, a bad heart or something?"

"No, Flynn," the voice told me, slowly. "After you left, it looks like the rats got into him and nibbled him to death."

Suddenly I was sick again.

BY FOUR o'clock that Monday afternoon I began to think I might live again, and maybe even enjoy it. At least my health was twelve times better than it had been twelve hours before, when I was crawling back from my fight with the Gunner. My stomach had quieted down. When I thought of the way Gunner had died I was sorry, and admitted that it was a hell of a way to go, but at least it didn't turn my innards inside out.

In fact, as I lay in my room at the Royale, it seemed about time to get up, powder the bruises and go get a drink.

Smoothie glanced up from his paper to see who was coming into the empty barroom and disturbing his afternoon rest. Then he tossed the paper under the bar, stood up, and stared. "My God, Flynn, what happened to your eye!"

"A gun went off in my face. Give me a double rye and water."

"The best in the house." He opened a little cabinet behind the bar and took out a bottle which wasn't two-bit whisky by a long shot. "And this is on the house. Didn't you know the gun was loaded?"

"Yeah," I said, sipping the drink. "I knew it was loaded, but it said in the book that I was bulletproof. Must be true, too, because you won't find any holes in my head."

"How about the other guy?"

"I wouldn't know. It was dark the last time I saw him. Give me another drink—single, this time, if I have to pay for it."

Smoothie paid no attention to the order. He gripped the edge of the bar and pulled himself closer to me, his black eyes boring into mine, excitement behind them. "Who was it, Flynn?" he asked, urgently. "Who the hell was it? Did you kill him?"

I put my hand against his shoulder and pushed him back. "Oh no," I laughed. "That's a cute question to ask a guy with a murder rap hanging over him. Remember me?—I'm out on bail in the Culio case. For all I know, you may be on brother Bennion's payroll. All I want is a drink. Do I get it here or do I go somewhere else?"

"You might as well drink with friends," he said, pouring the whisky with a steady hand. "And you might as well tell me about it, because I'll find out anyhow."

"Go ahead, scout around—but keep out of my business. You look like an easier job than the last one."

"You wouldn't hit an old man like me," he said. "I think I'll have a little drink with you, Flynn, while we talk this over." He reached for the bottle.

"Here's how," I said, raising my glass. "But talk it over with yourself."

"Well, let's see," he mused, watching me out of the corner of one eye. "It might have been Joe Cigar." He leaned over and studied my purple cheekbone. "No, it wasn't Joe. Even if he sneaked in a lucky punch he couldn't hit that hard. His hands are too soft."

"What really happened is that I was run over by a subway train," I told him.

"Yeah? Local or express?" There was a noise at the door. "Here come your old buddies."

I had seen them sooner than he had, in the mirror behind the bar. "Hi," I called. "Come on in and have one on me. What do you want?"

"My God," Clancy said. "We thought you were in jail."

"What for?"

"Well," Farmer said, "there was some talk about you killing that bum Culio—not that he didn't deserve it."

"Read the papers, boys," I laughed. "I didn't do it, and as soon as I told the man that, why of course they told me to go home."

"I read the papers," Clancy said. "Maybe I didn't read the right one. What did you do to your eye?" They were seated beside me at the bar by this time.

"He says he was run over by a subway," Smoothie told them. "What'll it be? Beer?" He got two nods, and drew two beers, and then filled a shot glass with whisky and passed it to me. "Sweeten it up a little," he said. "Your ice is melting."

I poured the whisky into my half-empty glass and changed the subject. "Where are you working this week?"

"Same place. Pier 47. General cargo. Job may last four days, we hope. Why didn't you shape up this morning? We were looking for you."

"I was tired. Maybe I'll be down tomorrow and pick up my back pay. Think I'll be able to get a job?"

"All you have to do is know the right people, and be good to Willie Assaldo," Clancy said, "and you can get a job. Especially you."

"That sounds like a dirty crack," I said. "But let's have another drink and then I'm going out for a late breakfast. Give us another round, you bald-headed old bum."

Smoothie picked up the three glasses, looked for the shot glass, decided he had taken it away before, and started drawing two beers. I knew he hadn't taken it, but I didn't know where it had gone.

THE drinks came up and Smoothie went back to the corner and started reading his newspaper again. The three of us at the bar discussed the weather, cussed the foreman at Pier 47, growled some more about kickbacks and the lousy jobs we had, and beat our gums in general. After a while the bar began to fill up with people. I remembered that I was hungry, so I paid the bill and started out. The other two came with me. Farmer caught the cross-town bus.

"Where are you going to eat, Flynn?" Clancy asked, as Hank said good-by.

"I don't know. Up the street someplace."

"Mind if I come along?"

There was no reason why Clancy should want to eat with me, that I knew of. On the other hand, there certainly wasn't any reason why he shouldn't, either. "Sure," I said. "Come along. Company's always welcome, and eating alone is tiresome."

For breakfast—because it was almost seven o'clock in the evening—I ordered a big steak with all the trimmings, plus a couple of bottles of dark beer, plus apple pie and ice cream, plus coffee. Clancy had less, but then he wasn't doing a whole day's eating at one crack, like I was.

He was a pretty good sort of a guy—tall, rangy, and as Irish as Paddy's pig. Lived with his wife in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn, he said—only he pronounced it Green*pernt*. Lived there for twelve years, and liked it and didn't intend to move. He told me he had driven a truck before the war, and when the war came along he had joined the Marines, expecting to be a hero. They let him drive a truck instead. Now he was working the docks, but he hoped to go back to trucking soon. His wife had gone to visit a sister in Rochester, but she would be back on Saturday. And so on.

Mostly I just nodded or grunted as he rambled on, and kept my face stuffed with food. It was nice having company for supper, as long as I didn't have to play the host and keep the conversation going.

He was glad I wasn't in jail, too, and wanted me to know that he never thought I had killed Culio. Nosiree. Not on your life. Nobody he had talked to thought I had killed Culio, either.

"That's very nice of them," I said, washing a hunk of pie down with a gulp of coffee. "Who do they think killed him? Or don't you talk about that?"

"Sure," he said. "Everybody's got ideas of their own. I got mine, too."

"What is it?"

"Well . . ." He looked around and lowered his voice. "I think he was running some kind of a racket, and didn't cut the right guys in, so they bumped him."

"Kind of a tough place, isn't it?" I took another swallow of coffee and lighted a cigarette. "Who are these right guys?"

"*I* don't know."

"The hell you don't. The other day you and Hank put on the damnedest act I ever saw, just because I read a name in the paper out loud. I've forgotten what the name was, but if it had been the magic word to change you into stone you couldn't have shut me up much faster."

"We did?"

"You sure did. Blackie Clegg—that was the guy's name. Who the hell is this Blackie Clegg, anyhow? Why's—"

"Sh-h-h," he whispered. "Not so loud, Flynn. Somebody might be listening."

"What difference does that make? Is he here?" I looked around. "Is he going to jump out and eat us? What does he look like, anyhow? All I hear is people telling me to shut up when I say 'Blackie Clegg.' Have you ever seen him?"

"No, but I—"

"Has anyone seen Blackie Clegg?" I demanded. "Or are we all a bunch of mice? Who says he killed Culio?"

"Lots of guys think he done it," Clancy said. "Not many say so. I figured maybe you knew."

"You figured wrong, my friend. I'm a stranger in this town and all I know is what I read in the papers and what people tell me. But I'll tell you one thing, and you can tell your pals. I'm not afraid of this Blackie, and if he wants to scare me, he better come around and scare me in person."

I hoped Blackie wasn't in the room. He could have scared the living hell out of me just by tapping me on the shoulder and saying, "Hello, Malone."

"Don't ask for it, Tim," he begged. "You must have some big friends, or be a Mr. Big yourself, to get out of the clink as fast as you did. And I hear Blackie gets rid of people who come around his docks acting big."

"All I want to do is earn a living," I said. "And right now I want to get a good night's sleep. Let's get out of here."

BUT Clancy wanted another cup of coffee. While he was waiting for it he said, "Why do you want to go back to that louse house to sleep? My wife's away—the old battle-ax. Let's you and me have some fun." And he winked, the big Irish Romeo. "I know two girls got an apartment," he went on. "I'll give them a call and we'll go over and drink their whisky. Then we'll take our shoes off and run around in our bare feet. How about it?"

"I'm tired," I said. "I just want to go to sleep."

"I thought you were the great lover. Hell with the women, you said. I'm telling you, Flynn, you pass up this chance and I'll begin to wonder just what you are. This is something you can't afford to miss. I know these girls!" His coffee came, and he stirred it violently.

"I can't go in these clothes," I said.

"Of course you can't. So you beat it back and change, and I'll go home and change mine. Then we'll meet and go see the girls. Wait a minute." He got up and went over to a phone booth, and I saw him drop a nickel in the slot and dial a number. He talked excitedly for a few minutes, and then a big smile came over his homely face and after a few words he hung up.

"It's in the bag," he said when he came back to the table. "They were lonely, and just about ready to go out to a movie. I told them to put on their playsuits and get ready."

"I don't want to go," I argued. "I'm sleepy."

"You mean you ain't going?" he asked. "You mean after I get everything lined up you ain't going? That's great! One time in five years my missus goes to Rochester and I get a night out and then you want to ruin it. What kind of a pal are you, anyhow?"

"Maybe you could get somebody else."

"Who? All the other guys have gone home. Aw, come on, Flynn. You'll wake up. Or"—and his voice leveled—"maybe you ain't the great lover, after all. I bet a lot of people would be interested in that. Maybe they might get to thinking you didn't breeze in from the West Coast, if I dropped the word here and there."

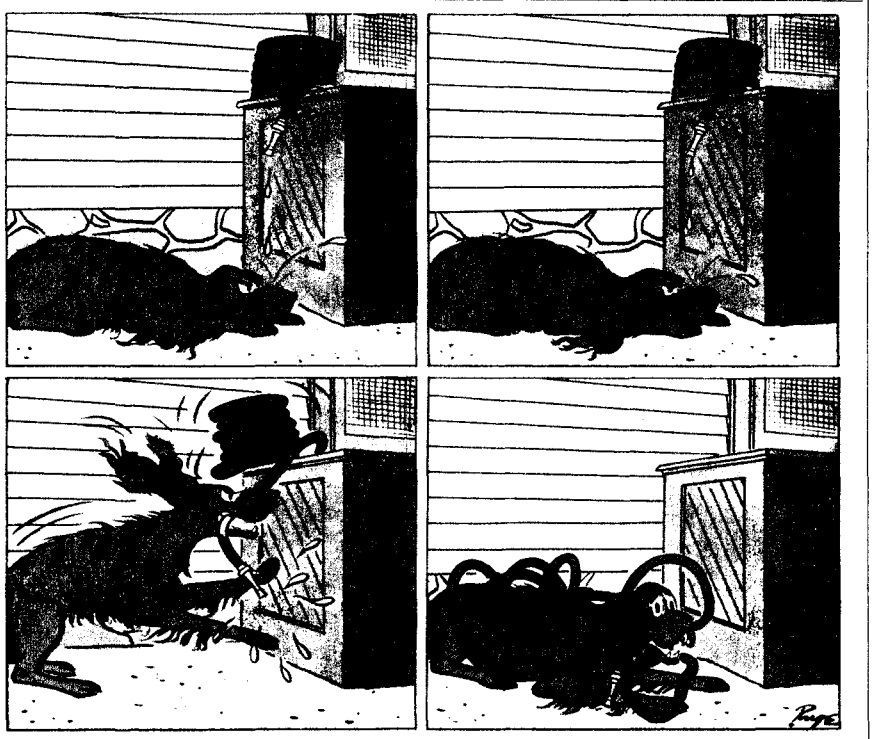
He had me mousetrapped, but good. "All right," I said. "I'll go take a bath and change my clothes. Where do I meet you, and when?"

" 'At's a boy," he said, and glanced at the clock on the wall. "I got to get over to Greenpernt and back. Meet me on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street, huh, at about nine thirty, quarter of ten."

"Okay," I said. "I'll be there. But I'm coming home early."

"You think you're coming home early, bub. Wait'll you meet Doris." Then he looked at me with suddenly ugly eyes. "And don't stand me up, Flynn. You do and I'll smack you around like you was a rag doll! I heard what you did to Culio, but maybe I'm not a sucker for that stuff." The smile

CLANCY



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drifted back to his face. "I'll come over and help you dress, if you think you might change your mind."

"I'll be on the corner at nine thirty," I promised. I couldn't understand the urgency behind the unexpected invitation, but it certainly was there. For some reason or other Clancy wanted to see me later that evening. If I decided not to go, I might just as well move away from the Royale Hotel and stop working on the waterfront. I wondered if that was what he wanted. If it was, the idea wasn't going to work, because I was curious enough to keep the date and see what was going to happen.

Well, I was walking into it with my eyes open, me and my talk about women trouble in Ohio. And, as I strolled back to the Royale Hotel I wondered, more than ever, just what Clancy was up to. Maybe the whole thing was a sudden idea on his part, but I didn't believe it. It was *too sudden* not to have been pretty well planned.

There wasn't any reason in the first place for Clancy to steer the talk around to Blackie Clegg—unless he had some reason. Then he had come up with a plan to keep me in his sight for a while, unless I didn't keep the date. And if I did that, he would start kidding me down on the dock and the word would get around. Oh, he had me, all right.

THIS I had to think about. There was plenty of time for me to take a shower, change my clothes, get over to Fifth and Tenth, and think too. I walked past the Royale and down to the waterfront for some fresh air. I was standing there by the water, one foot up on a mooring cleat, smoking a cigarette and wondering what Clancy was getting at, when *bang!*—somebody shot at me.

The bullet missed by at least six inches, and splashed away out in the river while I was falling down and rolling over. A car disappeared in the shadows down the street. There wasn't a living soul in sight, at least not within pistol range—and that was a pistol I had heard.

So I had something else to think about.

It might have been Blackie Clegg who threw the shot at me, but I doubted it. He didn't have any reason to scare me, unless Clancy had told him about our talk at chow. If he knew who I was he wouldn't have missed, I was sure of that. It might have been Joe Cigar, or Jack Thumm. It might have been Bennion, the crooked cop. Killing me would have been as good as a conviction for him. He could have claimed that I was killed by somebody else because I knew too much. But Bennion was supposed to have a tail on him, and I hadn't seen any tails drive by.

I walked back to civilization and found a telephone. "Look," I said when the connection on the other end clicked through. "Somebody's been shooting at me. Check on a guy called Clancy who works as a longshoreman on Pier 47. Then check on that Bennion, and find out whether he still had his tail half an hour ago. But mostly see what you can find out about Clancy, because he's got some kind of a little plan that involves me, and I want to live through it. And have someone meet me at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street at twenty minutes after nine. If I'm alone he can ask me for a light. If not, too bad. But tell him to tail me wherever I go and wait until I come out before he goes home. I'm meeting Clancy. Call you tomorrow. Good night."

It wasn't necessary to repeat anything I said. They could play the tape back if they wanted to.

Then I had to hurry to take a shower and get shaved and dressed and over to Fifth and Tenth ahead of time. I didn't know whether to take a gun or not, and finally decided against it. I didn't want to have to explain a gun.

It sure was a lovely evening. If I hadn't been on a case I'd have gone to see Mary. Since I was on a case, I kept clear of St. Anthony's Hospital. It would have been a hell of a note if I had run into the future Mrs. Malone on the street and had to explain that I was going to keep a girl named Doris from being lonely.

And I decided that if Doris was a homely wench I'd leave early. It sure was a nice night, though. I wasn't as tired as I had been before I took a shower.

I'd been on the northeast corner of Tenth Street and Fifth Avenue for about a minute and a half when a stranger, a guy wearing slacks and a sport shirt, came down the avenue with a cigarette in his mouth. He stopped about ten feet from me and started going through his pockets. Then he stepped over to me.

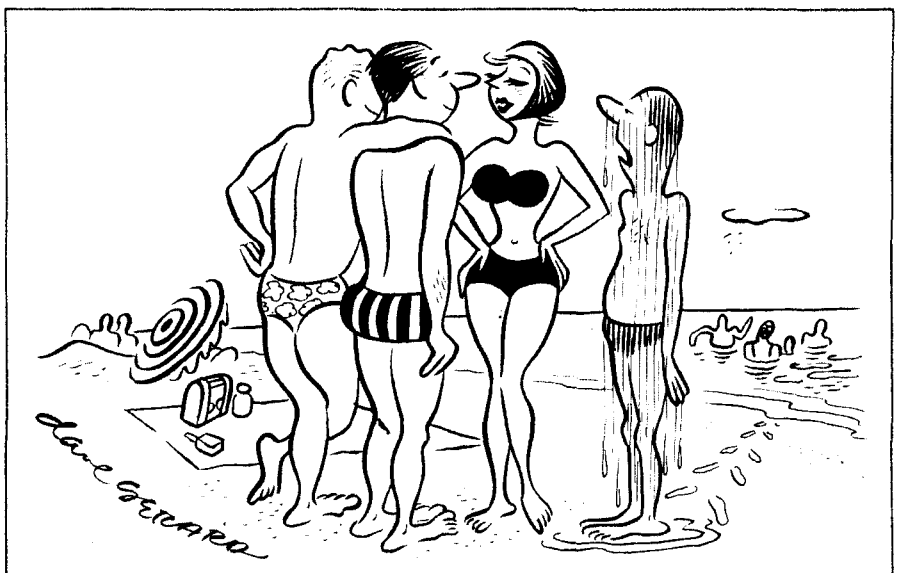
"Got a light?" he asked. "I thought I had some matches but I don't."

"Sure," I said. "Here you are."

"Thanks." He took the matches I offered him and struck one. "We don't have a line on Clancy yet. It wasn't Bennion, either."

"Okay," I said. "Stick around. I got no gun."

He crossed the street and started down West Tenth, and when he reached the middle of the block he turned back and waited under a tree.



"Dorothy, you're not even wet! For heaven's sake what did we come to the beach for?" COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

I waited too, for about six minutes, and then Clancy came down Fifth Avenue, looking good. He had on a Palm Beach suit and black-and-white shoes, and a bow tie.

"This is my night to howl," he said. "I finished off a pint at home while I was dressin'. Let's go in here and have a quickie before we go around to the apartment." He grabbed my arm and we went into the bar at the Grosvenor Hotel, on the corner where I had been standing.

"Hey, this is a pretty classy place for a couple of dock-wallopers like us, ain't it?" he said. "But I guess their whisky's just as good as Smoothie's. Double rye for me, friend, and the same for my friend." He was sporting a slight edge, I could see. I thought maybe it would be a good thing if Doris was homely as a mud fence.

Doris wasn't. Doris was a blond queen, almost as tall as I am, and really built. She couldn't have fallen flat on her face if she'd tried. I gave a long, low whistle when I saw her and what she was wearing, or rather what she wasn't wearing, because all she had on was a halter and some flaring shorts that looked like a skirt. I whistled, and she said, "Hi, guy," and smiled, and put her arm through mine.

"I choose this one, Peggy," she added.

Peggy was just as good-looking as Doris—maybe a little shorter, but blond and built too. Peggy was wearing a dress.

Not even my conscience could make me believe that these dames were homely—or that I would get back to the Royale in the next half hour. Especially since this was plainly part of my job. My duty.

"Wadda you say, Flynn?" Clancy bellowed. "Meet Peggy and Doris. Ain't this the nuts? You didn't think I knew such good-lookin' dames, did you, my fren'?" He stopped for a minute. "Peggy and Doris, this is Tim Flynn, my friend."

"I choose this one," Doris said again, pinching my arm, and snuggling close. "Are ya' glad? Ya' want some rye and ginger? That's what we're havin'. It isn't too hot to dance, do you think? Not if we don't rumba. We had a party two nights ago and a fella played a banjo and we rumba'd until the jerks downstairs was gonna call the cops. Gawd, it was—"

"Rye and water instead of ginger," I said. This was all a little confusing.

"Me too," she started again. "Same as you. Only I like it with ginger best. Get me one too. Only don't let me get crocked like I was. Hey, Blondy—you don't mind if I call—"

I assured her I didn't care what she called me, and took her empty glass, and Peggy's, and then she pulled me through a swinging door into a small kitchen.

"There's some more glasses on the shelf and we got part of a fifth left and there's more in the corner. Peggy's got a friend gives it to us by the case. You better have a double to catch up. I'll get some more ice. Hey"—she stood in front of the stove with her hands on her hips and her head cocked to one side—"what's the matter with you? Am I inhuman or sumpn? Or are you the shy type?"

The next thing I knew I was properly kissed by a tall blond girl named Doris, who was wearing only a halter and shorts. I know my duty. I try to be a good cop. I kissed the tall blond girl named Doris, and then I kissed her again. And after a while I began to realize, through the fog I was in, that I'd never got quite that reaction out of kissing anybody else.

We finally mixed four drinks and went into the next room. Clancy and Peggy came out of a clinch on the sofa, looked hazily at us, and went back.

"Have a drink," I said discreetly to the other two, and they sat up and helped me unload.

You can see what kind of a party this was. Peggy and Clancy spent most of the time stroking each other on the sofa, and Doris chattered on. Every fifteen minutes or so we had to go to the kitchen to mix more drinks, and I found myself getting a little tight. I could see that Clancy and his girl were, too, but that big blonde of mine didn't seem to show it at all. She kept just as pert as a big kitten. Now and then she left the room. I noticed that if she had a full drink in her hand when she went out she had just as much when she came back.

Along about one o'clock, after Clancy and Peggy had been whispering and giggling in each other's pretty pink ears for a while, Peggy got off the sofa and disappeared into what I had figured was a bedroom. Clancy stumbled to his feet and picked up the four glasses and went to the kitchen. He was back in a few minutes with four fresh drinks, and gave one to Doris and one to me.

"Whurr'd Peggy go?" he said. "Lemme guess." He swayed a little with the two drinks in his hand, spilling a few drops on the floor, and then headed unerringly for the bedroom. As he went through the door he turned and favored us with a big happy wink, and then shut the door behind him.

"I gotta go home," I said. "I'm tired."

"You don't need to go home so soon," Doris protested. "I'm just beginnin' to like you, you big blond thing. Come on over and sit on this sofa, now it's been warmed up."

"I gotta go home," I said again, getting up and heading for the sofa, and finding myself tighter than I thought.

"This makes up like a double bed, didja know it? Look, I open it up and show you." The double bed appeared before me. "Now we can sit down and put our feet up. You want I should get us another drink?"

"Yeah." We both went to get another drink, and stayed in the kitchen a long time, and then we came out and sat very quietly on the edge of the double bed, finishing the drinks.

"I like you," she said, kissing me on the cheek. "How come you know Clancy? He's a swell guy, ain't he? Peggy's nuts about him. Tough he can't get his wife to divorce him, ain't it? He says he works nights. That's awful, ain't it? Are you married? I don't care. You aren't really a longshoreman, are you? Clancy says you're some kind of a big shot. Are you? Let's stretch out here and get comfy."

We stretched out, and when we came up for air she started talking again.

"You don't act like a longshoreman. What are you really?"

Kissing her was better than giving answers, but she rolled away.

"Sure I'm a longshoreman," I said fuzzily. "What did you think I was?"

"Don't kid me. You're in a racket, I bet. Like Clancy. He gave Peggy a mink coat for Christmas."

"Clancy inna rackets?"

"Sure. Where else would he get a mink coat? Gee, I'd love a guy to pieces for a mink. After I got the mink."

"Clancy inna rackets?" I repeated, trying to get my head working again.

"Sure. You are too, I bet. Wadda you do?"

"I'm not inna racket."

"Go ahead and tell me. I won't tell anyone. Cross my heart. Go ahead. Tell me." She kissed me quickly. "Tell me about your racket. You're smarter than Clancy, I'll bet. Ain't you? What's your racket?"

"I'm not inna racket."

"I'll get you another drink." She got up and was back with the drink in her hand while I was trying desperately to stand up, but somehow or other I couldn't make it. I drank half the glass and spilled the rest on the floor.

"That's all right, honey," she said, putting her arms around me. "What's your racket? You can trust me, honey. I love you. Tell me, and I'll show you how much. You can get me the mink later." She pressed her lips against mine.

ALL I know is that Clancy was shaking me when I woke up, and Doris, wearing a modest suit, was coming in from the kitchen with coffee. Clancy was dressed in his working clothes.

"You better get up if you're going to work today," Clancy said. "I left here at four, but you were out cold, so I promised to come back and get you. Don't say I'm not your friend."

I had a head like a watermelon that's been left in the field too long, but the coffee helped a little. It took away the horrible taste in my mouth. Then I got into the bathroom and splashed some cold water over my head and felt better.

My big blonde, who looked just as good in the daylight, had another cup of coffee ready when I came out. I smiled sheepishly. She smiled back at me, and I wasn't

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quite sure what she was smiling about. It might have been almost anything, or several things.

"Come on," Clancy said. "Break away."

"Come again," Doris said.

We walked across town together, and the only thing that was said was "Oh, boy!" Clancy said it. Sixteen times. I counted.

He went on to the docks while I changed clothes and worried about what I might have said and done the night before.

WHEN I finally got to Pier 47 the gang had just finished checking in. I went up and buttonholed the foreman. "Put me on too, right now," I ordered.

"Why the hell should I put you on, Flynn?" he cocked his ratty little face at me. "You want to work, you get here and take your chance at the right time, which was yesterday. Scram!"

"Joe Cigar said to put me on today."

"You *say* he did. Tell you what I'll do, Flynn. Give me a nickel and I'll call Joe up and ask him. You wait here." He took the nickel and walked into the pier shed, and a few minutes later he came out. "Okay," he said. "You win." There was a smirk on his face that I didn't like. "Joe said to put you on if I could. You want to kick in to the Willie Assaldo fund?"

"I'm going to kick you one in the face if you don't get that silly look off your ugly puss," I said. "What's so funny, anyhow, little wise guy?"

"Nothing at all, Flynn, nothing at all." But he still looked awfully pleased with himself as I walked away.

That was Tuesday, and I shagged cargo around that dock all day, except when I knocked off for lunch. It was good exercise, and some of the stiffness worked out of my muscles and bones. The whisky sweated out of my pores, too. I felt pretty good again.

Brother Clancy seemed to be keeping away from me, although I saw him working around. That was all right with me. What I needed was a chance to reconstruct the night before, from the time we started talking at dinner to the time he shook me awake in the morning. I didn't think I had said anything, although I remembered being asked a lot of questions.

Maybe I should have hated myself, too, but I didn't.

After work I joined Hank Farmer for a beer. Clancy wasn't there. Farmer shoved off after two, and I was glad because I had a phone call to make. Smoothie got my eye as I started out, and then leaned over the bar so the other people around couldn't hear what he had to say.

"They tell me the Gunner hasn't been around for some time," he whispered.

"Who?"

"The Gunner. You know who. He went out for beer and didn't come back. Some friends of yours want to know where he is."

"Tell them maybe he's still looking for beer." I went out and went up to my room, took off all my clothes except my shorts, grabbed a towel and some soap, and walked down to the shower. When I finished there I walked back to my door, unlocked it, and stepped inside.

"Shut the door, Blondy," Joe Cigar said, "and then put your hands up and sit down on that chair. I want to talk to you." He had a pistol pointed right at my heart.

"Hello, Joe," I said. "Were you the guy who was shooting at me last night?" He was sitting at the head of the bed, his back against the wall by the window. My work clothes were lying across the foot of the bed, and it was easy to see they had been disturbed—or else the junk in the pockets had moved out of its own accord. If it had, the drawers in the dresser had opened themselves, too.

Joe motioned again toward the chair, which he had shoved to the other end of the room, as far away from him as he could get it. "Sit down and don't make no noise," he said softly. "I want to have a little talk with you."

Instead of sitting, I leaned against the door. "First of all," I said, "you might have missed last night, and hit me. As it was, you damn' near scared me to death."

"That was the boss's idea. If the street wasn't so bumpy you'd be dead now. I don't often miss—never at this distance. Sit down, I said, in that chair!"

"Let me have a cigarette first, will you?" He kicked mine, which were lying near the foot of the bed, toward me, together with a paper of matches. I reached over and took them, and sat down on the chair. "And take your dirty shoes off my bed, will you?" I said. "I don't like to live in a pigpen."

He didn't take them off. "Maybe you won't be living here much longer," the sandpaper voice rasped. "I noticed you weren't here last night."

"When?" I asked. "Before or after you took that shot at me?"

"After. I sat in this stinkin' room until four o'clock this morning, waiting for you. Tonight I got here earlier."

"How nice," I said, "that I decided to be at home. What's this idea of yours that I won't be living here much longer?" More than ever I wondered about the party the night before, and the way Clancy had insisted that I go. Had he found out that Cigar was gunning for me? *How* had he found out, if he had? It looked as though I wasn't going to have a chance to ask. "Where are we moving to, Joe? The Ritz?"

"We're going to go look for a friend of ours, Flynn, and you're going to lead the way."

"Oh no," I protested. "I've had a hard day today. I'm staying here."

"Okay," he said. "You can stay here. Only you'll be dead."

"Maybe we better talk it over," I said. "And don't try to tell me you'd take a chance on shooting off that cannon in here. You'd have a—"

"Knock it off, Flynn," he said. "You know I can fire half a dozen shots in here and nobody will do a thing about it. People mind their own business in this dump."

He had a point. "All right. What do you want to know?"

"A couple of things. Where's the Gunner?"

"I don't know," I said. "Did that ratty little foreman on the dock call you this morning?"

"Sure. I told him to take you on so I'd know where to find you. Now let me ask the questions. Where's the Gunner?"

"How would I know where he is? I haven't seen him since the other night."

CIGAR reached down beside him and came up with the Luger I'd taken out of the Gunner's pocket. "Then how did this get into your dresser?"

"Well, he took my gun, so I took his," I said. "I thought maybe I'd have to shoot somebody one of these days, and if his gun was handy I could show it to Bennion—like you guys did to me."

"Nuts, Blondy. The Gunner's gone, and you got his gun, and we want to know where he is." He leaned toward me. "And you better tell me where he is—quick!"

"I beat him to pieces with my own little bare hands," I laughed. "Then I took the pieces, one by one, and flushed them down the john in the men's room in Grand Central Station. All except his left arm, which I ate."

"Listen, you wise—" He was mad now, and his extra chins shook like the wattles on a rooster. "I'd just as soon shoot you as not. Where the hell is he?"

"He's dead."

"Where's the body?"

"In the river."

"That's all I want to know." He got off the bed. "Let's get going!"

"Like this?" I stood up in my shorts. "Really, Joe, we'll be a sensation, even in this part of town."

"Put on some clothes." He picked up my pants and shirt and threw them at me. "And don't loaf. The boss wants to see you."

"What about?" I asked. "He isn't sore at me, is he, just because I got rid of that tame gorilla of his?"

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"Shut up!"

"How about those other questions you had to ask?" I said, pulling on my pants.

"Shut up and get dressed!"

"How are we going to get out of here? By balloon?"

"We'll go out the back way, with you going first. Button up your shirt."

"You mean I'll have to walk?"

"You better not try to run. Open the door, walk out, and turn to your left—slow and easy."

The one light at that end of the hall was burned out, and the place was dark and shadowy. The door of a broom closet, just before we came to the dark stairs, hung open. "Turn and go down the steps," Cigar said. "And I'm right with you."

I turned and took three steps down, hearing him behind me. Then there was a sound like a shelled hard-boiled egg would make if you dropped it on a thick rug, and a familiar voice said, "Hey, chum, come and give me a hand."

I turned right back again, and looked up. Clancy was standing behind Joe Cigar, holding him in his arms. Joe's eyes were closed. Something leather-covered, about ten inches long, hung heavily from a cord around Clancy's right wrist.

"Get him by his feet, and be careful. He weighs a ton. Okay. Easy now. Back to your room."

THE hall of the Royale Hotel stayed dark and deserted while we carried Joe Cigar back to my room. I kicked the door shut.

"Put him on the bed," Clancy said.

"Put him on the floor," I said. "I've got to sleep in the bed. Let's tie him up and leave him there until he starves to death. Then he won't be so heavy to carry out."

We tied him up and stuck a gag in his mouth. Then I offered Clancy a cigarette, took one myself, and said, "Where did you come from, and who the hell are you anyhow? I thought that fat bum was going to take me for a walk."

"It's a good thing I wasn't any later," he said. "And lucky I heard him say that you'd be dead, before I knocked. After that I just listened." He took the blackjack off his wrist and slipped it into his pocket.

"That still doesn't tell me who you are," I said.

"I'm the guy who stole the shot glass off the bar—the one with your fingerprints on it. When I sent it to the office to find out who you were, I found out you'd been asking who I was. So I came back to tell you."

"Look, Clancy, I'm old and tired and eternally grateful to you. I'll pray for the salvation of your soul every night—if I remember to. Are you a cop?"

He reached deep down in an inside pocket, pulled out a leather folder, opened it, snapped it shut, and said, "Federal Bureau of Investigation."

Someday I'm going to get an F.B.I. guy to let me read what's printed on those identification cards they carry around. So far I've never had them do anything but snap them open, wave them under my nose, and snap them shut again.

"I guess this is the second time you've saved my life in two days, isn't it? I knew there was something more than just a party in the wind last night. How did you know Joe Cigar was gunning for me then?"

"I didn't," Clancy said. "That is, I didn't know who it was. But I knew your number was up on someone's wheel. If you were that important, you were important to me, too."

"How'd you know?"

"Well, your boss reported that Jack Thumm was in town. Right away, on Saturday night, we put a couple of taps on the phones on Pier 47. A call came for the hiring foreman first thing Monday morning. The word was to keep you spotted until the guy who was calling could catch you off base. The call came from a pay phone. So I decided to take you into protective custody, you might say."

"Where the hell were you tonight? You almost got here too late."

"You're a cop, aren't you? When I found that out I figured you could take care of yourself. You're lucky the inspector forgot to mention your name when he told us about Thumm, or I wouldn't have had to take you to that party to try to find out who you were. Then you'd have missed the party."

"You're also the guy who got me stinking drunk last night—and God only knows what else. Why don't you tell me all? We got plenty of time."

He laughed. "You don't need to worry. You didn't say anything you shouldn't—or do anything your wife, if you have one, would object to."

"Oh, no? I bet if I had a wife she'd object plenty the way Doris and I were acting. I suppose your wife wouldn't object to what you did, either."

A big smile came over his face. "She didn't. It just happens that Peggy is Mrs. Clancy. That's my apartment."

A great bright light dawned. "And Doris . . . ?"

"Doris is Peggy's kid sister. When I went

COLLIER'S **"I told you, Willis! Don't use so much mustard!"** CHARLES SHARMAN

home to change my clothes I told them I was bringing a guy back with me and we would get him tight and see if he would tell us who and what he was. You were someone I was interested in."

I beat myself on the forehead with the palm of my hand. "Doris does that for a living, I guess. What do her big sister and her brother-in-law think of that kind of carrying on?"

"Brother, if you hadn't passed out when you did you'd have found out that Doris is chaste as the driven snow. She's a good kid, and smart. She's got a law degree and works for Barney, Hammer, Reingold and Smith. And she can talk as good English as me. Anyhow, if you got too hot to handle you'd have met Mr. Mickey Finn—a cousin of yours, perhaps?"

"You know who I am now, don't you?"

"Sure," he said. "According to the prints on that shot glass you're Tim Flynn, better known as Freddy Malone, detective third. But I didn't find it out until four o'clock this morning. And," he went on, "if you were a real good detective you'd have opened the mouthwash bottle in the bathroom and found out that it was full of tea. How'd you think Doris managed to drink so much and stay sober?"

"Oh-h-h-h," I moaned. "But you swear I didn't do anything that anybody might regret?"

"You didn't even do anything that anybody might want to remember. Doris thinks you're cute."

"I sure was, wasn't I? I'm kind of the bug's-ear type, don't you think?" I looked down at Joe Cigar. "What do we do now?"

"First we got to get rid of this hunk of lard." He pushed Joe with his foot, but Joe was still out cold. "That'll be a job."

"We could cut him up in little pieces," I suggested. "But he might bleed on the Oriental rug."

"We could get some rats."

"No," I said. "I wish you hadn't mentioned that. Think of something else."

"We could keep him here until Christmas and then dress him up in a Santa Claus suit and shove him out through a chimney."

"Then we'd have to feed him. Why don't we get some whisky and pour it over him? When he wakes up we'll ease him out, and anybody who sees us will think he's drunk."

"It may work," he said. "I'll go get a bottle. Give me some money. I'm not allowed to increase the federal deficit, and you New Yorkers can pay for it."

I gave him five dollars and he left. Then I went through Joe's pockets and got my own .32, the Gunner's Luger, and the pistol Joe had been pointing at me. I also took five dollars out of his wallet and put it in mine, to pay for the whisky. He opened his eyes and looked at me, and tried to say something, but with the gag in his mouth all he could do was grunt.

"Shut up," I said.

Clancy came back with a fifth. "I see Fatso's awake. Think he might like to say a few words?"

"We could try." I propped Cigar up against the wall. "Joe," I said. "You're in a spot. We're cops."

He glared at me, and cursed through his gag.

"We can hang you for the murder of Culio if we want to, and you know it." I held out my thumb, like an artist, and measured him for size. "That fat seat of yours will just about fit in a supercharged chair."

"Ask him where we can find his boss," Clancy said.

"You heard what the man said, Joe." I turned to Clancy. "Lend me that club of yours, so I can slap him in the puss if he gets mean. I know you guys don't like that kind of stuff, but I don't mind it at all."

He gave me the blackjack, smiling. "All right, Joe," I went on. "I'm going to take that gag out of your face, and then all you have to do is tell me where your boss Jack Thumm is. Just tell me where we can find him, that's all." I pulled out the gag.

"You rat!" he sputtered. "You pig-lovin' son of—" I tapped him with Clancy's blackjack and knocked him cold again.

"You see what troubles we New York cops have? These people won't learn to speak English, and we have to beat it into them." I put the gag back in Joe Cigar's mouth. "No use to give him all that whisky," I suggested. "We might have a little of it ourselves."

"Good idea." He opened it and passed it to me for the first drink. "Are you sure his boss is Jack Thumm?"

"Bet you a month's pay," I said. "If I wasn't sure of it before, I was when the Gunner allowed he had to kill me because I mentioned Jack's name."

"Any idea where we can find him?"

"Up on Seventeenth or Eighteenth Street, somewhere."

"You know him when you see him?"

"I'll never forget him, Clancy, as long as I live. What are you after him for?"

"Kidnaping. You know about it."

"You been looking for him very long?"

"I haven't," he said. "The bureau's been looking for him ever since it happened. Since Saturday I'm on it. The last couple of years I've just been on general assignment down on the waterfront, seeing what I could pick up."

"Did you get much?" I asked.

"I got my share," he said. "I was coming down here this evening to see you, and find out what I could about my new job."

Joe Cigar gave a little moan, and moved his head. "Ask five-by-five," I said. "Wait, I'll prop him up again." I took the gag out of Joe's mouth and held the blackjack ready, but he didn't say anything.

"Are you going to talk?" Clancy asked. "Or are you going to make us belt you silly?"

Cigar didn't say anything.

"Take off his shoes, Flynn," Clancy said, in a matter-of-fact voice. "And his socks too. Then give me that paper of matches."

Cigar went white. "Don't burn my feet," he begged. "I'll talk."

"I thought so," Clancy said. "You fat boys always have tender tootsies. Take them off anyhow, Flynn. He might change his mind." He waited until I was finished. "Okay, Cigar, where can I find Jack Thumm?"

"I don't know no Jack Thumm."

"Sit on his legs, Flynn, and go to work. Give me that club, in case he screams too loud. Where can I find Jack Thumm?"

"I don't know."

"Stoke up the fire, Flynn."

I TORE a match out of the pack, and as I started to light it I felt Joe Cigar go limp. "What happened?" I asked.

"He passed out cold," Clancy said.

"He looks awful greenish to me. Maybe he's dead."

"He isn't dead." Clancy felt Cigar's wrist. "But he's had an attack of some kind. Untie him and let's get him out of here before he does die. He's no good dead."

"Where are you going to take him?"

"Me? I'm not taking him anywhere. You can get a police ambulance and they can take him."

"Wait a minute," I said. "I don't want him up here, and I don't want an ambulance up here either. You and me are going to shag him down the back stairs and get him into a taxi or something."

"I got a car downstairs."

"Well, why didn't you say so? Come on, get his shoes back on. Here, stick this gun of his in your pocket. I don't want anyone to know he was here, if I can help it. Let's go now. One—two—up he comes, the fat slob!"

We got him up between us. I turned out the light, and locked the door behind me. The halls were still deserted, and nobody saw us carry Joe Cigar down the back stairs and out the fire door. Clancy's car was right outside, and we managed to get Joe on the back seat without killing him. He lay on his side, breathing heavily.

Clancy slid behind the wheel, and as he stepped on the starter a black sedan moved up from nowhere, slowed beside us, and then started out again—fast. But I caught a view of the driver's face. It was the same guy who had been driving the car that picked me up on Gansevoort Street.

"Get after that car," I yelled, slamming the door. "That's Cigar's driver, and he saw me. If he gets away, Jack Thumm gets away too!"

(To be continued next week)

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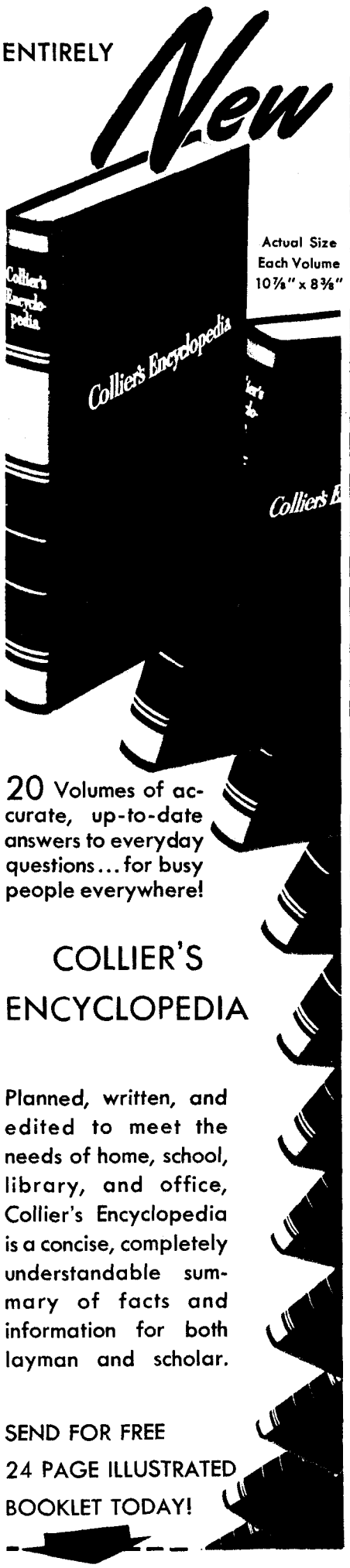

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Kith and Kin

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

right, don't let's git him. Forgit your grocery business and keep drivin' mules and sloppin' hogs. We'll just leave Sug where he's layin'."

Virgie walked over to where the dish towel hung. She was crying and needed to wipe her eyes.

"I'd like to live in town too," she lamented. "A woman likes to have women for neighbors."

Then Orville thought about his grieving wife; *and the mules, and the hogs. So he* said, "All right, hon, I'll go into Signal Rock tomorrow. You write Sug a letter tellin' him I'm goin' into the grocery business and for him to come out and rent my farm. I'll talk to Lute Mulkey and buy him out if he'll sell for five hundred dollars." . . .

It was one honest-to-goodness happy day for Orville when he paid Lute Mulkey for his grocery business and woodyard and mailed Virgie's letter to her brother Sug—only it kept deviling Orville's mind that Sug would give more time to sleeping in the sunshine than to raising a crop. That was Orville's chief worry.

He reckoned the store wouldn't look nearly so bad after he'd given it a coat of paint and changed the sign over the door from Mulkey's Economy Market to Winkler's Handy Grocery. He hated the idea of operating in competition with Stover, the main storekeeper in Signal Rock, and a right kind man who had favored Orville in the past. But folks said how Lute Mulkey didn't have many grocery customers anyway; he did a sizable business selling wood to townfolks, a commodity Stover didn't handle. Orville thought how the first thing he'd get for his business would be a big shiny desk.

WHILE Orville was prettying up his grocery store—getting it ready to *move into—Virgie got a letter from her* brother Sug, who let her know that he didn't feel like working for the time being. Besides, Sug wrote, he didn't have any money to come out on.

"Write and tell him I'll pay his way out on the train," Orville told Virgie. "We've got to have him on the farm or I cain't go into business."

Sug replied that train traveling didn't agree with him. Climbing steps onto railroad cars got his wind. But if Orville would finance him to an automobile, Sug agreed to come.

"Send him fifty dollars," Orville said to Virgie. "And an extra twenty-five for gas. He can git a secondhand car at the junkyard fit for the likes of him."

"He's my kin and I'm proud of him," spoke up Virgie. "Don't be so doggone uncomplimentary, Orville Winkler."

"Well," said Orville, "he's only kith to me and that's the nearest I'll git to him."

Sug wrote to say that he'd bought a nice little considerably used car for seventy-five dollars, and that Orville could pay out the balance in vittles from his store—because Sug expected to trade with Orville anyway. He'd need credit until he had the crop harvested.

From Wichita Falls, Texas, came a telegram collect. Sug had run out of gas and money. From Lubbock another. Tire blown out and new one needed. No funds. Somewhere on the South Plains, Sug got into jail for stealing a chicken, because he was *that* hungry. A telegram collect told how he needed money to get free again so he could keep going right on to Orville's farm. And all that sort of thing showed Orville how a businessman feels when he sends off telegraph money orders.

Then one day Orville and Virgie heard a lot of noise, and the kids ran into the house saying how kinfolks had come a-visiting. When the car stopped in the yard and the smoke from the exhaust had blown away, Orville saw Sug sitting at the wheel with Belle, his wife, beside him. In back were Sug's five kids; and among them Sug's wife's brother Milt and his woman, who couldn't leave their four kids behind—naturally. In all, the car contained thirteen mouths that had a mighty hungry look to them.

"Ain't workin' for the time bein'," Milt explained to Orville, "so we reckoned we'd just come along for the ride."

"Then I suppose you'll be gittin' home by train now that the ride is over," said Orville, *hopefully.*

"Cain't," said Milt. "We ain't got no money till Sug harvests the crop. We aim to trade with you at the store."

Orville was a man sunk in woe sure enough, though Virgie was tickled silly to see her kinfolk.

"Why did you need to bring Milt and his tribe?" Orville asked Sug when the two were alone out by the pigpen.

"Couldn't leave 'em behind when they needed a ride, could I?" snorted Sug. "No man could do nothin' as cruel as that."

"I could," said Orville.

"Well, I always did reckon, Orville Winkler," Sug said, "that you was a man shy of soft feelin's. Your heart is constructed of mighty tough meat." . . .

With Sug's folks settled on the farm, and after the big shiny desk ordered from the catalogue had arrived, Orville moved into town with Virgie and the kids. The Winkler's Handy Grocery building was elegant in its new coat of paint, and Orville had put new panes on two of the windows where gunny sacks had been before. The tin roof was still as rusty and wavy, but Orville reckoned folks in Signal Rock didn't look that high anyway. The desk was set up in the living-sleeping-cooking room rear of the store; the wholesale house had sent in a stock, and Orville felt himself mighty important.

The first customers to give him trade were Sug and Milt. Belle and Milt's wife came along on the shopping trip too, because they liked to visit with Virgie. And the nine kids.

"The thirteen of us load that mule wagon pretty heavy," said Sug to Orville, "but I always reckon we can make room for vittles. Because we're customers and that's what we've come for."

Orville loaded a sack of potatoes in the wagon; he loaded flour, lard, baking powder, coffee, and a couple hundred pound of mixed incidentals such as ham and cheese *and varieties too numerous to think about.*

THE womenfolks were out to watch Orville load the wagon, and gab with Virgie; but the nine kids stayed inside to play hide-and-seek or something around the counter in the store. Sug went to get them just before they pulled out for the farm.

"I hope they don't bust an axle," said Virgie, as she and her man watched the wagon roll away.

"I don't wish 'em that," said Orville, "but I can think of a heap worse."

He passed the candy case on his way to the desk for to enter Sug's account. "Virgie gal," he called, "when that candy drummer comes around tell him we need everything. Them Sug-Milt kids have eaten up the whole dad-blamed stock."

Virgie had a wonder on her mind that night about suppertime. "I *do* keep thinkin' why they don't drive their car to town. You bought it for them and they don't use it."

"Because the car eats gasoline and I don't sell it," explained Orville. "They cain't git gas 'cause the fillin' station man ain't kinfolks." . . .

Orville dreaded Sundays more than he did any other day of the week. That was the day when Virgie thought it would be nice to pack up some vittles and go out to the farm and visit her kinfolks. She never missed a Sunday, and Orville hated the event like he did the toothache. He grieved to look upon Sug or any of his tribe, but

COLLIER'S "He's a decent sort of a cad" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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he was truly filled with remorse when he saw the crop he'd planted grown up with weeds.

The nine Sug-Milt brats got his own six kids into learning meanness as they never had before. The whole fifteen of them did considerable damage around the yard, especially when they were playing with the ax. Virgie had to do all the cooking, because the other two women just sat by and bragged her up as a first-class vittle wrangler. There were never any menfolks for Orville to gas with outside of mealtime, for Sug and Milt had to get their proper day's amount of sleeping done in the sunshine. It was a solid blessing to Orville when the time came to go home. . . .

"We need a case of canned milk," Sug said one day when he'd come to shop.

"But I left two cows with you," said Orville. "Why do you need milk in cans?"

"We let 'em go dry," Sug told him. "All that hand action gits our wrists to painin'. We don't like to drink milk won out of such misery. And we need eggs."

"You got fourteen good hens," Orville let him know.

"They quit layin'," said Sug.

"Well, feed 'em up and they'll give you eggs."

"Cain't," said Sug.

"Why not?"

"We done ate 'em," was Sug's information.

Orville was a man in anxiety that night when he spoke to his wife Virgie.

"Thank the dear All-Providin' for good cash customers like Mrs. Lee Bassett and Pomona Hobbs," he said. "The proceeds from the woodyard just about keep us neck above ruination from the expense of feedin' your kinfolks. I swear, Virgie wife, I won't let that tribe have a stick of wood this comin' winter, 'cause if Nature aids me maybe both together we can freeze 'em out. You're a dear lovin' wife but you've got the sorriest kinfolks in Christendom."

"They got mules and wagon," comforted Virgie, "and an ax. The woods ain't but two miles from the farm. When they git wood for themse'fs this winter you'll be proud of my kinfolks yit."

THE day Orville took out for the farm to tell Sug to start harvesting the crop and pay his grocery bill, he found only Belle and Milt's wife at the house. The kids were puddling around the stock tank having a good time. Sug and Milt, Belle told him, were out in the field hoeing sunflowers and cockleburs so they could see what crop they had to harvest. In the field Orville caught sight of the two hoes but he had to look around before he found Sug and Milt. They had gone to sleep, each in two piles of sunflowers they'd chopped out.

"When you cut the corn you can shuck and shell it," Orville told those two weary men. "There's a crank-power sheller in the barn. And after you sack it and haul it to my store, it will he'p pay your grocery bill."

"Glad to oblige," said Sug. "When do we start?"

"Any time now," Orville said.

But the world is made up of inconveniences—such as rheumatics. And rheumatics is exactly what Sug and Milt came down with on the morning they were to harvest the crop.

Orville told Virgie to mind the store when he set off to do the job himself.

"If I cut and haul in the crop you two fellers can shuck and shell it," said Orville, with the team hooked up and corn knife in hand, to Sug and Milt as they stood by watching him ready up for the field.

"I once saw a poor man git his elbow thrown out of joint by one of them hand-crank shellers," said Sug. "I'm skeered of 'em."

"Then do it by hand," said Orville.

"What!" cried Milt, pained to the quick. "You ain't askin' two men with rheumatics to do that!"

Virgie couldn't decide for herself when she helped Orville look upon the few sacks of corn he'd hauled to the store and asked her if she thought it could be entered in the books as part payment on the rent of the farm or remuneration for a portion of the vittles eaten. Or he wondered if he hadn't better get to studying that part of the business handbook he'd bought that said something about red ink . . .

Winter came to the country as it does regular.

And just as regularly to the store came Sug.

THE woodyard kept Orville's business going in spite of Virgie's kinfolks. The townfolks of Signal Rock had no hankering to chop fuel in the woods and the native wood haulers kept the yard supplied. Even Stover, Orville's grocery competitor, bought his wood from Orville. And although Orville was an easygoing man, he proved himself a tough log to split when Sug said how he'd like to charge to his account a couple wagonloads of stovewood. Orville refused him, and Sug spoke very mean words; he even lit into Virgie, saying how she was "the most heartless individual in all kinfolksery" because she wouldn't talk Orville out of his stubbornness and would stand by to let thirteen human lives freeze to death.

"Go up the mountain and git your wood. This here is for town folks," Orville told Sug.

"My ax won't cut," said Sug.

"Sharpen it. You've got a grindstone."

"I told you I'm skeered of them hand-crank machines."

So Orville gave Sug a new ax he'd sharpened with his own hands. . . .

Orville said to Virgie one day just before spring set in, "Wife, this is one heck of a concern. This mornin' Mrs. Fryer shopped and bought a full cord of wood for six dollars cash paid; this evenin' comes your brother Sug to haul off seven dollars and eighty-six cents' worth of groceries charged to credit. I cain't see how we're in business, though I sit at my desk smokin' a cigar trying to figger out that we are."

"It ain't my kin that's the trouble," said Virgie, loyal because her blood ran of the same ingredients as Sug's. "It's the competition that big Stover store gives us. That man Stover's got a monopoly on all the vittles ate out of this dad-blamed town."

"I always did have a heap of respect for Stover," Orville said. "In all my past dealin's with him he's treated me like a real friend."

And for a fact, on a day soon after that, Stover called to see Orville, to prove that he was a real friend and not any ordinary, pesky competitor.

Orville was busy around the candy case when Stover walked in, replenishing candy bars after Sug and Milt had brought the kids shopping. Virgie was in the back room hashing around the cookstove. The big merchant of Signal Rock greeted Orville as a valued neighbor.

Talk started off with the weather; then it went on to how the farmers of the valley were getting ready for the spring plant—until Stover got around to politely quizzing Orville on how Winkler's Handy Grocery was getting along.

"Ain't complainin'," said Orville, " 'cause the woodyard has been profitable enough the past winter. Trouble is, spring is here and folks won't need heatin' fuel till fall comes. But as for sellin' vittles, I reckon Signal Rock eats about two cans of sardines a week and nothin' more."

"That's tough," said Stover, sympathetically. "My trouble is that I can't keep the store stocked with enough to keep 'em fed. They're good customers who don't switch after they've been treated right for a twenty-year stretch. Signal Rock's kinda that way. I remember the day when you were a good customer too, Orville, and one of the best farmers in the valley."

"Yes," sighed Orville, "and that was less than a year ago. I hate to look at my farm these days."

"Folks tell how it's in a bad way," Stover said. "They say how it's a good farm in need of the right man to work it. They think it needs a little elbow-greasing and the chances are that the cocklebur and sun-

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flower crop will be a bumper this season."

Virgie, in the back room, had been listening and she charged to the front primed for tongue action.

"Now you hush up, Mr. Stover," she hollered, "and don't come messin' around a competin' business! You're sayin' in a roundabout way my kinfolks ain't no account and that Orville ought to get shed of 'em. The trouble is you're jealous 'cause you don't git their trade."

"Their trade would be as much worth to me as *they* are to Orville's farm," said Stover. "If I had them for customers I'd just pour a bottle of red ink over my account books and call myself charitable. And don't think they haven't tried to get their names on my books, Mrs. Winkler."

Orville was pushing Stover out the front door. He aimed to save that kind man from the bite of Virgie's tongue, which was always loaded with sharp words when she took to upholding her kinfolks.

"Honest to goodness," moaned Orville when he had Stover alone outside, "I don't know what to do. They're eatin' up the vittle stock in the grocery and my livestock on the farm—and all they do is sleep in the sunshine and leave my fields bare. My future welfare is loaded with cockleburs and the thought of it makes me itch."

"I don't like your relatives, Orville, and that's because I think a heap of you. They're not treating you right. They're not a credit to the community."

"Credit is their middle names," said Orville, "and they ain't no kin to me—only kith. When I married Virgie we became one in body and soul, except that I won't share her kinfolks. When I see 'em comin', or when Virgie hauls me out to the farm Sundays, I git so mad I could take me a gun and shoot 'em—from Sug down to the littlest."

"You don't need to shoot 'em, Orville," advised Stover. "Just get tough with 'em and run 'em off. And you can bank on me to help you."

"That's easier said than done," Orville said sadly. "Virgie's so doggone proud of that tribe. I know for a fact now that any man with his wife's kinfolks layin' around within a fifty-mile radius has no business with a grocery store. But who'll work the farm if they go away?"

"It would be better to turn your farm over to the pack rats than have that bunch there," Stover said. "Better still, go back and work it yourself."

"Then who'll run the grocery store?" Orville asked.

"I told you I'm here to help you," said Stover. "So I've got an idea."

Orville brightened. "What's that, Mr. Stover?"

"Turn your store over to Sug and Milt and let 'em eat it up."

"By golly!" exclaimed Orville. "I think you've hit on a way out."

THE spring breezes swept over Star Valley the day Orville middle-busted his cornfield, and Virgie and the kids followed behind dropping seed kernels in the rows. Orville stopped his team at the end of a row, sat down to nurse the water jug before he took a swig at it; swigged, then rested until Virgie and the kids caught up with him.

"Looks like things are betterin' up on this farm," said Orville when Virgie sat down beside him. "A cow due to find a calf within a week, if I'm any judge; and them hundred new pullets growin' fast to egg-layin' shape. And a brand-new crop of corn just about seeded. Wonder how Sug and Milt are gittin' along with the grocery business!"

"Don't talk to *me* about Sug and Milt," said Virgie, sour-like. "I cain't find myse'f callin' 'em kinfolks any more; and Lord knows, Orville Winkler, I'm proud of my blood relations. What got me plumb sore at 'em was the time they refused you credit at your own store. Wouldn't even trust you for a mess of groceries. Them sayin' how the shelves were stocked with plenty to eat and there was no need to open up for business anyway. I wish they'd go home to the Kiamishi Mountains."

"I think Stover said how he could manage that part," Orville reminded her.

"Then Heaven bless Mr. Stover," said Virgie. "He'll do it for sure in thanks to you, 'cause you're a right faithful cash customer to him these days."

"And it gripes me to think," Orville declared, "how when I asked Sug if he couldn't give me credit for vittles I could git 'em at wholesale prices with cash on the barrel, and he said nothin' doin', 'cause I'd never favored *him* that way. Lord sake, and the business is called Winkler's Handy Grocery!"

"I know," comforted Virgie. "I don't call 'em kin to me no more—only kith."

"And how when I told Sug I'd have the wholesale house cut off the supply, he just grinned and said, 'That don't worry me. There's enough here to last us thirteen hungry folks a sizable spell.' "

"That's the way of kith that ain't no kin," said Virgie. . . .

When Orville next drove his mule wagon to Stover's store for a mess of supplies, Mr. Stover called him into the back office.

"The folks of Signal Rock agree with me," said Stover, "that the Sug-Milt tribe housed in Winkler's Handy Grocery is no decorative ornament to the town. In short, we all want to drive 'em out."

"How we goin' about it?" inquired Orville.

"You sell the business from under them," advised Stover.

"Who'll want to buy a business such as that?" Orville argued. "It ain't worth the lumber it's built of."

"It's worth a lot to get Signal Rock shed of Sug and Milt."

"Then who'll buy it?"

"I will," said Stover.

Orville thought for a second his friend had gone crazy, but Stover soon let him know what he aimed to do. "I can tear down the building and use the lumber for a barn on my ranch. What grocery stock's left I can sell here. The ground I can keep for a town lot that might have value someday. I'll pay you five hundred dollars for it—just what Lute Mulkey asked of you—and all you have lost is the cash value of your generosity to Sug."

"But how will you git Sug out?" Orville was anxious to know.

"Three workmen with wrecking tools and crowbars will attend to that," explained Stover, "and just as soon as you say go we'll start proceedings."

"Go!" said Orville. "A thousand times go! But there's just one hitch, Mr. Stover, 'cause I'm still in misery. I just don't like farmin'. I want to be in business."

"What better business is there than farming for a man of your build? Agriculture is the nation's leading industry. With your little place you're a capitalist, an investor, and you help feed the people of the world. I couldn't operate without you, and the hundreds of thousands of farmers like you."

"But I still don't like to look at the drag-end of them mules," Orville said.

"That's easy overcome. You still have a little money left, haven't you?"

"Just about half of what Uncle Melvin left me," said Orville.

"All right," said Stover. "Sell the mules and buy a tractor."

On hearing such a suggestion Orville felt like dancing for pure joy, but he didn't want to act silly in front of Mr. Stover.

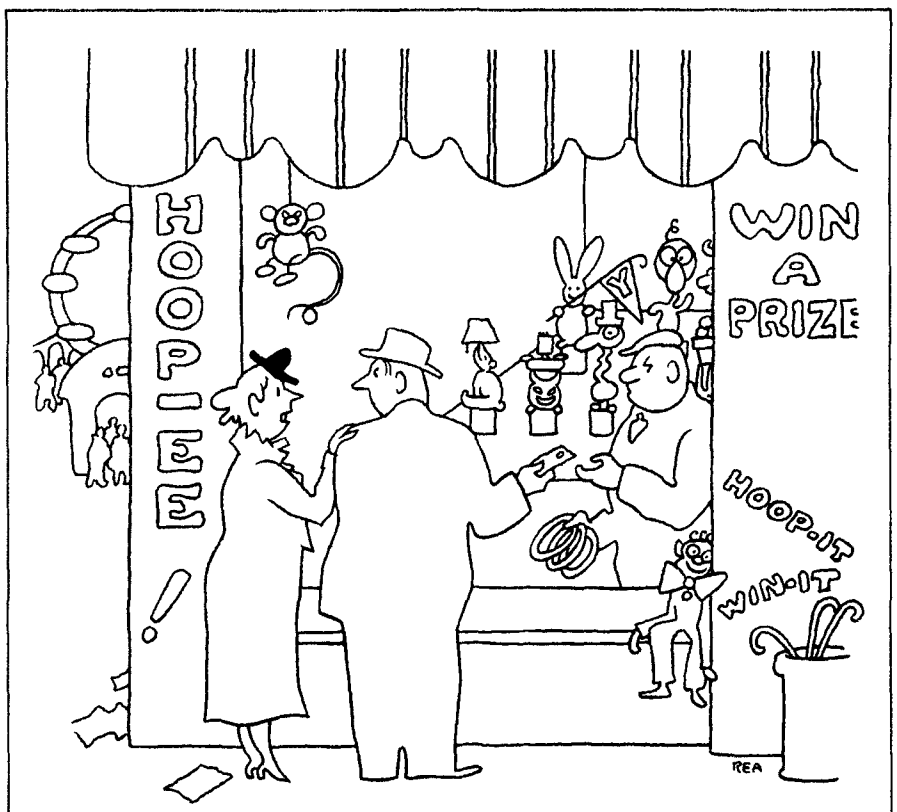
"Doggone if that don't suit me to a T," exclaimed Orville. "I should've done that at first and spared myself misery. That tractor will make my farm sure enough big business."

"The most important business on earth," agreed Stover.

Orville said how he'd start the deal with Stover just as soon as he'd get home and talk it over with Virgie, who he knew would agree.

"But there's just two things in that store I aim to keep for myse'f," said Orville, just as he fixed to leave. "I want that big shiny desk in the back room, and one box of long cigars out of the store stock."

"All right by me," said Stover, "if Sug hasn't bust the desk up for kindling and chewed the cigars for plug tobacco." . . .



"Please don't, Mortimer! You might win something"

COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

The sun scattered its beams sweetly over Star Valley. It shone on Orville as he walked across his clean field to see the tiny corn blades shoot from the ground. The brand-new heifer stood on spindly legs beside its mother, and the pullets were scratching about the yard.

The sun also cast a beam through the roofless portion of Winkler's Handy Grocery, a ray of brightness to hit the unshaven face of Sug, who was sleeping on a pallet in the back room. The loud hammering and squeak and crunch of wrecking bars as the building was ripped down didn't disturb him one mite. The noise didn't bother Milt, either; he went right on sleeping in the shade.

They were men let be in their favorite condition.

It was only when Stover called by with a helper and a truck that they ceased their snores and came awake. Stover held in his hand a can of something that smelled of gasoline.

"Here's a farewell gift to you, Sug," said Stover. "It's a gallon of gas that will get you at least ten miles along on your trip. It's good quality but even the best gas burns out. And the rest of the way it's up to you, Sug."

"I'll have the law on you, Stover, for wakin' us up in our own house," growled Sug.

"And I'll be witness!" hollered Milt from his shady corner.

"I thought maybe when the roof started to come off this morning you'd get a hint that this place belongs to me. I told the carpenters to tell you in case you got curious. But outside, in that big car, sits the law himself—and he's got papers to prove that this place is mine. First you get out, then we'll move the stock."

ALL thirteen of the Sug-Milt tribe ran to the front door so they could see for themselves what the law looked like.

"That's the law, all right," said Sug. "I can see his big badge and I'll bet he's got a six-gun on his hip." He turned to his tribe, like Moses turning to the children of Israel. "Folks," Sug said, "ain't you all gittin' lonesome for them old Kiamishi Mountains? Don't you feel like restin' comf'table on that shady porch by the tall pine tree? Golly me, the thought makes me hungry for it. So let's git goin' now that we've got a gallon of gas. We'll take along a couple sacks of flour to ballast the load."

"If you don't get going within five seconds I'll whistle for the law," warned Stover. "He's right handy."

"We ain't been treated right," growled Sug, as he took the gasoline can from Stover. "Nowhere. 'Specially not here." . . .

Orville whistled happily as he washed at the basin, getting himself slicked up for supper. The six kids stood around him asking how it felt to ride up on a tractor seat all day; for they'd watched him as he drove the brand-new red and yellow machine up and down the field. Virgie turned the frying chicken in the pan, and with full lung power sang The Little Rosewood Casket. And when supper was eaten, and Orville had said, "Wife, this is the most delicious chicken ever out of a henhouse," he selected a long, fat cigar and sat down at his big shiny desk.

He turned on his swivel chair and called to his wife. "Virgie," he asked, "have we got any late reports on how traffic is movin' east to the Kiamishi Mountains?"

Virgie stopped her after-supper song—The Letter Edged in Black—so she could reply to her man. "Not since Mrs. Lee Bassett came by that time and said how they'd run out of gas ten miles east and had a For Sale sign stuck up on the car. Sug told her they'd hitchhike the balance of the way if they could git shed of the car and some truck driver manage to crowd all thirteen of 'em in. Mrs. Bassett told how Sug said he didn't feel like workin' out gasoline wages for the time bein'. I reckon they're somewhere, but where I don't know."

So having gotten that matter off his mind, Orville opened his account book and entered how much milk the cow had given that day, and the amount of gas he'd put in the tractor, with remarks as to the weather and the condition of the growing corn. All the while he puffed on his fat cigar.

He turned on his swivel chair again and called to Virgie who was washing the supper dishes and singing The Plot in the Churchyard Grove. "Virgie gal," Orville said, and he spoke like a businessman sure enough, "you all come here and take a telegram while I dictate. Send it to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., special delivery. I aim to let him know how I'm gittin' along." THE END

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JULY Reader's Digest

REPORTS THE RESEARCH WHICH PROVES*

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

• Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay According to Published Reports!

Reader's Digest for July reports the results of "one of the most extensive, costly and practical experiments in dental history"! The toothpaste used exclusively in these experiments was Colgate Dental Cream. Be sure to read July Reader's Digest!

And read this! Over the two-year period of these experiments, brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped more decay for more people—than ever before reported in all dentifrice history on tooth decay! Yes, both clinical and X-ray examinations showed the Colgate way stopped tooth decay *best!* Better than any other home method of oral hygiene known today!

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3. Think of it! Not even *one* new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice, only Colgate Dental Cream, has proof of such results—the best results ever reported in authoritative dental literature for a dentifrice of any type!

So start your family on Colgate Dental Cream today! Children love Colgate's wonderful wake-up flavor—so it's easy to get them to use Colgate Dental Cream correctly. No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent tooth decay!

No Other Toothpaste or Powder AMMONIATED OR NOT Offers Proof of Such Results!

Always use Colgate's to clean your breath while you clean your teeth—and help stop tooth decay!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

*Colgate Dental Cream was the toothpaste used in the exhaustive scientific research reported in July Reader's Digest.

THE COLGATE WAY STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

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Hiroshima, U.S.A. Can Anything Be Done About It?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Avenue and Fulton Street in Brooklyn and a point north of Grand Central Station, with straggling fringes of flame as far up as flimsy, highly inflammable Harlem. To the east, the Brooklyn Navy Yard was alight. On the west, the docks of Jersey were burning.

The helicopters could only skirt the wreckage. For the rising fireball and the mushroom cloud that topped it had turned the sky over the East Side into a vast up-sucking chimney. Cool fresh air roared into it from all directions.

Fanned by these powerful blasts, which became superheated in their turn and intensified the chimney's upward drafts, the inner circle of fire slowly lapped into the central scar and consumed it.

* * *

The ruthless mechanics of this huge natural blowtorch was described in fragments by a trapped policeman reporting over the short-wave radio to Patrol Car 311 as it rode back and forth across uptown Manhattan.

"Calling Central. 'Kay," the voice quavered. "Calling Central. 'Kay." Then, after a pause, "Can anyone hear me? 'Kay." Another pause. "I can't get Central. Can anyone hear me? 'Kay."

Car 311 spoke up.

"Car 311. Who's calling Central, please? We can hear you. 'Kay."

Minutes passed. The voice wavered back.

"To Car 311. I'm calling Central. What happened? I can't remember my name. I saw a bright light, then something happened. My head hurts. My watch says 5:13. Call me 513. Can you hear? 'Kay."

"Car 311 to 513. Central is out. We'll relay your message to Brooklyn. 'Kay."

The Brooklyn police transmitter had been stepped up to direct the Manhattan patrols. Mayor William O'Dwyer, who once had been a cop in Brooklyn himself, was in personal charge. Car 311 relayed the report to Brooklyn. Brooklyn hadn't heard the trapped patrolman. Could he fix his location?

"Car 311 to 513. If you hear us, answer please. 'Kay."

The silence dragged. Finally, the voice came back, gasping, weaker.

"Car 513 to 311. I hear you. Don't know where I am. Streets are gone. Car is buried. In a stone doorway. Perched on steps. Was a house. Now only steps. What happened? What was that light? 'Kay."

After Car 311 explained about the bomb, the voice did not return again for five minutes. Then it was barely audible.

"Car 513 to 311. Sorry. Big wind. Sucks my breath. Will talk fast. Things crazy here, like a movie. Two different worlds, me between. One all dead. Saw two men. Only two. Naked. They crawled out. Hands over eyes, as if sun too bright. But sun low now. Don't—"

A loud crackle broke through the voice.

"Car 311 to 513. What was that? 'Kay."

"Car 513 to 311. That's fire. Few blocks off. Still have time. Listening? 'Kay."

"Car 311 to 513. We're listening. 'Kay."

When the voice came back for the last time it was strained and hollow.

"Car 513 to 311. Houses left behind me. Parts of walls. Even roofs. People moving around. More arriving. Digging, and helping. Tying things in bed sheets. Running. Men . . . in . . . white . . . coats . . . now . . ."

The voice trailed off and was not heard again. Wherever the trapped car was, fire consumed it. Police Department doctors wondered later why 513 had remembered police procedures but couldn't recall his name or his number. Psychiatrists said his unconscious could easily have done it.

It wasn't really so long for him as it probably had seemed—a few minutes more than for the men who had been trapped in headquarters, in the seven precinct stations and the 22 firehouses that were smashed by the bomb. His death had been as inevitable as any of the others. Only a professional rescue squad, fully equipped, could have pried him loose. And the rush-hour traffic snarl which the bomb tied into one huge, tight, interlocked knot blocked all wheeled surface movement south of Forty-sixth Street.

The bomb blast had blown the floor of the Brooklyn Bridge down into the waters of the East River. The Manhattan and Williamsburg spans were closed by long strings of twisted, exploding automobiles. The entrance and the exit of the Holland Tunnel were buried deep in debris. The West Side Highway was choked by its own normal spew at Seventy-sixth Street. Thousands of motorists, caught midway to or from these doorways of escape, could move neither forward nor back. They abandoned their cars and fled the unseen shadows of radioactivity.

Beneath the streets, a large fraction of the half million people who make their homes below Twenty-eighth Street on Manhattan were arriving as usual on the subways, getting off the trains, walking upstairs and finding their world destroyed. Some raced wildly through the hills of rubble in search of home and family. Others cringed from the spurting flames of broken gas pipes and the sputtering sparks of short-circuited power lines. Panic swept down from the shattered streets and an emotional chain reaction burst on the subway platforms. At first, there was pushing and shoving. Then clawing and screaming. Women fainted and were trampled underfoot. Those on the edges of the platforms tried to push back, but were toppled over. Wriggling mounds of human forms blocked the tracks in a half-dozen stations, and only the everyday miracle of split-second subway timing prevented a massacre. Oncoming trains, slowed by dispatchers who had been alerted over loud-speakers on the platforms, eased along as though loaded with dynamite.

In his office on Hudson Street, flanked by rows of broken windows beneath the twisted shell of the building's upper floors, Col. Sidney H. Bingham, chairman of the Board of Transportation, tried to telephone Mayor O'Dwyer. The lines were down. Only the independent circuit of the IRT, roundly cursed in normal times as a damnable nuisance, was open. Bingham barked orders over it.

Minutes later, at all the stations on Forty-second Street, from Eighth Avenue to Grand Central, south-bound expresses were boarded by special crews who went through the cars bawling:

"All out here for lower Manhattan. This is the last stop in Manhattan. The next stop on this train will be Brooklyn."

In Brooklyn, the crews of northbound expresses took up the chant:

"The first stop in Manhattan will be Forty-second Street. This train will make no stops in lower Manhattan."

Local trains were emptied altogether at these points and turned into shuttles. Refugees rode them out; doctors and nurses from the emergency squads of uptown hospitals rode them in. These were the figures in white that the dying policeman had reported arriving.

Wherever the spreading fires gave them openings, these ministering heroes picked among the rubble piles for living bodies. They found only scraps in many places: fingers, feet, chunks of torso, jawbones, ears and noses, and frightful living things.

There were wretches with burns so deep that the flesh sagged from the bones like overcooked meat. Babies, with skin flapping loose in yellow patches, lay in the arms of mothers whose blood vessels leaked and flooded their faces with revolting purple.

At one point, far from any recognizable sign of a theater, in an unbroken row of theater seats, the bodies of two soldiers and a girl sat upright, staring open-eyed straight ahead, as though still engrossed in the screen. A broad smile was fixed on the girl's face, bright with lipstick. On either side of the trio, the empty seats were all folded neatly upward.

Young Dr. Hector Perrone marveled at the incongruities of Fate. He himself would have been dead, caught perhaps in the act of bending over, his stethoscope hanging from his ears and a probing hand outstretched, had he kept his usual office hours on West Ninth Street. Why had he gone to Bellevue at just that time? He couldn't remember any compelling reason, now that he thought of it. Anyhow, he had gone. The blast of the bomb had struck Bellevue, struck heavily. Fires had broken out. But patients and the staff had all survived. And after evacuation to Welfare Island had got under way on barges and tugs, behind the protective streams of the fireboats, Perrone hopped the Lexington Avenue subway along with the emergency crew, which had lost time at first by trying to ride the sidewalks in an ambulance.

Once having passed under the outer barriers of rubble, Perrone stumbled upon a man who sat on a stone, holding a limp, dead child in each arm. He had promised their mother to tend them while she went to the hairdresser, he said, and he wouldn't think of giving them to strangers. His obliviousness to the world in which he was now living was so profound that he gave no sign of emotion in the presence of another half-roasted soul who had propped himself in a pool of water formed by a smashed fire hydrant. It was still gushing because the trucks that should have closed the water mains were blocked in traffic and it took hours to shut them off by hand.

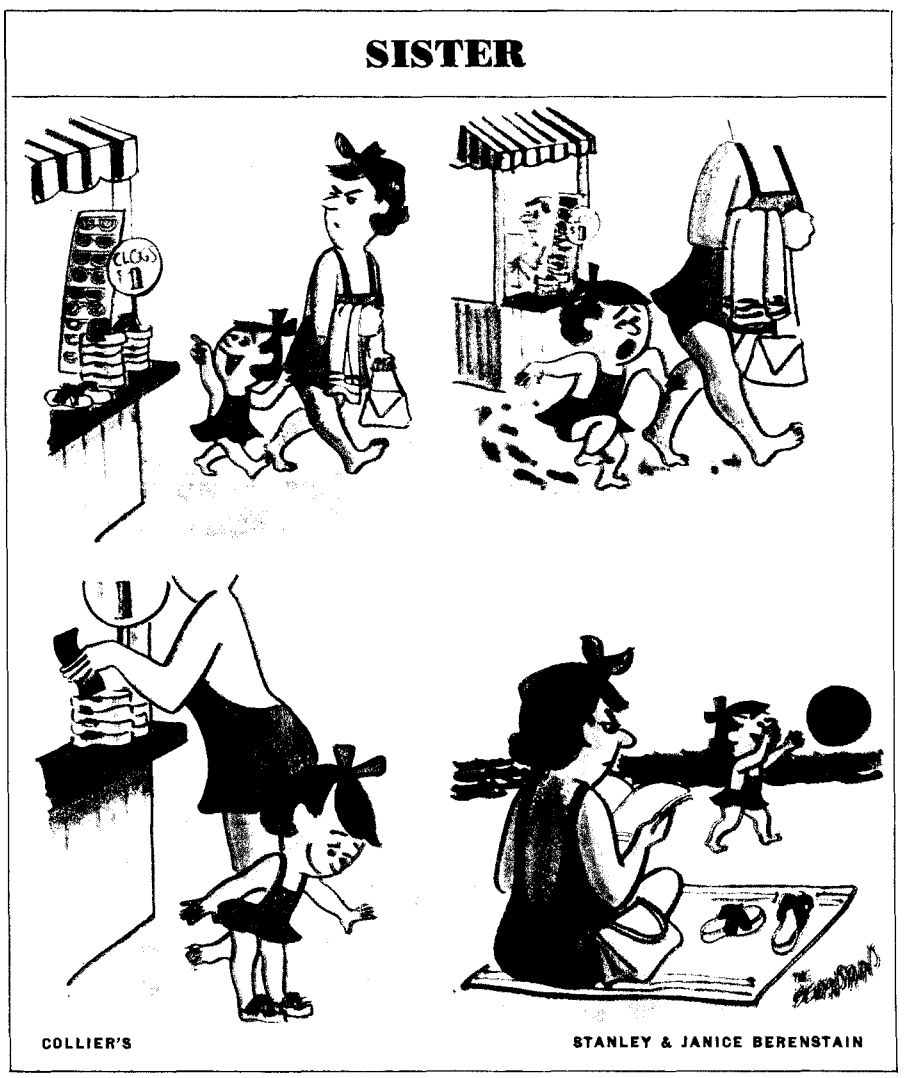
Fire drove the Samaritans back again and again. Each time they fled underground and rode on to the next stop, until at last they reached a point where there was not enough oxygen left to breathe and their clothes were ripped off by the inward suck of the towering invisible chimney. By then, the tar in the streets was melting. It oozed down the subway steps, crept slowly over the platforms, and dripped onto the rails. Before night ended, many lines were closed.

* * *

A mere handful of people was taken off the great scar through this subterranean channel. But out beyond the scar, where the ruin lessened as the circumference of the circle of damage widened, thousands of lives were saved. Had there been no subways, those thousands almost certainly would have been doomed. For the traffic in the streets above was still entangled hours after the central fire had roared out of control above the skyline.

Every policeman in the city had been called out. Every reserve patrolman had been summoned. The National Guard had been sent by Governor Thomas E. Dewey at the request of Mayor O'Dwyer. All but emergency vehicles were barred south of Fifty-ninth Street. Only outbound cars were allowed in the Lincoln and Midtown tunnels. Open lanes were maintained on the Triboro and Queensboro bridges for the passage of ambulances and fire trucks.

As many as five men were assigned to clear a single intersection. Commuting motorists who had hoped to reach New Jersey ended up at Coney Island. Men whose wives were waiting patiently in Jamaica, Little Neck and White Plains found themselves in Hackensack and Allentown. Dinners grew cold, appointments were unkept, babies arrived without benefit of attending physicians; literally millions of inconveniences, major and minor, were unintentionally perpetrated. But by nine-thirty that night it was possible for the fire engines to reach Twenty-sixth Street.



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DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Egyptologist, Cairo	The secret substance which Egyptians used to mummify bodies was nothing more than common soda lye.
Neuropsychiatrist, Washington University	The most easily tickled region of the human body is not the armpit, but the upper lip—and next to that, the palm.
Engineer, Northwestern University	A person of very low intelligence makes as poor an auto driver as an intellectual giant—the best driver is a high-grade moron.
Historian, Middle America Information Bureau	The banana is not native to Central America—it originated in India and was brought to the New World by Spaniards.
Anthropologist, Smithsonian Institution	Eskimos have more backbone than the rest of us—one out of eight Eskimos has 25 vertebrae instead of the conventional 24.
Physiologist, Mellon Institute	People get really very little "absolute rest" while sleeping—only 11 minutes per night are dreamless, on the average.
Curator, American Museum of Natural History	All sharks aren't man-eaters—of the 100 species known, only the white shark attacks humans.
Physicist, Ohio State University	Skyscraper airsickness does not come from building sway, but from observing the sway of objects in the building.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

By that time, a frantic horde of parents, children, husbands, wives, brothers, aunts, nephews, in-laws, friends and lovers had pushed, dug and torn their way into the ravaged remains of their streets and houses, had hunted and called and lifted and pried and peered and prayed and, at last, had reluctantly retreated empty-handed and desolate before the heat which rode the southwest wind. The toiling firemen having brought the lesser blazes of upper Manhattan and Brooklyn safely under control set up an engine pool in Central Park. From it they strung 50 pumpers across the north side of the remaining tempest of flames, and raised a continuous curtain of water to cool the air and curb the storm. At the southern tip of the island 20 more engines were brought through the new Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel to push another confining curtain toward the north. On the east and west were the fireboats, hurling the tides of the great rivers upward in tall cascades.

At the moment, nothing more could be done. The time of the wake had come. The lower island's funeral lamp was visible at sea. One boat passenger described it as "a candelabra blazing in the hand of God." Molten tracery limned the heavens for hundreds of feet above the tip of the Woolworth Building. Smaller towers on either side bracketed it with flaming steps.

In the flickering light of these lofty torches moved a strange procession. Tens of thousands of homeless men, women and children roamed the streets above Times Square. *Where were they to go?* The Salvation Army fed them coffee and sandwiches. The Red Cross offered to help them locate relatives. But many were past hunger. And many had no families. *Where were they to go?*

Their situation grew more pathetic as the hours went by. They had to get out of the firemen's way. They couldn't interfere with the movement of Red Cross volunteers and blood donors who were coming in from all directions now that the radio again was able to broadcast news and plead for help. The hotels were crowded. The parks were filled to the last bench and blade of grass. This was full and that was full. *Where were they to go?*

There was no place for them to go except over the bridges to Queens, the Bronx and the Palisades. They streamed through the night to the edge of exhaustion and slept where they fell. "We can thank Heaven," said one police official who herded them onward, "that this is summertime."

Those, however, were merely the homeless. They were lucky. They were whole. They could move. The burned, the crushed and the broken—except for the comparatively few thousands who were squeezed into the already crowded hospitals and treated before the available medical supplies were gone—could only lie still and wonder when the bandages would come, what had happened to the morphine and the penicillin, where were the unguent salves and the cooling oils, and why, if they needed blood (as the nurses said they did), the bottles weren't hanging there to feed their thirsty veins.

They loved New York, all of them. They had been happy in its magic spell. They refused to believe that the great pulsing giant to which they were such close kin could ever be so overwhelmed by anything as to fail to care for them. Yet there they were, row upon painful sleepless row, irascible, restless, sobbing and filthy, on cots, on blankets, on coats, on boards, on cellar doors and anything else that would hold them, laid out on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, in the lobbies of the Waldorf-Astoria, along the corridors of the Public Library, under cubistic masterworks in the rooms of the Museum of Modern Art, in the naves of St. Patrick's Cathedral and St. John the Divine, the concourses of Grand Central and Pennsylvania Railroad stations, the auditoriums of scores of public schools and the vast cool cellars of Rockefeller Center: all waiting for the Red Cross or the Army or the Government or Somebody to replenish New York's exhausted cupboard of blood plasma, drugs and surgical dressings.

Reporters who interviewed them in their temporary havens dared not reveal that the largest blood bank in the city had been crushed when the buildings on East Twentieth Street collapsed, or that the Army couldn't be much help to civilians now because it was occupied with the opening of World War III. No, it was easier to say that help was coming. And that was true.

Survivors were found who had come up from the Eighth Avenue subway at Houston Street and Broadway in time to see Ground Zero, just after the bomb exploded 2,000 feet up. The blast had wrecked all but the upright pillars of the El at that spot and stripped away the stations for a mile along the Bowery north of Chatham Square. Houston Street was reduced to 20-foot piles of debris for blocks in each direction. Players on the wood-framed *boccie* courts on the north side of the street were charred to a crisp in the midst of their game.

* * *

The wind that followed the bomb blast hit the Brooklyn Bridge at a speed of 150 miles an hour. Petrified witnesses watched the bronze statue of Civic Fame fly off the top of the Municipal Building in one piece, pursued by tremendous blocks of granite. Trees around tiny City Hall were shorn of their branches, subway kiosks were twisted grotesquely, but the Hall itself lost only its cupola.

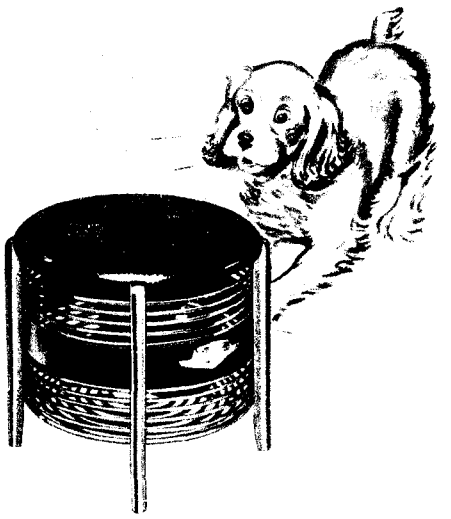
The broad face of the Woolworth Building looked directly into the blast, one mile away. The entire top of its glorious Gothic tower was denuded and bent toward Battery Place. Small mountains of rubble, 175 feet high, rose between it and the Transportation Tower, which was shielded from immediate destruction but later caught fire through its broken windows.

Stone parapets pelted into the streets, along with a rain of splintered glass, all the way from Battery Park to Thirty-sixth Street. Upper floors of the Federal Building, the U.S. Post Office, New York Bell, American Telegraph and Telephone, 45 Nassau, 165 Broadway, 270 Broadway, the Home Life and Hide and Leather buildings spewed granite and terra cotta in torrents upon the lower city. Even such distant towers as 120 Wall, Bank of Manhattan, National City, 15 Broad, Irving Trust, Chase National and Standard Oil were scarred and battered. Only the southwest wind saved them from cremation.

The wonders of Chinatown were irrevocably smashed. Not even a hint remained of the whereabouts of Tom Noonan's Mission and the Joss House at Mott and Pell streets. Farther north, all but the fringes of Greenwich Village were annihilated. The Provincetown Playhouse, Eddie Condon's hot jazz joint, Charles' restaurant, the Esposito Brothers' store, Winegarden's auction rooms, the singing waiters at Asti's, Café Society and the Albert Hotel—passed beyond recall. Old St. Vincent's Hospital, the New School for Social Research, the Fifth Avenue Playhouse—all obliterated. The offices of The Villager, the sidewalk tables of the Brevoort—gone.

In Washington Square, park benches and dry wood caught fire and were instantly consumed. All but the largest trees were felled in a northwesterly direction. The lovely old homes on the north side of the Square were razed with such force that MacDougal Alley was closed up and buried. The perfect Tuscan tower of the Judson Memorial Church was thrown into the park, and even its yellow brick could not be distinguished from the rest of the debris. The whole south face of No. 1 Fifth Avenue was torn off and its light steel tower was deformed backward toward Washington Court. Occupants of the top 10 floors were knocked unconscious by the blast and swept out of the building.

In spite of its width, Fifth Avenue was



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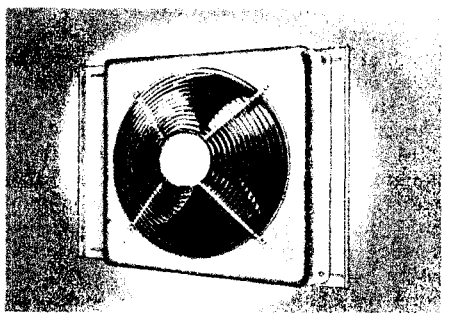

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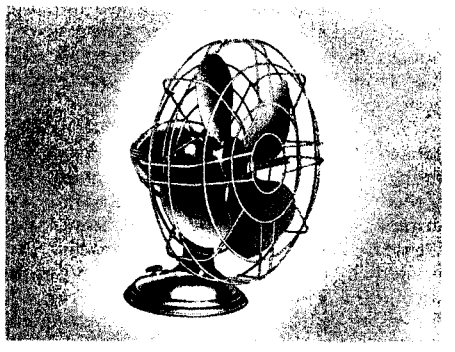

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blocked at a dozen places between No. 1 and Fourteenth Street, where S. Klein's bargain emporium came down on the heads of its milling customers. At Fifteenth Street and Irving Place, the Consolidated Edison Tower was completely wrecked, and disruption of its control panels added to the confusion and power failures which followed destruction of the generators at Fourteenth Street and across the river near the Navy Yard. The faces of the clocks on the Metropolitan Life Building at Twenty-fourth and Madison spun erratically down into Madison Square. North of that, property damage was slight, if it can be called slight to have millions of windows broken.

All over the lower East Side at the time the bomb struck, mothers and grandmothers had been sitting on doorsteps and on kitchen chairs on the sidewalks, catching a last breath of fresh air before cooking dinner. They were bouncing babies on their laps or pushing the buggies back and forth when the ghostly light appeared. The children screamed, their faces livid. Older bodies needed a fraction longer to react to the pain of their burns. Vicious welts and blisters formed on their skins.

* * *

Death and anguish swept the city in this peculiar form—on the tennis courts and baseball diamonds along the East River, the sidewalks of Broadway as far north as Herald Square, the walks and benches of the Battery, Stuyvesant Square, Washington Square, Tompkins Square, Hamilton Fish Park, Union Square Park, Seward Park and Madison Square. Those who were closest to the point of explosion were roasted to death, instantaneously, where they sat. Only those who happened to be shaded by intervening buildings or trees, as was the case in Gramercy Park, escaped.

That was the story as the reporters pieced it together on the night of the explosion. But that was only the beginning. The fire raged on for three days, consuming Bellevue Hospital and the East River housing projects from Brooklyn Bridge to Twenty-third Street. As the flames gradually died, the firemen and the bulldozers closed in together, grimed and sweating, sometimes one, sometimes the other in the lead, depending on whether it was fire or rubble which had to be attacked first. Over their noses they bound handkerchiefs soaked in rum and cologne to kill the stench. Behind them trundled truckloads of lime.

At the end, New York was confronted by a water shortage far worse than the one it had fought with bathless and shaveless days for months before the bomb fell. Food, too, had to be rationed. The Fulton Fish Market was burned out on the East Side, gutted piers isolated the wholesale vegetable and meat markets along Washington Street by the Hudson, and the Jersey warehouses that normally stored incoming edibles from the North, West and South had gone up in smoke.

Demand for drugs and medications exceeded the supply for several weeks, even though the burden of care was gradually spread by shipping patients to hospitals as distant as Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis and Denver. Parasites, insects and rodents, attracted by the stench of decomposition within the bomb blast scar, gave rise to threats of epidemic, which worsened when those who had at first fled their ruined homes filtered back through the National Guard cordons by smuggling themselves in from the rivers at night.

One month after the explosion, officials were still totting the damage. Deaths were estimated at 180,000 (the figure went up slightly every day because people who had counted themselves as fortunate survivors were succumbing to their exposure to gamma radiation during that instant of flash); and the number of nonfatal injuries clearly exceeded that figure. The value of destroyed property ran into billions. A whole generation of social advance was wiped out with the housing projects along the East River.

Yet these were minor items. The greatest loss was one of faith. To those who looked to us for an example, democracy was not a good risk until it prepared itself to survive.

FORTUNATELY for all of us, the report you have just read is fiction. It may never happen. But the ominous possibility has been hanging over our heads day by day since September, 1949, when, our atomic strategists tell us, the Russians exploded the atom.

If it ever does happen, the frightfulness will almost certainly be more apocalyptic than anything described in these pages. For this documentary account is a conservative application, to Manhattan Island, of the minimum known consequences of explosion of *one* of the *1945 model* A-bombs. And the Russians, if they once decide to attack us, surely will drop *two* or *three* or *four* of the *1950 models*, each of which would ruin almost twice the area here circumscribed and completely paralyze the port. In fact, one of the primary assumptions of current military planning for defense of the United States is that an enemy's first move will be to try to disable not only New York but the entire Atlantic seaboard and perhaps some inland industrial centers as well *before* attacking Western Europe and Britain.

We are pathetically unprepared to face such an eventuality, or, for that matter, any A-bomb threat. Five years have passed since Hiroshima, yet almost none of our soldiers, sailors, Marines and fliers is versed in the science of atom warfare. Training of the rank and file will not begin until this fall. On the home front, the people whose participation alone can make total defense total have been kept in such thorough ignorance that their only reaction is vague, unreasoned fear.

A public opinion poll in the month of June, 1950, indicated that almost a third of our population, the most ingenious and enlightened scientific people in history, either doesn't know what to think about atomic defense or doesn't believe any defense is possible. This in spite of the fact that seven out of ten people expect to be bombed, and six of the seven have tried to figure out how to protect themselves and their families.

The private citizen is not alone in his confusion. Many public officials are equally bewildered. Elmer E. Robinson, the Mayor of San Francisco, testified as follows before the Senate's McMahon Committee:

"As I understand the effect of an atomic attack, after it has occurred the radiation remains in the area, and you are not permitted to depart that area; and neither are those who would come to your relief permitted to enter that area."

This is a woefully wrong impression. Nevertheless, it was the sincere belief of the mayor of one of the most vulnerable atomic targets in the country, a man who took considerable trouble to seek accurate information about A-bombings.

The history of Mayor Robinson's search for atomic truth is enlightening. The Washington bureaucrats he queried advised him to invest 10 cents in an Atomic Energy Commission pamphlet entitled, Medical Aspects of Atomic Weapons. Last January 27th, he sent the Government Printing Office a requisition for 25 copies of the pamphlet, accompanied by a postal money order for $2.50. One week later the requisition came back with a green slip attached, saying, "We regret that temporarily we do not have stock of the publication you ordered." The "temporary" shortage lasted until the end of April.

By that time, Mayor Robinson had started east to attend the annual U.S. Conference of Mayors in New York City. There he was further irritated by a message President Harry S. Truman sent to the conference. In the course of exhorting the mayors to speed organization of Civil Defense in their home towns, the message said:

"Since last October the federal government has transmitted a substantial amount of guidance material on Civil Defense to the governors of the states for subsequent transmission to their local governments."

* * *

This White House pronouncement was delivered in May. Although Collier's had assigned me to dig out facts about Civil Defense six weeks earlier, I had not seen anything I considered "substantial . . . guidance." So I asked the National Security Resources Board for a complete file of the material that had gone to the governors. This is what I got:

A model state law for Civil Defense, taken from a study the White House had refused to accept as a basis for a federal law for Civil Defense.

A request that each state appoint a Civil Defense director, at a time when the federal government was ignoring demands for appointment of a Federal Civil Defense director.

A notice of the existence of 400 technical reports, half of them still classified as military secrets, few if any of them easily readable by a layman.

A promise of future publication of an atomic effects handbook, which already had been promised one year earlier.

A plea to industry to disperse new factories.

A request for studies of local water, communications, shelter, first aid, fire, police and manpower resources that could be used in atomic attack—these studies to be made by local officials without authoritative knowledge of what the attack would be like.

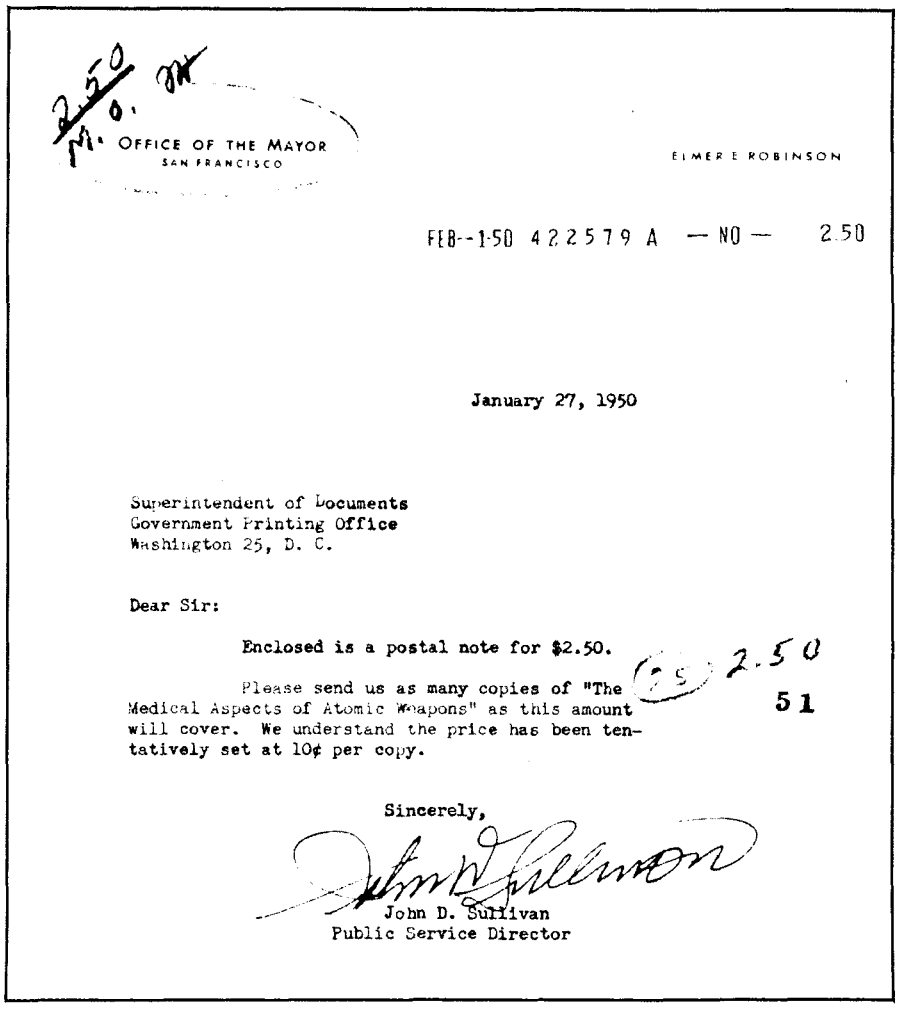
A warning that mutual aid pacts among the states would be required for atomic defense and, with this cryptic communication, a request that the states advise the federal government what subjects the pacts should cover!

An announcement of limited courses in detecting radioactive contamination following A-bomb attack.

A caution that governors who had sent students to these courses should not *attempt to organize detection squads with equipment used in the courses because the cost would be out of proportion to the results achieved.*

Two Atomic Energy Commission pamphlets on the effects of atomic weapons, hurried into print in an effort to prevent Congressional criticism of Truman's hush-hush policy, and deliberately phrased to be obscure because the experts who wrote them couldn't agree among themselves precisely what they wanted to say.

A long bibliography of other articles, pamphlets and books in which local officials could read for themselves the history of Civil Defense, if they could find the time.



OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
SAN FRANCISCO

ELMER E ROBINSON

FEB--1-50 422579 A — NO — 2.50

January 27, 1950

Superintendent of Documents
Government Printing Office
Washington 25, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is a postal note for $2.50.

Please send us as many copies of "The Medical Aspects of Atomic Weapons" as this amount will cover. We understand the price has been tentatively set at 10¢ per copy.

2.50
51

Sincerely,

John D. Sullivan
Public Service Director

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UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
DIVISION OF PUBLIC DOCUMENTS
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

We regret that temporarily we do not have stock of the publication you ordered. We have placed a rush order for copies and your request has been scheduled to receive immediate attention as soon as copies come off the presses.

Your original letter or order is returned, and we will appreciate your keeping it as a receipt until you receive the publication.

We are sorry for this delay.

SUPERINTENDENT OF DOCUMENTS

San Francisco's mayor, seeking guidance in setting up long-range policy, sent to Washington for material and received this form letter in answer

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Nowhere in this contradictory hodgepodge was there a simple, understandable answer to the one question that mattered. As an editorial writer put it in The New York Times: "Just what should citizen John Jones do in the event of a catastrophe? Where should he go and how should he get there?"

Small wonder the mayors were in no mood to be needled by the White House. President Truman had junked three successive Civil Defense studies—the Bull report of February, 1948; the Hopley report of November, 1948; and the Gill report of May, 1949—without proposing anything better, or even anything else. On August 1, 1949, he had abolished the Office of Civil Defense Planning in the Department of Defense, the one agency that was doing anything about Civil Defense, thus disrupting what halting continuity of preparation there had been and sidetracking the country's best informed man on the subject, spunky, clam-mouthed Lieutenant Colonel Barnet Beers.

After announcing that responsibility for Civil Defense would be turned over to the National Security Resources Board, Truman allowed NSRB's power to be dissipated among nine other government agencies. Not until March 1, 1950, after two Congressional committees had started nosing into civil unpreparedness, did Paul J. Larsen, an engineer from Los Alamos, assume the Directorship of Civilian Mobilization. He reported to NSRB, and NSRB was still as headless as Truman had left it since the end of 1948. Finally, in March of 1950, Stuart Symington was named as NSRB's boss. Larsen went to work, only to find all channels leading from his desk stopped: Truman's policy was that of not taking the lead the country expected of him.

The professed reason for the White House coyness was that democracy requires proposals for home-front controls to originate at the political grassroots and come up through the states. A more compelling consideration is that a request to Congress for legislation must necessarily be specific. And the specifications listed for me by Larsen himself reveal a scandalous lack of protection in the congested population centers whose votes decide elections.

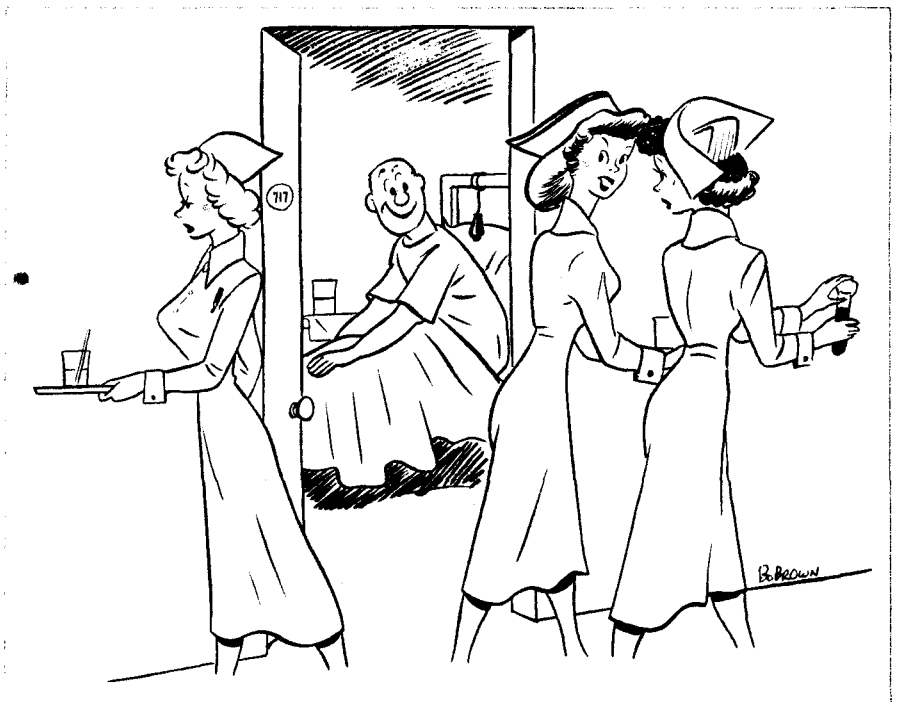
There are not enough bandages or medications in the entire country to meet the needs of one large city in the event of an A-bomb explosion. Horrible burns are expected to cause the greatest number of deaths wherever an A-bomb falls, but no standard treatment for serious burns has been developed and most modern doctors are too highly specialized in their regular practice to be able to treat burns except by a simplified formula. Blood will be called for in vaster quantities than any city—or several cities—can supply, but it cannot be transported from other states because there is no federal law to guarantee its purity; besides, there is no standard method of taking blood from people who will want to give it quickly in emergencies. Doctors licensed in one state cannot help in states nearby without risking criminal prosecution. Policemen and firemen in neighboring cities and states often have no common language of command, and so could only get under one another's feet.

Because of atomic secrecy, Washington alone has known these frightening facts. For five years responsible voices there have done nothing to formulate a program for educating the people. If the governors now can be persuaded to overlook this and to take upon themselves the burden of initiating defense measures (they will be approached officially to do so in September), knowledge of the deplorable lack of consecutive thinking in Washington will become public in driblets. In that form, its political impact will be diluted and the danger of outraged protests at the polls in this fall's crucial Congressional battle will be averted. It will then be perfectly safe to present a Civil Defense law to the new Congress in January.

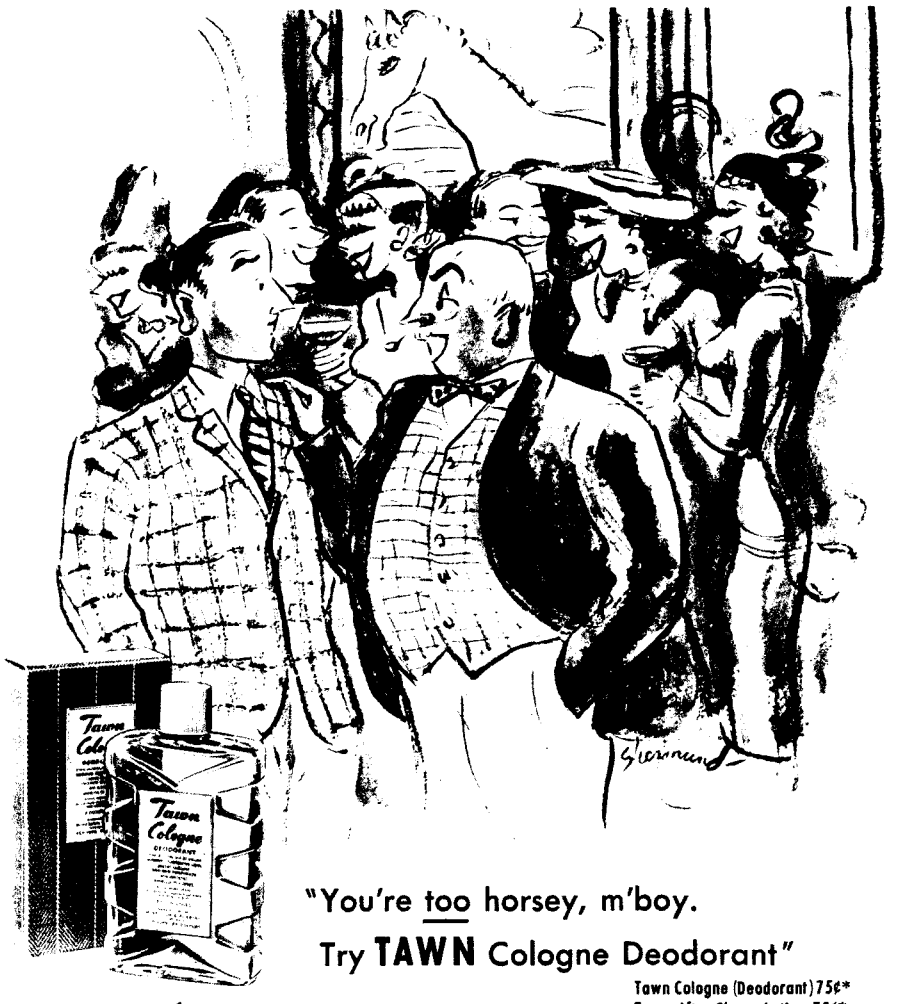
As a smokescreen for these political maneuvers, the Washington bureaucrats are throwing up a barrage of double talk about fear of a "garrison state." The phrase is used to imply that unless Civil Defense is organized at a snail's pace the American people will end up in a tight military fist. The obvious truth is this: The longer intelligent civil organization is deferred, the more inevitable military control becomes when the crisis strikes. If civilian authority breaks down under sudden unexpected stress, there must be martial law or chaos.

That is the lesson inherent in the documentary version of an A-bomb explosion with which this article opened. A colossal freak, no more representative of the average American city than some remote cattle town in Oklahoma, New York here is purely symbolic of Truman's folly. Our greatest port, our most vital assembly and dispersal point for troops, is totally unprepared against an A-bomb blast. Yet its tremendous size and vitality would enable it to absorb an A-bomb (or even two) and still live. Few other major cities are so fortunate. Most of them could be paralyzed by one blow—as long as their people are not ready.

Britain has faced up to the problem of living with the A-bomb, setting a standard we shall do well to follow. For a hopeful report on preparations in progress abroad, *turn to page 16*



COLLIER'S "717's here for observation!" BO BROWN



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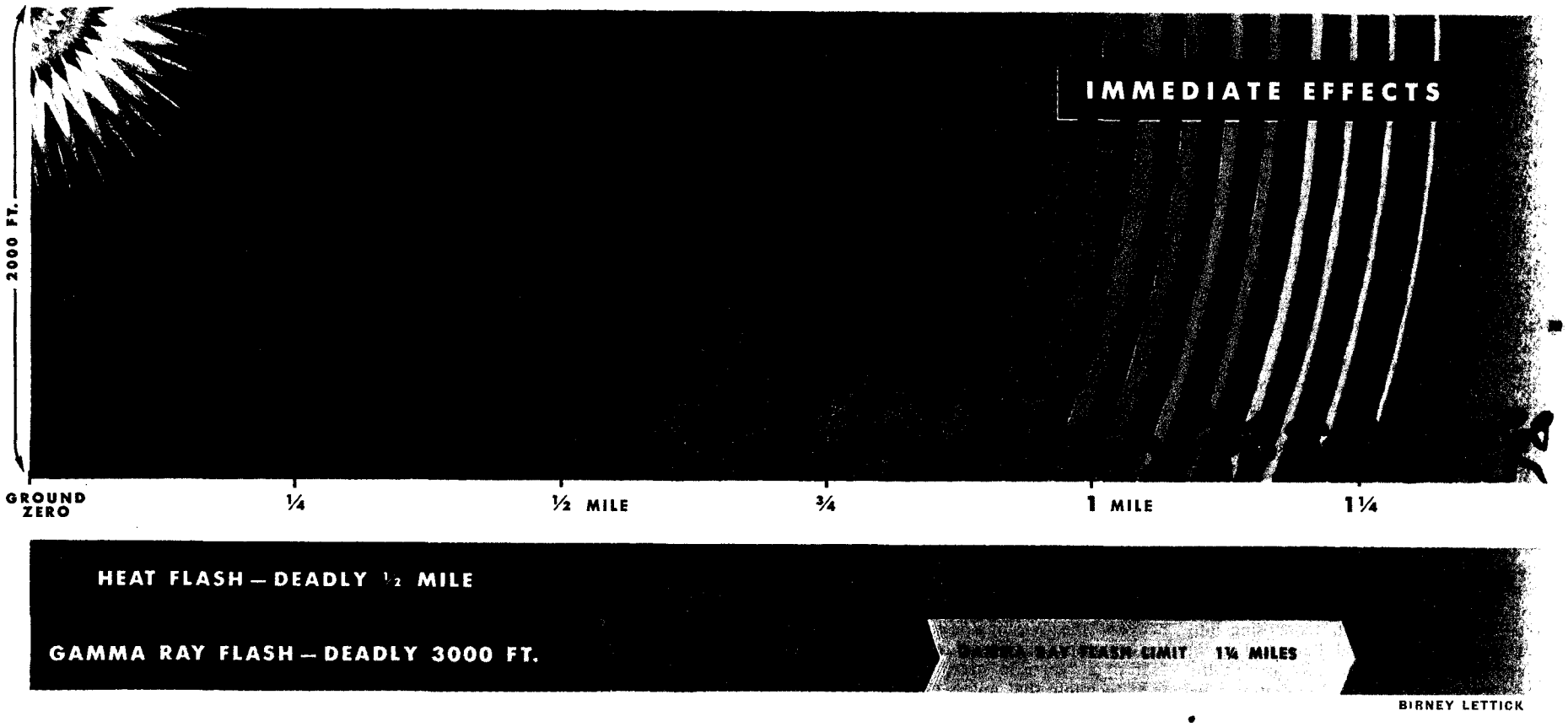

Hiroshima, U.S.A. Something Can Be Done About It

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

two to three hours in which those who are able may escape. But what about those mystery killers—radioactive contamination and induced radioactivity?

Their lethal power has been grossly exaggerated. Nuclear fragments of the bomb will be scattered after the blast, in varying intensities depending on the weather. In any burst more than 500 feet above the ground, they will be so widely distributed in most instances as to constitute no danger whatever. Bombs bursting below the 500-foot level, or underwater, will be more accidental than intentional, because the damage they do will be too limited to make them worth the enemy's while.

In those cases, greatest danger will lie in breathing or swallowing the submicroscopic particles. An ordinary gas mask is adequate protection against either possibility. Rubber gloves, to cover overlooked skin wounds that might provide entry into the blood stream, and denims stuffed securely into rubberized boots are all the protection anyone requires, beyond a sound scrubbing afterward with very soapy water. The ordinary man can safely dismiss the problem, for reconnaissance against contamination is best carried out by expertly trained crews wearing plastic badges which change color as danger grows. But it may encourage him to know that even after ground-level bursts it is not fatal to walk through the bomb craters.

"By all means tell people," one testy instructor at the Hawkhills urged us, "that the mere presence of radioactivity will not cause them to fall down dead. They won't even get fits."

It all depends on how many swigs you take, how close together, and how many jiggers of what proof are in the glass.

Our class became accustomed to the truth of this by sitting through one hour-long session with a Geiger counter, hearing its intermittent clicks record the passage of cosmic rays which constantly bombard us all from far out in space every moment of our lives.

On the night I arrived at the Hawkhills from London, shivering in the damp chill of a late Yorkshire spring, I was under the persuasive spell of five years of propaganda to the effect that the A-bomb was all-powerful. The thought of effective defense hadn't entered my head. How could there possibly be any escape from a thing that could kill in three different ways in less than a minute? But after seeing lantern slides from the British mission report on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and playing that ridiculous game of "button, button," I was ready to accept the British view that no matter how terrifying the A-bomb may be, there are at least partial defenses against it, and we may as well learn to use them.

The decision was made somewhat easier by the discovery that the British had taken the same pragmatic approach to bombs before and had come out better than even they had expected. In World War I, for instance, German raiders killed or wounded 100 people with every ton of explosives they dropped on London. From that experience it had been calculated that in any future war every ton of bombs would cause at least 50 casualties and that 17 of the 50 would die.

The actual death rate in Hitler's blitz, however, was only one per ton of high-explosive bombs, including the big block-busters. The fly bombs pushed this up to four, and the rockets to seven or eight—still less than half what the theoreticians had predicted and only a third of the number officially expected after the raids on Barcelona in the Spanish civil war.

The manufacture of an A-bomb is reputed to cost somewhere between $1,000,000 and $5,000,000. At that price, no nation can afford to waste very many. And A-bombs are wasted to whatever degree their destructive power is spent over water or open country or thinly populated parts of towns or cities.

Knowing that the most accurate bombing of World War II was done by an outfit called the Dam Busters and that those sharpshooters, after five years of practice, came no closer than 200 yards of bull's-eye on the average, the British figure a half mile off target as the minimum probable error of unopposed A-bomb carriers. That margin they plan to increase by fierce defense of vital points, at the same time strengthening shelters so that what bombs do fall will have little effect on home-front morale or war output. Intended result: abandonment of the A-bomb as an uneconomical weapon.

According to the British scale of military values, there are only 25 vital areas in Great Britain today worth the expenditure of an A-bomb. None of them will be attacked, Britons reason, until after attempts have been made to knock out the Eastern ports of the United States and perhaps Midwestern industrial centers between the Canadian border and the Ohio River. England's western ports would be next in line. After that it would be anybody's guess.

Before the Korean incident occurred, the earliest date the British expected all this to happen was 1955. On the western side of the Iron Curtain, at least, the hope is that it will never occur. To avoid all suspicion of aggressive intent, the British government is holding Civil Defense mobilization down to a strictly peacetime footing. At present, paid personnel numbers 1,000 men or less.

The Accent Is on "Defense"

Training of volunteers outside the government service is deliberately stretched out over a three-year period. Intensive preparation is restricted to paper work whose defensive character cannot reasonably be challenged.

Because of these limitations, imposed by international diplomacy, the British people as a whole are not much better informed about the needs of atomic defense than are the people of the United States.

A few appeals for Civilian Defense volunteers have appeared as official advertisements in the newspapers, however, and these have helped to create a general consciousness that defense is feasible and that informed leadership is at hand. Every town "clark" in the kingdom is quite aware that his community is classified in London either as part of a target area with potential *évacués* at the time of attack, or as a neutral zone through which *évacués* would pass, or as a reception area where *évacués* would be billeted. He also knows that his own particular job in Civil Defense will depend on where he happens to sit in relation to the atom's peculiar contribution to warfare: the military doughnut.

The hole in the center of this doughnut

"Of course I'm patriotic. I'd join at once, but . . .

. . . but what?

Patriotism is not enough, unless you back it up with action. Civil Defence is a commonsense peacetime precaution *against* war. Don't leave it to somebody else. The job that's left to somebody else is the job that never gets done. Join TODAY. You're urgently wanted in one of these four Services concerned with Civil Defence.

CIVIL DEFENCE CORPS
Responsible men and women over 30 are wanted to train for rescue, ambulance, pioneer, communications and welfare work, and as wardens. Women over 18 can join the ambulance section.

AUXILIARY FIRE SERVICE
Physically fit men over 30 and women over 18 are needed for this active and important Service.

NATIONAL HOSPITAL SERVICE RESERVE
Women between 17½ and 60, and men between 30 and 60, trained or untrained, are needed for nursing work.

SPECIAL CONSTABULARY
Men and women over 30 of good character and physique required for duties in peace or war. Women with previous police experience are eligible at 26.

You can get further details of each of these Services from your local Council Offices, your local Hospital, or any Fire Station or Police Station

C D
A CALL TO DUTY

ISSUED BY H.M. GOVERNMENT

Britain's Civil Defense authorities place newspaper advertisements like this in appeals for volunteers

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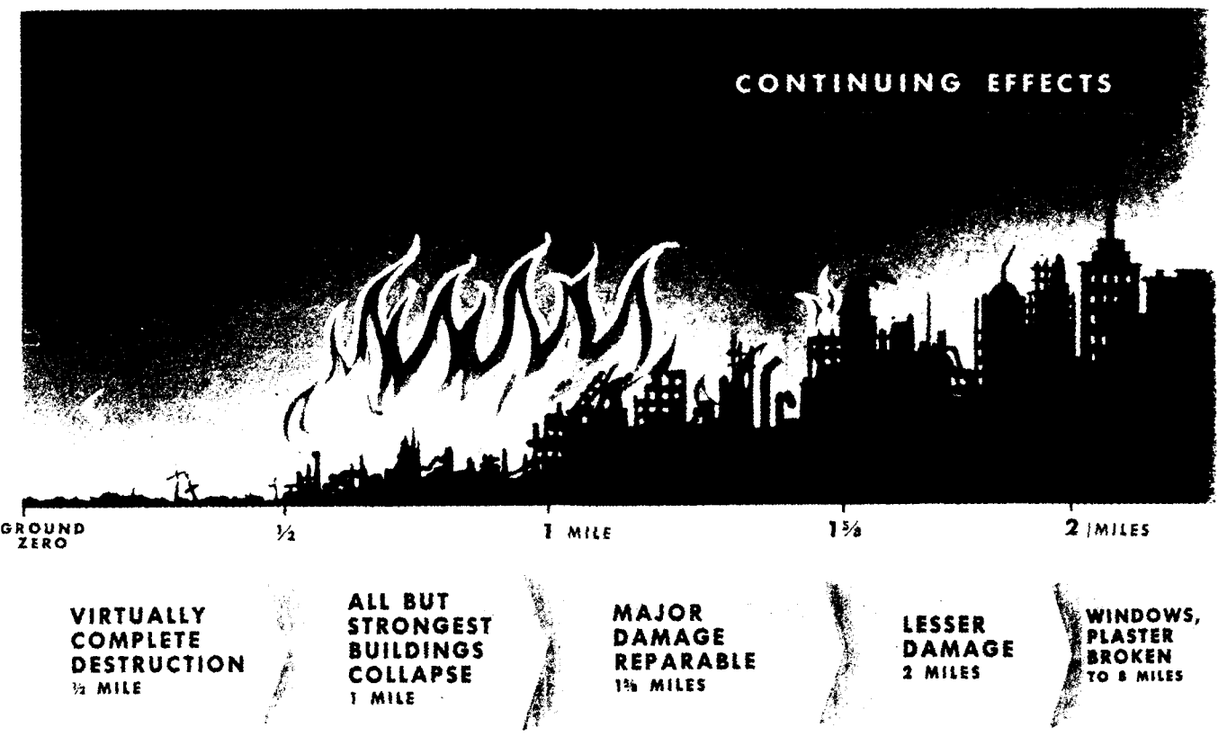

is the target, one of the 25 points that is worth the expense of an A-bomb. It is cut up in wedge-shaped slices, like a pie. Ordinarily, most of the hospitals, firehouses and police stations are located in the very middle of this doughnut hole, where population is densest. One A-bomb would get them all. So the government is using its various powers to require that new hospitals, firehouses and police stations be built on the edge of the hole, out where the wedges of the circle are widest. Meantime, it is designating schools, garages and other suitable buildings, which are already out there on the edge, for use in housing the existing police, fire and hospital installations if war comes. The design calls for a certain number of firemen, policemen, doctors and nurses in each wedge.

The entire doughnut hole is a Civil Defense *division*, with a staff of air-raid wardens, rescue workers, engineers and ambulance squads operating under one central control. Each division is broken down into *subdivisions* of roughly 100,000 population. Within each *subdivision* are *sections* which approximate the shape of a wedge, their actual boundaries being rivers, roads and other easily recognizable landmarks. A *section* has a complement of rescue workers, engineers and ambulance corps, and is in turn divided into *subsections* one square mile in area. Inside each *subsection* are the air-raid *warden districts*, ranging from 200 to 300 acres in size and staffed by 60 to 100 wardens. It is the warden's job to keep a file of who lives where and goes to work when, and to map the locations of water, gas and power lines and their cutoffs.

Guarding the doughnut hole is the doughnut itself. This is 10 miles thick and is called a Civil Defense *zone*. Within it will be billeted mobile columns of 500 men each—roughly one column for every 100,000 to 150,000 inhabitants within the hole of the doughnut.

The doughnut surrounding Birmingham's industrial complex, for example, would have 20 to 24 columns. Made up of rescue, ambulance and engineer units, these flying squadrons can be thrown in to help in any direction where the static Civil Defense workers have been overwhelmed.

Provision for Refugees

While the mobile columns are moving inward, refugees will be streaming out. During their passage through the doughnut they will be fed, clothed if necessary, given whatever first-aid treatment may be required, registered and assigned to new homes beyond the doughnut's outer rim.

During World War II, the British held all their Civil Defense forces on the alert to move immediately after an air raid. In atom war, there will have to be a waiting period of perhaps as long as 40 minutes for peripheral ground and air reconnaissance to establish where the bomb exploded, what the areas of damage are, what roads and streets are likely to afford easiest access, and what proportion of the available force will be directed where. Disposition of personnel must be as carefully calculated as that of front-line troops. Once they are engaged in attacking fire or debris in one direction, there may not be time to shift them elsewhere.

The scope of any Civil Defense front will depend, of course, on the accuracy with which the bombs are dropped. If they are appreciably off target, the *division* control room probably can handle the incident. But direct hits or near misses will require a *zone* command, at least, and the *region* in which the *zone* is located (there are 10 *regions*, subordinate to the Home Office in peacetime civil life; their boundaries are identical with the limits of the military regions in war) may take over, or—in the event of a series of A-bombs—even the London brass.

Regardless of who takes charge, no matter how far down the orders travel, the little guy who may be trapped in the worst of the devastation will not be forgotten. To look out for him, the British are planning home-front commando units: daredevils who will bash their way through rubbled streets without too much thought for radioactivity or other unpredictable perils.

Unfortunately, the commando project's concern for morale does not entirely permeate Britain's present Labor government. The demands of the welfare state have edged

1. NAME OF STREET ..... House Number or Name.....

2. Number of persons in house . . (Day) ..... (Night) .....

3. If you have a Shelter, type and location .....
.....

4. If you have no Shelter, where you take refuge during raids .....
.....

5. Position of :-
Gas Main Tap .....
Electric Main Switches .....
Water Main Tap .....

6. Fire Appliances on the premises :-
Stirrup Pump and Water .....
Sand .....

7. Name and Address of relative or person outside household who will take charge of your affairs if you are unable to do so :- .....
.....

8. Should your house be rendered uninhabitable, the address to which you have arranged to go :- .....
.....

9. RESIDENTS' NAMES.	Sex. M.or F.	Over or under 16.	If sleep at home.	Part of house occupied.	Remarks. (state of Invalid, blind, etc.)

Photostat of the card British air-raid wardens fill out and keep on file. Information is turned over to rescue crews in event of bombing

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2* of lime or lemon juice
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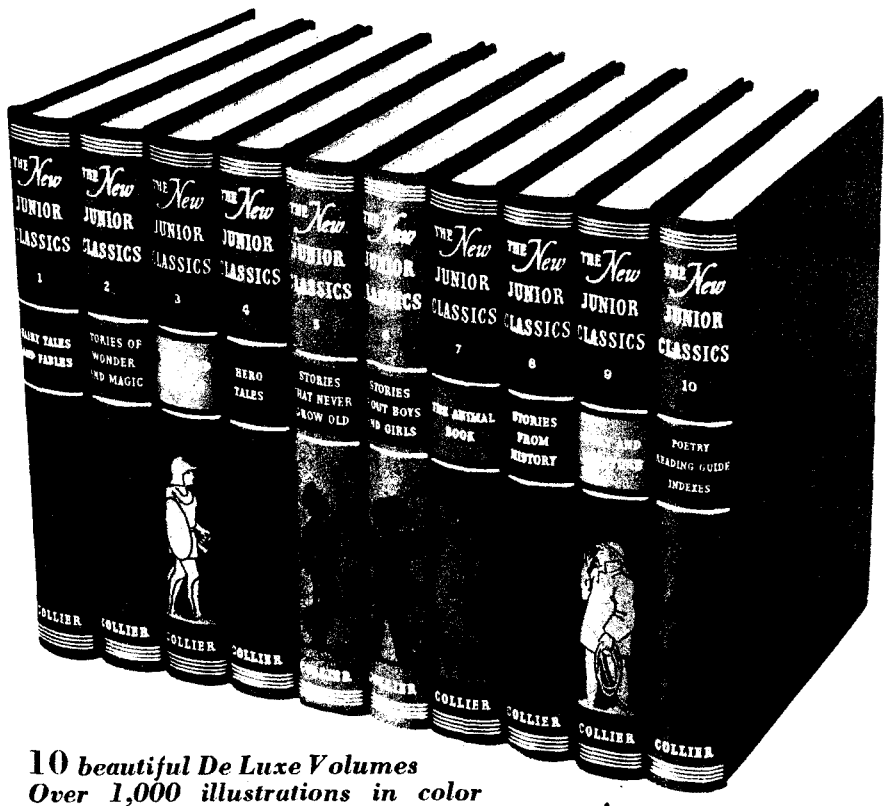

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Civil Defense out of consideration in the fields of hospitals and medicine, which are consequently poorly prepared to handle anything approaching major emergency.

The governing party's antagonism to private enterprise has likewise interfered with timely development of Civil Defense in industry; although the national government subsidizes 75 per cent of all community expenditures for Civil Defense purposes, it has been loath to grant industrialists income tax exemptions for the sums they will need to spend on factory shelters and workers' training in defense duties. Then, too, permanent civil service ratings have been denied to men who have been full-time Civil Defense officials for more than a decade and who have in many instances won His Majesty's decorations for gallantry in action.

Unlike the Truman administration in Washington, however, Labor has accepted the responsibility of leading and guiding the local governments in working out their Civil Defense schemes. It proceeded consistently, beginning with creation of a Civil Defense Joint Planning Staff (including representatives of all the Cabinet ministries) under Major General S. F. Irwin in March of 1948, enacting a national law in December of that year, and giving the towns and cities six months for study before approaching them to do their share. And it has placed responsibility for training of the Civil Defense Corps in the hands of the best-informed man in the Empire on the subject.

"Mr. Civil Defense of Great Britain" is Sir John Hodsoll, a long-legged, long-headed, baggy-eyed custodian of the best Anglo-Saxon traditions, including the Order of the Bath. His family dates back to the thirteenth century and boasts a crest bestowed by Richard I "for services rendered."

As a young man, John Hodsoll paid for the opportunity to train as an apprentice in the railroad shops. While he was tinkering with engines, the airplane came along, and he learned to fly. Up he went with the Royal Air Force in World War I, landing in far-off spots like Egypt and India.

Useful Experience in India

The need for Civil Defense in future war was plain at that early date. The primitive philosophy of total defense then was based on the idea that the people would have to be herded, under strictest discipline, to prevent panic. The British model for mob management was India, and Hodsoll had experience in India in addition to being a wing commander in the R.A.F. Who was better equipped to serve as Assistant Secretary for Air on the Imperial Defense Committee? Taking that post in 1929, he later moved into the civil government, as Assistant Secretary of State within the Home Office, to boss the actual setting up of Britain's first Civil Defense command, charged with beating back Hitler's blitz.

Hodsoll learned a valuable lesson almost immediately: If you keep the people mystified, they tend to panic; but if you explain the situation clearly, and tell them what to do, they can be as orderly as troops. Of the Civil Defense Corps he trained, 2,410 died in action and 2,788 were decorated for gallantry by the king.

Altogether, the Civil Defense effort in Britain was so noble and effective that when our troops overextended their supply lines in the first phase of the invasion of North Africa, General Dwight D. Eisenhower called Hodsoll from England to help. The result was that soldiers were trained to do Civil Defense work behind the lines.

After the Normandy invasion, when the Von Rundstedt offensive threatened Antwerp in the Battle of the Bulge, Eisenhower called upon Hodsoll again. That time a mobile column of 200 men was made up of Civil Defense volunteers and sent across the Channel to defend the docks on which victory hung. Before its return to England at the close of the war in Europe, the column was officially credited with saving the lives of 1,100 soldiers and more than 6,000 civilians in Belgium and Holland. Although rockets exploded all around it at the rate of 100 a day, the column lost only one man. He was a lamplighter from Manchester.

Hodsoll was dubbed a knight for his Civil Defense generalship in 1944. The honor only brought him closer to the men and women who served under him. They know he is Director General of Training only, responsible for that and nothing more, but the mail they heap on his desk each day concerns all phases of the Civil Defense operation. Sir John has never been too busy to listen to anyone's troubles, no matter how small or how personal, and letters flow in from all corners of the British Isles.

"I don't mind at all," he says. "It's quite flattering, really. But it does tie me down."

Solving a Domestic Dilemma

Small sympathy is accorded him on this, perhaps because he talks, eats, sleeps and reads Civil Defense. Lady Hodsoll says she had to take up Civil Defense in order to see him. Even their two daughters, Charlotte and Caroline, seven-year-old twins, are honorary members of the social clubs through which Britain's Civil Defense veterans keep in friendly touch since the war ended.

If war comes again, Sir John will need 1,500,000 men and women to defend the home island. Right now, in addition to his paid staff of less than 1,000, he has 25,000 part-time volunteers. A believer in quality first, he is concentrating on building a tough core which can be expanded rapidly when necessary. If he has 100,000 on the rolls by the end of 1950, he will be more than content; he will be pleasantly surprised.

Recruiting is restricted to persons over thirty, to prevent later conflict with military conscription. Volunteers can take their choice of four categories of service: the special constabulary, to augment local police forces; the auxiliary fire service, to be on call at local firehouses; the national hospital service reserve, to nurse and otherwise care for the wounded; and the Civil Defense Corps proper, whose functions range from air-raid warden duty, debris clearance and casualty rescue to feeding, clothing and billeting of the homeless.

There are three echelons of training. At the top is the Sunningdale staff college. There, on what once was the languorous estate of a tobacco tycoon, the plans of the national government and the theories of the scientists are hammered into policies that fit the practical shape of affairs in the counties, cities and towns of Britain.

Head blacksmith at this idea anvil is burly, blond Commander Alvin N. Franks, whom Hodsoll assigned to Eisenhower in North Africa. In the course of winning a Legion of Merit citation from President Truman for his work on Eisenhower's staff, Franks became almost American in his knack of dramatizing his thinking. Consequently, local community officials who hold final responsibility for Civil Defense in Britain don't have to wonder what would happen if an A-bomb fell on their home towns. They actually see it at Sunningdale, first as a cotton fluff of explosion, then as concentric circles of fire and ruined streets, drawn to scale on contour maps.

What difference would it make if the bomb burst at 800 feet in the air instead of 2,000 feet? A set of circles tells the story. Suppose the bomb is a distant miss? There are alternate circles for that. Models of fire engines, ambulances and rescue trucks mark the paths which aid from outside must travel. The evacuation of refugees is painstakingly worked out in exercises like this one, focused on Eastleigh, which lies just north of Southampton, the port where the Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mary dock:

PROBLEM 3

We are at war.

You are the divisional subarea controller, Eastleigh.

Your CD Corps resources in Eastleigh are shown in Map 4.

Southampton has been heavily attacked. The police are dividing refugees into

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CHRIS WARE

Sir John Hodsoll, who heads up Civil Defense in Great Britain, at home with Lady Hodsoll and their seven-year-old twins, Charlotte and Caroline

three main streams—into Lymington, into Winchester, and into Eastleigh.

The refugees streaming into Eastleigh are estimated as 10,000, mostly on foot and moving slowly.

REQUIREMENT

Discuss—

(A) Assuming the equipment and supplies are available, have you sufficient accommodation and staff in Eastleigh to organize and look after these 10,000 refugees for the period of a week?

(B) What CD Corps sections and subsections would you put on the job?

That one was easy. The next one will give you a better idea of the complexities of Civil Defense:

PROBLEM 4

You are the officer in charge of rest centers in Eastleigh.

You have 14 rest centers staffed by CD Corps—5 women and 3 men at each center, a total of 70 women and 42 men. You are to withdraw from Eastleigh.

Motor transport is being sent to take you and your staff to Ower camp, a vacated military establishment 7 miles northwest of Southampton. Ower has accommodation for 4,000. All necessary equipment is already there, in charge of a caretaker staff of 6 men who are now placed under your orders.

A stream of 3,000 refugees is being led to Ower camp, on foot, by the police. They are moving very slowly.

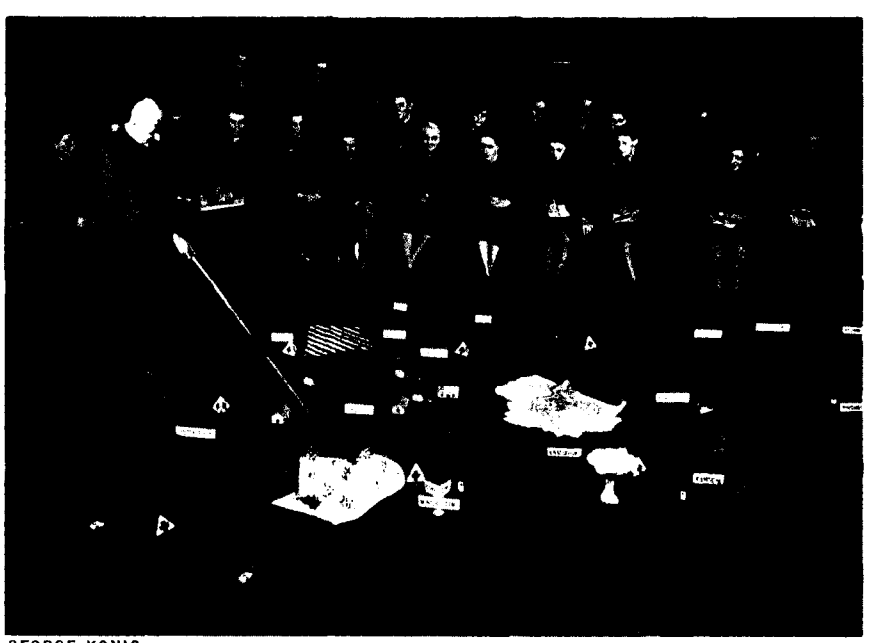
You are to be responsible, with your staff, for organizing the camp.

The refugees will be staying there at least one week.

The police estimate that none of the refugees will reach the camp for another 4 hours.

Your motor transport should get you there in 2 hours.

On the way you think out your plan of action.



GEORGE KONIG

Brain center of Britain's Civil Defense is at Sunningdale staff college where A-bomb problems are analyzed in realistic detail on a contour map

Two hours, that is, to decide how to divide the responsibility for 3,000 lives among 118 people, to survey and allocate housing accommodations, designate staff duties before the refugees arrive, have 3,000 cups of hot tea or soup—and special food for babies—ready to be served when the refugees arrive, guide these weary homeless to their respective accommodations, register their names in a card file, prepare a hot meal for them within an hour of their arrival, segregate the able-bodied among them for relief duties, assign direction of these duties to appropriate staff members, and organize a schedule for all such work that may be required during one week.

Slowly evolving from these staff college exercises and discussions is a Civil Defense doctrine which becomes public property as it forms. Only the simplest fundamentals of it have been firmly molded yet.

For example, an air-raid warning signal and three types of shelters have been decided upon. But exactly what the warning will be or how the shelter burden will be apportioned among individual family Andersons, large reinforced concrete boxes on the surface of the streets, for public refuge, and underground blockhouses for industry, remain to be determined. The delay is due partly to the high cost of shelters in relation to Britain's general postwar austerity, and partly to the feeling among Labor left-wingers that the United States should foot the bill through the Marshall Plan and leave British social planners free to spend their own money for expansion of the peacetime services of the welfare state.

While the decision is pending, the tentative British policy on shelters is to encourage builders of new factories, office buildings and apartment houses to incorporate underground garage or storage space which could be used for refuge in event of war. This policy is not being pushed vigorously, however, nor is much that is effective being done to implement the fondly expressed hope that someone will be ingenious enough to adapt the principles of the Anderson shelter to a normal, peacetime room in the average small house.

Sir John Hodsoll does not talk politics. But he is plainly impatient of delay. The timetable for Civil Defense is, in his opinion, too short to allow for unnecessary waiting. Absence of a complete, final doctrine cannot be permitted to postpone training at the second echelon—the technical schools at Falfield and Easingwold.

Regardless of the details, certain principles hold true, and their practical application can be taught.

Better Protection Is Needed

It is obvious, for instance, that blackout curtains of the last war will have to be modified because the heat flash of the A-bomb is most effective against dark colors. Precautions against window shattering will have to be intensified, to minimize casualties from the A-bomb blast and to slow the spread of fire. Home refuge rooms must incorporate the features of the fortified Anderson or the reinforced concrete box shelter to stand up against A-bombing.

The unhappy combination of atomic secrecy and the Truman administration's long refusal to take responsibility for defense against the A-bomb puts an embarrassing limitation on Britain's practical training in rescue of bomb casualties. The huge fortune that has been spent on atomic experiments by the American taxpayer has not produced one concrete example of precisely how the A-bomb collapses given types of structures. There are all kinds of theoretical calculations, but nothing remotely comparable to the magnificent slow-motion camera observations the British made of actual high-explosive bombing of bomb shelters in Regent Park at the start of the last war.

All the available A-bomb evidence is in the Hiroshima and Nagasaki ruins, which were not inspected until two months after the bombs fell. It tells only that the effect is like a powerful hand, pushing downward. Nothing more illuminating has come from Alamogordo, Bikini or Eniwetok. The British army did its best to simulate an A-bombing by pulling down a four-story brick building at the Shoeburyness proving grounds at the mouth of the Thames, but the result was inconclusive. So the instructors at Falfield and Easingwold must content themselves with teaching that an A-bomb will pile up a lot more rubble than the old-fashioned blockbusters. Which is hardly news to anyone.

What the rescue crews need is a predictable pattern of A-bomb effects, to tell them where people may still be alive even in deep rubble. The high-explosive-bomb patterns are known, and a complete rescue science has grown around them. It is taught in its old World War II form because the British expect that they, at least, will see more high-explosive bombs than A-bombs in the next war, and that when A-bombs do fall they will be mixed with high-explosive "nuisances" in much the same way as incendiaries and explosives were interspersed the last time.

Mock-Up of a Bombed Street

At the Hawkhills, rescue is taught in a full-scale village street—in fact, two intersecting streets—lined with typical British two-story brick homes, the roofs knocked off and walls caved in and bathtubs, bedsteads, broken chairs, pans and crockery strewn about in heaps of bricks. The government spent $100,000 to build this faithful reproduction of a bombed-out neighborhood, not realizing that it would break the hearts of professional bricklayers.

Conscientious fellows, these workmen had given their lives to building walls that were absolutely plumb. It wounded their pride to comply with Sir John's demand for walls that bulged. They never did produce as pronounced a sag as he wanted, and they flatly refused to quit work with the bricks uneven at the top. To get the effect he desired, Sir John had to call out the army, which blew off corners of the finished brickwork with highly realistic explosives. When all the debris was collected, it measured 800 cubic yards, which a ten-man maintenance crew now moves about from day to day just to complicate things for the student rescue crews.

The houses in these ruined streets are so designed that they can be entered from the rear, by wriggling through sewer pipes and narrow holes sawed in the floors and walls. By this devious, sometimes almost suffocating route, live "casualties" are hidden in the wreckage, after being made up in scrupulously accurate mimicry of injury. Hours are spent in advance, painting ghostly shock on these "victims' " faces, inserting artificial glass in cuts abrim with fake blood, protruding bogus bones from sickening holes in "broken" legs, attaching handmade "skin" in ghastly yellow flaps to simulate burn blisters, and supplying the worst "cases" with capsules of red powder to be dissolved in the mouth and drooled artfully at the psychological moment.

Intended to accustom rescue workers to proximity with horror, these ghoulish preparations occasionally backfire when a beginner among the "victims" gets a look at his own "wounds" and faints dead away. One such swoon is usually enough, and the "casualty" is then ready to moan, scream or play unconscious—to fit his assigned role—until rescue comes.

The first rescue crew I saw in action struck me as a slothful, inhuman lot. Moans and screams were rising from three directions, and a bathtub teetered on the edge of a broken floor above the spot where one body could be seen outstretched, when the crew van rumbled to a stop beside the house. But the leader lined his seven men along the curb and methodically set them to taking out their equipment—including a teapot and seven cups—as though he were staging a show in an exhibition hall.

"What's the trouble, old boy?" the leader asked the air-raid warden, shouting to make himself heard above the anguished shrieks.

"Four blokes in there, I think," the war-

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AL TARTER

Map indicates approximate way in which Civil Defense now taking shape in the U.S. will be organized. Small circles around New York City and Philadelphia, used here as examples, are five miles in radius, distance estimated by Washington as probable extent of damage resulting from A-bombing of those metropolises. Towns and cities within specified 50- to 60-mile area surrounding these circles (marked off in red for New York, black for Philadelphia) will be called on to help victims at points of attack. Their assignments are shown by directions of arrows. Note that some of the towns in the overlapping red and black areas have two responsibilities. In actual practice, nation will probably be divided into eight Civil Defense regions

den said, pointing out where he thought they were.

By this time, one crewman had climbed a wall and reached the visible casualty. He called for a stretcher. It was passed to him on an overhead sling. But the rest of the men seemed to be wandering aimlessly about, leisurely calling down into the rubble.

"Where are you?"

"Can you hear me?"

"Are you alone?"

"Can you move this way?"

"Don't worry now, help's coming."

It was all very inane, even cruel, from my point of view, until they suddenly started to tunnel. Although moving as slowly and deliberately as before, passing fragments of brick and other debris hand to hand and piling it at one side, they reached the bomb victims in surprisingly few minutes. Their apparent dawdling was now revealed as the research phase of the rescue science.

They had begun with the knowledge that a high-explosive blast first weakens walls by hammering the air, then pulls them outward toward the point of explosion. They had studied the walls which remained standing, and had seen that the fallen masonry had been the anchor for one end of the floor joists. At the other end the joists were still anchored in the opposite wall, which was acting as a hinge to hold that end of the floor up. The loose end of the floor had dropped to the floor below, forming a lean-to with space enough behind it for an entire family.

If the bomb had burst at a 90-degree angle from the spot assigned to it for this particular rescue, the floor would have collapsed in the middle, forming lean-tos against both walls where the joists were anchored, or it would have torn loose and dropped like a pancake until tables and chairs on the ground floor stopped it.

When you understand that, half the rescue job is done. The easy half.

The tougher half of the job is almost entirely psychological. Any person of average strength can cope with the physical problems of rescue. But the emotional hazards are strenuous. Only by actually crawling through a hole twelve inches wide and eighteen inches high—the minimum space through which one average human can drag another—is it possible to believe it can be done. Claustrophobia, the fear of being trapped, can stop a man from even attempting the passage.

Repeated experience alone can break the spell. That's why Civil Defense training takes time.

At the Hawkhills, every candidate for a rescue squad must negotiate, in complete darkness except for the beam from his own electric lantern, a rabbit warren of eight cubicles, each of which embodies a particular problem: brick walls to be penetrated, metal pipes to be cut, sections of floor to be sawed out from below without harm to the "casualty" above.

Inept Pupil Flunks a Test

To an untrained eye outside, entry into this cramped space seems utterly out of the question. I crawled halfway into the first opening, tried to sit up according to instructions, banged my head, skinned my knuckles, and backed out feet first—out and down to the foot of the class.

After taking a few deep breaths and brushing the grime from my denims, I pointed out to the ordinarily patient lay Methodist preacher who had charge of this torture chamber that if I once had got inside I had only one week left in which to find my way back. His reaction was not entirely respectful. And when the class got around to fighting fire set by a real magnesium bomb, he put me across the road from the excitement. Consequently, I never qualified for the practice lectures which might have made me a full-fledged Civil Defense instructor.

Seven hundred and thirty men have been graduated from the Hawkhills and the Falfield school in the last year. They, in turn, have taught 1,985 volunteers in night classes in their home towns. Measured against the 1,500,000 Civil Defense workers who will be needed in wartime, this in-training corps is a mere flyspeck.

What the British have today, then, is a pilot plant laboratory. The official opinion at the moment is that they cannot afford more. Unofficially, they hope that in preparing our own Civil Defense we will be foresighted enough to mass-produce shelters, prefabricated huts for refugees, radiation measuring devices, masks and other devices for atomic decontamination squads, fire-fighting equipment and medical supplies on a scale that will enable us to distribute them to our Allies at low cost or on a lend-lease basis as was done with arms in the last war. At their end of the swap, the British are prepared to share their know-how in home-front defense, throw open the Sunningdale staff college to us and to Western Europe, and thus to integrate Civil Defense as an autonomous "fourth arm" of Western Union.

Whether Civil Defense ever will be included in the Marshall Plan is a strategic question that has not been raised publicly in this country. It can be faced squarely only in relation to Britain's general attitude toward strengthening Western Union. But the British offer to put their Civil Defense staff college at our disposal has been accepted on what might be termed a scholarship basis. Eric Biddle, of Philadelphia, who studied the British school in great detail has been appointed by Civil Mobilization Director Larsen to take charge of Civil Defense training in the United States.

Although Truman's program for Civil Defense will be buried in hush-hush at least until the governors of the states are approached within a few weeks, Biddle's actions make it clear that the British pattern will be emulated as far as possible.

The first step in this direction was the setting up this summer of practical A-bomb attack problems in three large American cities—Washington, D. C., Seattle and Chicago. In each case, local officials of the city and surrounding area were confronted with an imaginary bomb which they were told to suppose had damaged a roughly circular

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area five miles in radius. Three rings of ruin were postulated: (1) total destruction and death in the innermost half mile, (2) 65 per cent destruction and 30 per cent fatalities out to 1.2 miles from the center, and (3) 30 per cent destruction and injury, mostly from fire and burns, over the remaining space.

From those known factors, the three cities were asked to calculate how they would handle with what remained of their normal facilities the holocaust of fire, injury, death and the bewildered flight of refugees, and how they would draw upon neighboring towns and cities within a radius of 50 to 60 miles.

All the fundamental data for coping with these mock attacks was already in the hands of Larsen's staff. But the pretense was maintained that the solution was worked up independently by the District of Columbia, Seattle and Chicago, even though the time allowed for solving the attack problem was transparently too short for those cities to have done it on their own. The Truman administration, still backing into Civil Defense, was unwilling to admit that it could have offered these cities—and all cities—guidance and assurance long before.

Neither Washington nor Seattle nor Chicago knew for sure what help it could expect from the federal government, although it was broadly hinted that each state would get along with one motorized radiation detection unit and that the federal government would stock and maintain large reserve stores of blood plasma, medicines and hospital supplies in each of eight regions of the country.

On Larsen's calendar, January, 1951, is marked as the date when a definite federal plan will be submitted to Congress for debate. Many of the exact provisions have not yet been worked out. But its dominant philosophy undoubtedly will follow the British principle of independent civilian control at all levels, with local responsibility for local organization, various units being attached to the appropriate peacetime city and county government offices.

In the beginning, major attention will have to be paid to the 108 cities of more than 100,000 population. After that, planning will be done for cities of 50,000 and over. Until the price of A-bombs drops considerably, cities with fewer than 50,000 people won't be worth aiming at. But they will have to plan defenses just the same—to help neighboring cities that may be unlucky enough to be rated as targets.

Problems That Lie Ahead

Even if Larsen and Biddle manage to escape delays that may be born of resentment against Truman's casual treatment of Civil Defense up to now, it still will be at least two and a half years before simplified training manuals are ready for the 14,000,000 to 16,000,000 volunteers Larsen estimates will be recruited eventually. In the meantime, citizens throughout the country can be thinking about the local responsibility which Civil Defense will place upon them.

First, and most urgent, is the responsibility for deciding our form of government. The demands of Civil Defense in World War II played a part in creating the welfare state in England. Hospital service there was nationalized to meet the emergency after traditional local resources failed to cope with it. Regional stockpiling of medical supplies by our own federal government could be a step in the same direction. Do you want to take that step? If not, what alternate means can you help devise? Cooperative buying by groups of hospitals, perhaps, or by local and state governments embraced by the proposed new Civil Defense regions? Ask your Congressional candidates before you decide whom to vote for this fall.

Wherever the Civil Defense law threatens to enlarge federal control over human needs, ask yourself and your friends and neighbors whether it would be better to try some other avenue.

There is more time to tackle the lesser issues. Some of them cannot be approached intelligently until you know what role your town will play in relation to particular A-bomb target cities. But the sooner you get after as many as you can, the safer you will be.

Traffic, for instance. What is your town doing about parking? Congested streets are one of the worst hazards you will have to deal with in an A-bombing.

Ask your town council about the fire hydrants. They'll be snapped off if an A-bomb falls, wasting precious water just when it's needed most. Would it be better to bury them beneath the street, a few each year to cut the expense of change?

Are your water, gas and electric power mains so compartmentalized that part of town can be cut off without affecting the rest? Where are the maps of these systems kept? How many copies are there, and how are they distributed? If a bomb hit City Hall, would they all be buried together in the mayor's safe?

What about your hospitals, firehouses and police stations? Have you places on the edge of town to move them into if necessary? Are new ones being located with gradual dispersion on a permanent footing in mind? Are they being built to withstand the power of an A-bomb blast, and to absorb gamma radiation safely? Remember, it's cheaper to install innovations in original construction than to add, repair or rebuild later.

Do your fire and police departments work closely with the departments of nearby towns? Can they, and do they know how to, use one another's equipment? Do state laws block their co-operation in any way?

If you are a stockholder in, or an officer of, an industrial company, use your influence to build new factories near towns of 10,000 or less population. By all means don't put anything new within 15 miles of a congested center.

Have you taken the Red Cross course in first aid? Could you treat a serious burn if no one else were around to do it?

Does your town have a central registry of all its physicians and nurses, with their home addresses and telephone numbers?

Do your blood banks work together on a friendly plane, or are they snarled in petty jealousies?

What about your government departments? Do they bicker over who does what in an emergency? Would a clear-cut plan for disaster help?

Police Have Decisive Role

Because of their responsibility to maintain order, police departments will play a decisive role in whatever is done after an A-bomb raid. Is yours accustomed to working with civilian volunteers on a basis of smooth understanding? If not, are there precinct or ward groups which could now begin to establish more friendly relationships?

Lastly, and most important, keep asking about shelters. Ask your congressman. Ask the mayor. Ask the town council. Ask the editor of your local newspaper. If something akin to the British Andersons or concrete box shelters are not in the works by next year, and the reasons you are given sound sensible, ask what buildings in town are safest. Check the answers against your own intelligence, remembering that reinforced concrete is strongest, steel-framed construction is next, and a strong basement or underground garage in buildings of these types is best of all.

Don't let anyone put you off on the grounds that this is secret information. The specifications are known, and the Army is giving them to industrialists who want to qualify for war contracts. Every three inches of concrete between you and an A-bomb explosion will reduce the intensity of gamma radiation by 50 per cent. A total thickness of 32 inches of reinforced concrete weighing 150 pounds to the cubic foot will protect you completely at a distance of 1,000 feet, 20 inches will do at 2,000 feet, 14 inches is enough at 3,000 feet, seven inches is safe at 4,000 feet and nothing at all is required 5,000 feet away. All of these measurements are for *complete* protection. You may get sick for a few days with less than that, but you don't need that much to live.

You won't get anywhere if you're hysterical. There's no reason to be panicky. People who happened to be in the lower floors of reinforced concrete buildings almost directly under the bomb in Hiroshima are alive and well today. With shelter at hand, all you need is a warning of enemy approach.

Although it is not now manned except for occasional tests, we have the beginnings of a warning system, with volunteer airplane spotters to augment a radar screen. In a war-game exercise last year, these spotters performed at 1,200 observation posts. By 1952, the system will be strung across 25 states, with 160,000 men at 8,000 posts eight miles apart. If we build Civil Defense solidly behind it in the meanwhile, the Russians may decide that attacking us just isn't a good bet. THE END

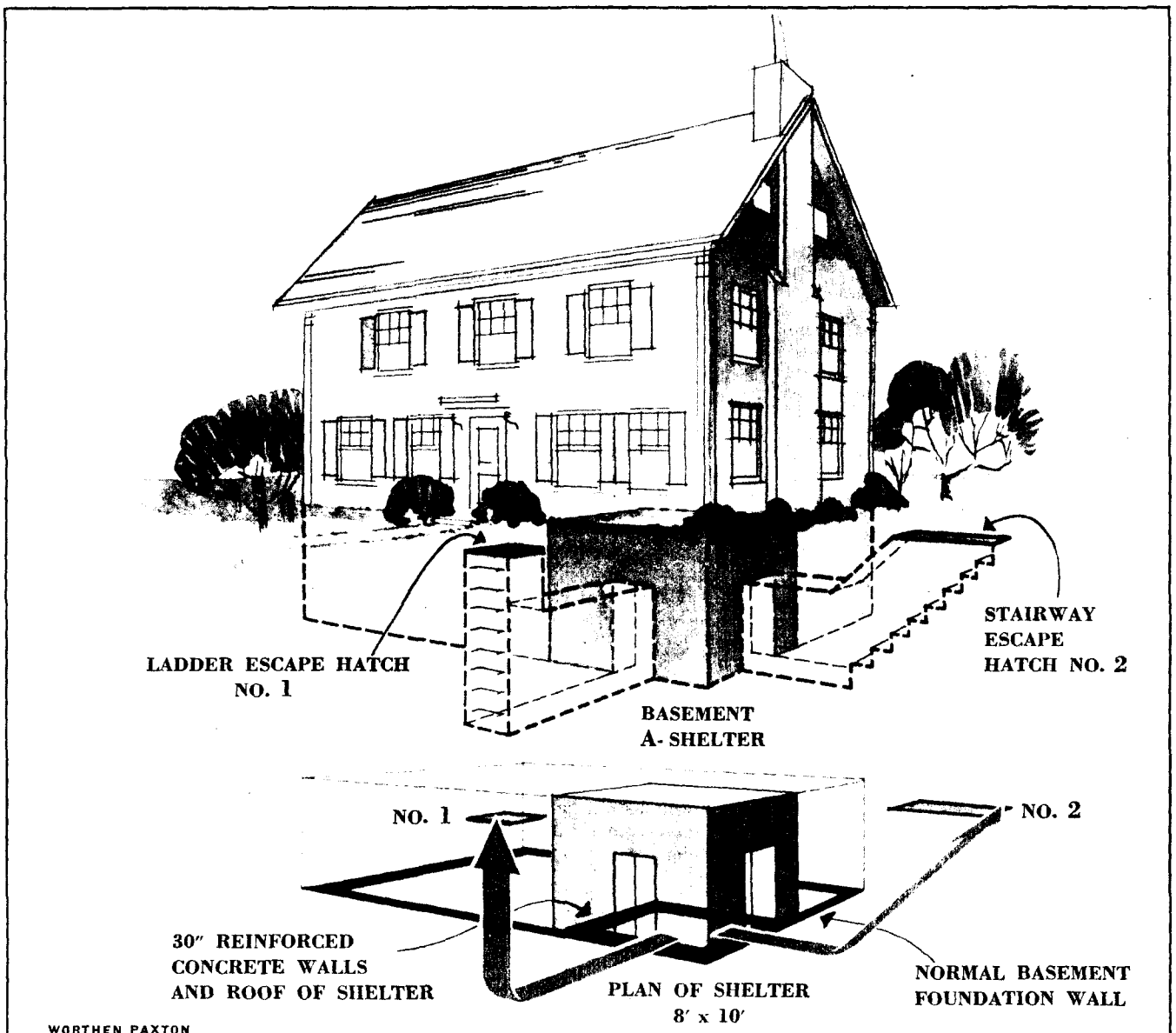
LADDER ESCAPE HATCH NO. 1
STAIRWAY ESCAPE HATCH NO. 2
BASEMENT A-SHELTER
NO. 1
NO. 2
30″ REINFORCED CONCRETE WALLS AND ROOF OF SHELTER
PLAN OF SHELTER 8′ x 10′
NORMAL BASEMENT FOUNDATION WALL
WORTHEN PAXTON

Diagram of shelter shows ordinary small house can be adapted for protection against A-bomb effects by building a reinforced concrete room inside cellar

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They're Gonna Like Big Luke

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

big slugger moved up to the Indians from San Diego for a few season-end games. Red Sox second baseman Bobby Doerr was lucky—or unlucky—enough to put a glove on one of Luke's larrups. The force of the blow spun Doerr around like a top. When Bobby finally recovered the ball he had knocked down, Easter was on first base.

Before he came up to Cleveland last season, Luke made history out on the Pacific Coast in the 80 games he played for San Diego. In one of the greatest slugging sprees on record out there, Easter slammed 99 hits, 25 of which were home runs. He drove in 92 runs, better than one per game, and wound up with a rousing .363 batting average. And all this was accomplished on an injured right knee, the aftermath of a first-base collision with Larry Doby in a preseason exhibition game against the Indians at San Diego.

But from the business-office standpoint, Easter's greatest statistics in 1949 had dollar signs before them. The previous season San Diego trailed in road attendance among all eight Pacific Coast League clubs. Last year, even though Easter was with them for only half the season, the Padres led the loop by drawing a total of 572,915 fans on the road. Another 493,780 flocked to their home games, mainly to see the individual who since has been labeled "the greatest drawing card in Pacific Coast League history."

A pretty impressive record?

Well, certainly it wasn't a bad record for a fellow who never played much baseball before 1946.

The Easter story begins back on the south side of St. Louis. There is some disagreement as to the year of its start. Luke lists his age in the baseball record books as twenty-eight (born August 4, 1921). However, in the Bureau of Vital Statistics in St. Louis the only registration within a three-year range of that date is "a male child born to the Easters (col.) July 5, 1918." If he's fudging on his age, though, it's not an uncommon trick in the big leagues where everyone tries to stay young forever.

School and Sandlot Days

At any rate, Luke was born into a needy family which eventually numbered four boys and two girls. It was Mrs. Easter, now dead, who named the future big-leaguer Luscious.

"It was the only mistake my mother ever made," Luke sadly recalls today. "She should have called me Luke."

Luke quit school after the eighth grade and held a series of jobs, starting as a shoeshine boy and ending up as a laborer. For recreation he played sandlot ball. Then he was drafted into the Army during the war. After 18 months' service, during which time he played no baseball at all, Easter was honorably discharged and returned home. It was then that he took up softball as a recreational pastime.

At one of these softball games early in the spring of 1946, Luke belted a pair of long homers. In the stands that day was Quincy Smith, a St. Louis boy who was then an outfielder with the Cincinnati Crescents, a Negro baseball team.

A few days later Smith dropped into the Chicago office of Abe Saperstein, the famed owner of the Harlem Globetrotters basketball team and who at the time also owned the Crescents.

"We need a couple of additional hitters for the club this summer," Abe told Smith. "Do you know any prospects?"

"I saw a big guy hit a softball about nine miles in St. Louis the other day," Smith replied. "Fellow by the name of Easter."

Saperstein's need for players was so great that he didn't wait for an additional recommendation. Abe contacted Luke and invited him down to the Crescents' training camp at New Orleans. Easter swatted the ball convincingly enough in training to earn a spot at first base (his old softball position) at $325 per month.

The Crescents belonged to no league, but barnstormed the country playing all comers wherever a booking could be obtained. The team played practically every night, making long jumps in an old bus which the players took turns driving. Luke served with the rest as "bussie" (the traditional baseball nickname for bus drivers) and paced the team's attack with his big bat. No records were kept by the Crescents, but the walloping first sacker remembers he "hit a lotta homers."

The following winter Saperstein took the Crescents to Hawaii for an exhibition series. In 19 games at the Honolulu park where many big-leaguers, including Joe DiMaggio, played service ball during the war, Easter walloped 12 home runs. Many of these drives exceeded in distance those hit by major-league stars. Meantime, the St. Louis boy's fielding, which was really ragged when he joined the squad, improved under the skillful tutelage of Winfield Welch, the Crescents' baseball-wise manager.

COLLIER'S — "Oh dear, I don't suppose *anybody* here has a tube of Cadmium Yellow Deep—" — BARNEY TOBEY

In the spring of 1947, Easter's contract was bought up by the Homestead Grays, then playing in the Negro National League. The huge first baseman, who was paid $700 per month with the Pennsylvania club that season, cracked 10 home runs and batted .300 in 60 league games. No official records were kept of the 100 or more engagements the Grays played with independent outfits that summer, but unofficially Luke was credited with a season's total of 43 homers and a .382 percentage at the plate.

In 1948, Easter's batting average in league play was a fat .361 and he hit 13 four-baggers. In the remaining games, the Grays say he boosted his homer output to 58 and his average to .416, more than justifying a $100-per-month pay increase over the previous campaign. One of his circuit clouts in 1948 was notable because it moved the slugger into the circle of the select few who have poled balls into the center-field bleachers at the Polo Grounds in New York. Playing in a league tilt against the New York Cubans, Luke cut loose with a Paul Bunyan blast which put the ball 12 rows up in these stands, the first row of which lies more than 460 feet from the plate.

Between the 1947 and 1948 seasons, Dan Cupid threw an inside curve to Luke and he fell in love. In February he married Mildred Bethune, of Pittsburgh, and they honeymooned in Caracas, Venezuela, where the new bridegroom played ball that winter. Big Luke also learned to speak Spanish at that time. "Had to," he says now, " 'cause even the umpires call 'em in Spanish, way down there." That linguistic talent came in handy last season in San Diego when he served as interpreter for Orestes Minoso, a non-English-speaking outfielder imported from Cuba.

After the 1948 campaign with the Grays, Luke played ball in Puerto Rico with a team at Mayagüez. The club was managed by Artie Wilson, the player over whom the Yankees and Indians had a dispute. It will be recalled that Cleveland first signed Wilson when Bill Veeck, then the Tribe's headman, flew to the Caribbean to land the Negro player. However, the baseball commissioner subsequently ruled that the Yanks had a prior claim to Wilson and the Indians lost him. On the same trip, however, Veeck made arrangements to sign Easter, potentially a far greater star than Wilson.

"It happened this way," Veeck recalls. "Abe Saperstein, who has known or hired every outstanding Negro athlete for the past 20 years, has been a close friend of mine for about the same period. Ever since Easter made good with the Crescents, Abe had been writing and speaking to me about him. I saw Luke play for the first time in the East-West All-Star Negro game in Chicago back in 1948. He clouted a couple that day that are still going.

"Just before I took off to sign Wilson, I happened to be talking to Abe on the phone. 'Don't forget to take another look at Easter,' were his parting words to me. After completing the deal with Wilson in Puerto Rico, I asked to see Luke. Since he was out of town that day and I was due back in Cleveland, I left word for our scout on the islands to start preliminary negotiations with the big fellow on his return.

"Well, you know the rest. We lost Wilson. So I got on the phone right away and had our man sew Easter up."

To San Diego for Seasoning

Luke was signed for a bonus estimated to be about $15,000 after Cleveland bought his contract from the Grays, and the new Indian clubber was ordered to report for seasoning to San Diego, a team with which the Tribe has a working agreement.

Not all of the Cleveland brain trust was at first as confident of Luke's success as Veeck. General Manager Hank Greenberg and West Coast scout Hollis Thurston, for two, were somewhat skeptical of the newcomer's hitting ability as they drove out to Ontario, California, the day the Padres opened training there in 1949.

"As we walked across the diamond that morning," Thurston recollects, "Easter was moving up to the plate for his first practice cuts as a Padre. He swung on the first ball pitched to him and it traveled at least 450 feet. It was the longest drive I had ever seen at that park. Hank looked at me and didn't say a thing. He just grinned."

Greenberg knew then that Easter had it. At least, Hank recently reminded Leo Durocher of that fact. The Lip, who confidently boasted "Easter can be pitched to" when his Giants and the Indians hooked up for a series of spring exhibition games early last April, finally admitted at the end of the tour that Luke was a great hitter.

"Anyone can see he's a hitter now," Greenberg needled the Giants' boss. "What counts is spotting 'em early. I knew Luke had it after watching him the first time he batted."

When the Padres returned from Ontario in the spring of 1949, club owner Bill Starr felt it was necessary to sit down with Easter and try to orient him to the problems the slugger might have to face. Luke listened respectfully while Starr outlined racial difficulties on the Coast, and made some helpful suggestions as to how Easter could best ingratiate himself with fans and players.

"But, Mr. Starr, when Big Luke hits that ball," Easter interrupted, lapsing into the third person as he sometimes does in conversation, "everybody likes him!"

"Truer words were never spoken," Starr admitted later. "Luke became the most popular player on the coast. He's the greatest hitter I've ever seen, and I don't exclude Ted Williams, another pretty good man at the plate, who got his start in San Diego."

Soon after the 1949 season began, Starr ordered special batting-practice exhibitions before all games, with Easter as the solo star. Owners of other P.C.L. parks took to opening their gates—and their concession stands—early so fans could flock in to see the big first baseman pump ball after ball into the stands. To give these demonstrations a fitting climax, the batting practice

Next Week

Soviet Germany's Secret Army

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pitcher would throw perhaps a half-dozen 98-cent rocket balls to Luke. These rabbit balls would jump off the bat and go streaking completely out of the park while the crowd roared.

Such exhibitions were small comfort, of course, to rival pitchers warming up on the side lines. But it was Red Lynn, a right-handed hurler with the Los Angeles Angels, who suffered the supreme humiliation from Easter's bat. Leading the Padres in the last of the seventh inning of a game a year ago last April in San Diego, Lynn had the misfortune to serve up a pitch which Luke's brown eyes found exactly right. The husky infielder rifled the ball over the right-center-field fence onto palm-tree-lined Pacific Highway. That 450-foot wallop turned out to be a game-winning homer. After showering and dressing, Red walked out to Pacific Highway, where he had parked his car. Ironically enough, the ball Easter hit had smashed a side window in Red's car and was resting amid a pile of splintered glass on the front seat.

Another indication of Luke's power at the plate showed up in trainer Les Cook's supply room. In previous seasons, the Padres used about eight dozen practice balls a week. When Easter started his fence-busting barrage, the total jumped to 15 dozen per week and stayed there until he left for Cleveland.

Early in the 1949 season, though, Luke's injured knee began to bother him more and more. He missed several games and, at one point, was out for two weeks. At the end of that long layoff, the Padres and the San Francisco Seals were locked in a 4-4 tie game one night going into late innings. With two men out and two Padres on base, Luke asked Bucky Harris if he might pinch-hit. The manager gave his okay and the home fans watched in silent apprehension as the injured first baseman ambled out of the dugout. Easter has a fine sense of drama. He loves a situation such as he found himself in that night.

All Set to Murder the Ball

Swinging two bats plus the lead-filled weight bat, Easter slowly limped to the plate to face Cliff Melton, the ex-Giant lefty who was pitching for the Seals. After much deliberation, Luke finally selected a club and dug in for the pitch as though he aimed to slam it into the next planet. Melton took careful aim and threw a blistering fast ball. Luke quickly choked his bat and dragged a bunt down the first-base line. He was off like Jesse Owens, catching the Seals' infield flatfooted. A run was squeezed in by the daring play and the Padres went on to win, 5-4.

As big a hit as Easter was with West Coast fans, he was a bigger one with the kids. Just as Ruth did, genial, generous Luke attracts the knothole set. He paid special attention in San Diego to the underprivileged boys of his own race. A common sight was Luke's big green sedan—the car he bought the first day he reached town with a sizable chunk of his bonus money — cruising slowly down Market Street. In it would be anywhere from six to a dozen small fry yelling out the window to friends. At the wheel, wearing his big gold-toothed smile, would be the home-run king, beeping his horn every few seconds as the car moved to a nearby sand lot where they would play ball.

By mid-June Easter's knee was giving him so much pain that Tribe officials decided to bring him to Cleveland for an operation. In that city Dr. James Dickson removed an inch-long bone chip from the painful joint. When Luke finally broke into the Cleveland line-up about six weeks later, he was out of shape at 256 pounds and his knee still was not ready for heavy duty. Stadium fans booed his mediocre performances, especially since he had been inserted into the line-up in place of outfielder Allie Clark, a popular star. An athlete who plays with his ears tuned to the grandstand, Easter was disturbed by this reception. "Only the kids stuck by me then," recalls the slugger, who took up with Cleveland sand-lotters where he left off in San Diego.

In 21 games with Cleveland at the tag end of last season, Luke's lukewarm batting average was .222, and he failed to hit a single home run. His one good day in the majors last year came at Boston in September. While awaiting his turn at batting practice that day, Ted Williams, San Diego's most famous alumnus, came over to chat with Easter, then in a horrendous batting slump. "You can hit that ball, Luke," the Red Sox star said. "Take your time, relax and just belt the insides out of the ball when it comes up to you."

Against the cream of Red Sox pitching that day, Easter swatted two doubles and a single. The two-baggers came off Jack Kramer and Chuck Stobbs; the single was given up by Ellis Kinder. Cleveland won the game to shave the Sox lead in the pennant race that Boston eventually lost to the Yanks by one game.

"Wish that Ted Williams could talk to me every day like that before a game," Luke jokes in retelling the incident.

Last winter Easter spent nearly a month at Hot Springs, Arkansas. He took an old racing bike down there and pedaled five miles daily to strengthen his knee. Mountain climbing also was included in this exercise program.

At one point during this conditioning period, Hank Greenberg called Luke on the phone to see if he was rounding into shape and to tell him his contract would soon be mailed out.

"No need to send that contract way down here to me, Mr. Greenberg," Luke said. "You just go ahead and sign it for me."

"Don't you even want to know how much you're going to get next season?" Hank asked incredulously.

"No," the slugger replied. "Big Luke wants to make good first. Then he can tell you better how much he's worth."

Actually, Easter was signed for something under $10,000, with an option of a new contract if his hitting is exceptional.

Help from Three Experts

At the Tucson, Arizona, training camp of the Indians last spring, Luke started to hit more consistently by adopting the suggestions of a trio of experts on hand—Tris Speaker, Al Simmons and Lou Boudreau. Pitcher Gene Bearden and outfielders Thurman Tucker and Larry Doby volunteered to pitch extra batting practice to help the big guy at the plate. Infielder Johnny Berardino worked for hours with Luke to help improve his fielding and throwing, and the rest of the players invited him into pepper games and generally made him feel welcome.

"Nobody's chicken on this club," Luke said happily after this warm reception.

Luke started off the season at right field for the Indians. However, early in May, Manager Boudreau switched him back to first base in place of the slumping Mickey Vernon. Easter actually fielded better at the initial sack than he did in the outfield, and seemed to hit more consistently while playing at the familiar infield post.

Easter was benched briefly in late May because his hitting was off. Cleveland fans, who still had not warmed up to the big rookie, booed him so loudly that Boudreau felt that Luke could not shake the slump while still in the lineup. However, he came back. By June 14th, the Cleveland brass was so satisfied with Easter's progress at first base that they sold Vernon back to Washington.

Big Luke failed to hit a four-bagger during the first month of this season. Baseball writers around the circuit, especially those in New York, had begun to speculate that perhaps his big wallop was overestimated. Easter, in the midst of his slump, gave them their answer on May 6th at Yankee Stadium. In the first game of a double-header, he lined a homer off Allie Reynolds, against the middle deck in right field, and in the second put another one there off Fred Sanford.

And Big Luke finally won the cheers of the intensely partisan Cleveland fans five weeks later by cracking four home runs in two days at the Stadium. The last of this quartet of four-baggers—a tremendous blast that carried an estimated 480 feet into the upper right-field stands—has since been labeled the longest ball ever hit in major league baseball's biggest park.

A writer later complimented Easter on that record wallop, hit on a pitch by the Senators' Joe Haynes, saying: "You really pulled that homer tonight."

"I don't know nothin' about pullin'," Big Luke replied. "I hit the ball where it's pitched."

That display of power seemed to convince skeptics that Easter finally had arrived as a big-league star. It certainly justified Hank Greenberg's faith in the slugger. Hank, himself one of baseball's all-time-great first sackers, had been working out regularly with Luke a few hours daily throughout the season.

"We've got good pitching and enough hitting," Greenberg told a sports writer at the mid-season mark. "In my book, it all depends on Easter." THE END

"Isn't it wonderful? You won't have to complain about the toast being burned, the coffee being weak or the eggs being soft. I'm not going to make breakfast"

COLLIER'S — DICK CAVALLI

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'Each One Teach One'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Therein lies the real secret of Laubach's success in helping 50,000,000 people to become literate—his chain system of teaching. Fully realizing that conventional teaching techniques can scarcely dent the surface of world illiteracy, he makes it a rule that the best of his pupils teach other illiterates, and that they extract the same promise from their best pupils, and so on.

Laubach calls his system "Each One Teach One"—a phrase which has gone round the world. The brilliant success of "Each One Teach One" Laubach gratefully attributes to a Philippine tribal king, Kakai (pronounced "Cockeye") Dagalangit, an old friend of his.

It came about this way.

In 1915, Frank Laubach had just got his Ph.D. degree from Columbia—his thesis was a sociological treatise on New York's derelicts—had married Effa Seely, and had decided to become a missionary. Through friends of his, Laubach had become intrigued by stories of the Philippine Moro tribesmen, probably the fiercest fighters ever encountered by American soldiers.

When he arrived in the Philippines with his wife, Laubach was warned by Army officers to stay away from Lake Lanao, the Moro hotbed. It took him until 1929 to open a mission station there. The first month was a dismal fiasco. One day, sitting on Signal Hill pondering his failure, Laubach suddenly experienced what as a very devout man he considers a revelation.

"I suddenly realized," he says, "that what had happened was that I felt superior to these Moros because I was white. In that terrible, wonderful hour I became color-blind."

Laubach clambered to his feet and walked down Signal Hill. There he met a group of panditas (Moslem priests). "I want to study your Koran," he told them. The priests, normally hostile, were delighted, and prepared to convert him to Mohammedanism.

First, Laubach felt he had to learn Maranaw in order to discuss the Koran with them in their native language. He got himself a teacher named Pambaya, a Moro once convicted of murder, sentenced to 20 years in prison and later released.

Tackling the First Problem

When, to Laubach's astonishment, his jailbird teacher told him that Maranaw, the principal Moro language, had never been printed, the missionary decided to write it down his own way.

"I laid down my own rules," he recalls fondly. "I decided to adopt the Roman alphabet to make it perfectly phonetic—only one sound to one letter, contrary to English usage. I pronounced 'w' as 'oo' and 'u' as in 'up.' "

Maranaw wasn't an easy language to learn. First, everything was said in incredibly roundabout ways (a simple sentence like "Let me see it" becomes "I will be let by you to have it seen by me"), and second, all words were run together without pauses to indicate where one began and another ended. Laboriously Laubach began picking separate words from this maddening jumble and recording them on cards.

Soon, with the help of a colleague, he had compiled the first Maranaw dictionary. In no time he was debating with the priests in Maranaw the finer points of the Koran, and was even putting out a local Maranaw newspaper. One side was printed in Arabic type, which the more educated priests could read, and the other in Laubach-Roman type, which at first only Laubach and a handful could understand.

The sight of this strange new alphabet sent the Moros almost mad with curiosity, which was just what Laubach wanted. Culling key Maranaw words from his card file, he found three which contained all the consonants used in the language. With the help of a simple alphabet chart and these three words, Laubach discovered that he could teach the brighter Moros to repeat every letter within 10 minutes.

Within days, Laubach's school building, a former saloon which he bought for a couple of hundred dollars, was swarming with Moros clamoring to learn how to read his newspaper. They would come in, sit down with Laubach's charts for a short time, buy a copy of his newspaper, then make off down the road, reading and chortling as they ran. The word spread like wildfire. Mothers brought their children and learned with them. Kakai Dagalangit brought six of his 13 wives.

Missionaries say that in Togaya, the hideout of Lanao's most murderous outlaws, the mere mention of Laubach's name was enough to save white men from attack. Among the primitive Apayao tribesmen in the mountains of northern Luzon, where tattooed natives wore only bright red G strings, Laubach could sit in a hut at night and hear the whole village about him reciting the syllables of his little charts.

Newspaper Coverage Expands

The school expanded to a staff of 20 teachers and hundreds of pupils, mostly adult. Laubach's newspaper, which had started as "a story paper telling of the events in Mecca and other important places . . . and . . . the price of rice," began propagating Christian doctrine on a large scale, as well as printing epic Moro songs. "It wasn't too easy translating phrases like 'Bantugan expectorates a stream of betel nut juice,' " recalls Laubach.

In 1931, working so furiously that he scarcely had time to eat, Laubach was making literates out of savages at the rate of 11,000 a year.

Suddenly a terrible blow fell. The depression cut off Laubach's funds. Sick at heart, he called the Moros together and told them he had no money to continue. When he heard the bad news, Kakai Dagalangit scowled. Then turning around, he shouted:

"This is Lanao's only hope. If it stops, we are lost. From now on, everybody who learns to read will teach somebody else. If he fails, I'll kill him personally!"

From that moment on, even though it wasn't always backed by such dire threats, the system of "Each One Teach One" began spreading throughout the world. When Laubach had first come to the Philippines, mothers had hidden their children from him in terror; they had been told that he'd come to grab 600 Moro babies and to burn them. In 1935, when he left Lanao amid the tears of a crowd of well-wishers, many mothers pressed their babies upon Laubach. "Take them to America," one pleaded. "Give them the chance we will never have."

Today the Moros are not only 75 per cent literate but boast of having one of the highest voting rates of any group in the Philippines.

But Laubach wasn't headed home. The transformation of the Moros through literacy was so remarkable that word had spread to missionary agencies in other parts of the world. It began to look as though he had discovered something—technique and a spirit—that promised hope for millions. Letters were coming in from missionaries and lay teachers in India, Egypt and Palestine asking for help in starting literacy campaigns.

Laubach took the money intended for his passage back to New York and, leaving his wife and son in Lanao, booked passage on a ship going East. It was as a result of this trip through India, and the Near East that his mission became world-wide.

He proved that his method of picture-syllables could work in the Oriental languages as it had in the Philippine, even though the task of finding the keys was much more difficult in the more complex languages. But most important was the fact that Laubach himself came to realize the magnitude of the job and the vastness of

Prize-winning FATHER

By EARL H. PESTOW

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT DAY

The meeting was called to disorder by Marian Frimshil's doll

I RECENTLY attended a small-fry shindig that for eloquence and resourcefulness of memory took every cake ever baked. I not only was the audience but also a subject. What the debating teams did to me I'll never divulge, outside of this one time.

It started when the High Street Six-to-Ten Club met in our living room for one of their spasmodic business meetings, the business of which I've never been able to ascertain.

The meeting was called to disorder smoothly enough by Marian Frimshil's doll catching the flu. Dawn and Valerie, our eight- and seven-year-olds, and Imogene Crantwailer immediately began nursing her back to health with a Christmas-gift nursing kit as Marian wailed.

"Why the gloom?" I remarked.

"Pansy's got the flu," Valerie said. "She hurt like anything when she flew against the wall."

"Oh, *that* kind. Court plaster will repair her head nicely."

"No," Dawn said, "we'll have to do what Mommy did when we were sick."

"Going to keep a visiting doll in bed all week?"

"Course not," Valerie said, placing a toy thermometer in the doll's ear. "She needs a compass."

"Do you mean 'compress?' " I asked, bewildered.

The children stared as if I'd just flunked first grade. Beating a quick retreat, I made myself some tea.

"Isn't that just like a father?" I heard Marian say.

"He's dumb," Imogene remarked. "But not as dumb as mine."

"He is, too!" Valerie retorted, sticking up loyally for her family. "He's the dumbest father in the whole world!"

"When Mommy and I visited Grandma," Imogene boasted, "*my* father ran a loose trouser cuff through the sewing machine and sewed both legs together. That makes him pretty dumb."

Marian chortled. "Ho, not like mine! My mother says *he's* the world's biggest dummy when it comes to talking."

"*Our* father repaired a vacuum cleaner so that it blew dust all over the house!" Dawn cried triumphantly.

"That's nothing!" Marian shouted. "When Mommy was entertaining the minister, my father forgot himself and said, 'Twist his I-won't-say-the-word head off, Curly!' to a wrestler on television. Mommy was sure mad."

"But *he* never fixed a kitchen clock so that it shows the same time all day!" Dawn caroled. "Guess that shows our father's dumbest."

"Maybe he is, at that," Marian conceded reluctantly.

Imogene was stubborn. She couldn't see anyone dumber than *her* father. I began to love the wonderful girl, and hoped she'd win out.

"I don't know," she said. "When my father insisted that wet ashes were better for banking the furnace, and then the fire went out, my mother said he was a prize. That means he's awf'ly dumb."

Good for you, Imogene, I thought. Give the honors to your father.

"Pooh!" Valerie said. "To show you how dumb *our* father is, when we asked where babies came from he said a stork dropped them down the chimney!"

"Yes," Dawn chimed. "And ever'body knows they're delivered straight to the hospital! Now, isn't our father the dumbest?"

With that, Imogene surrendered, and her father became runner-up. But being a fair-minded man, I decided to share honors with Mr. Frimshil and Mr. Crantwailer. I told Dawn and Valerie to be polite to their guests and allow their fathers to be dumber. Being obedient little girls, they returned and told Marian and Imogene the good news.

I don't know what version their fathers finally heard, but since then the three of us have been closer than triplets, and warn one another whenever the signs indicate another meeting of the Six-to-Ten Club.

When they meet, we make certain we're elsewhere. Let the mothers have the honors, is our motto. THE END

My daughter told them I had fixed a vacuum cleaner so it blew dust all over the house

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the possibilities. He wrote to friends at home: "In Asia and Africa, over a billion people are illiterate. This cold paper cannot tell you what that means . . . they are slaves, hungry, driven, diseased, afraid of this world and of the demons in the next. This is the exact truth. They can be set free."

When Laubach came home it was with a fierce determination to free the illiterates. He stumped the country pleading for help for "the silent billion." "Their real tragedy," he told audiences, "is that they cannot speak; they are the silent victims, the forgotten men, driven like animals, mutely submitting in every age before and since the pyramids were built."

In response to these appeals the World Literacy Committee was formed in 1936. Laubach ceased to be a missionary with an odd and too expensive hobby and was formally appointed special counselor and representative of the committee. This time when he started off for India and Africa the committee bought his ticket.

Soon Laubach's phonetic reading charts were being pasted up throughout India. He cast aside with scorn the complaints of the classic Devanagari scholars who decried any tampering with the Hindu alphabet, which they considered holy because it is descended from sacred Sanskrit. Laubach not only pressed for the introduction of a sane Roman alphabet but dared to transcribe local dialects, a procedure appalling to the fastidious Indian scholars.

He took the unprecedented step of teaching illiterates to read the words they used most, by asking children of illiterates what their parents talked most about, and keeping records of their answers. Laubach's basic texts, consequently, often cover such unscholarly subjects as hatred for moneylenders, cow dung, birth control, snake charming, diseases, tricks of beggars and quarrels between mothers and daughters.

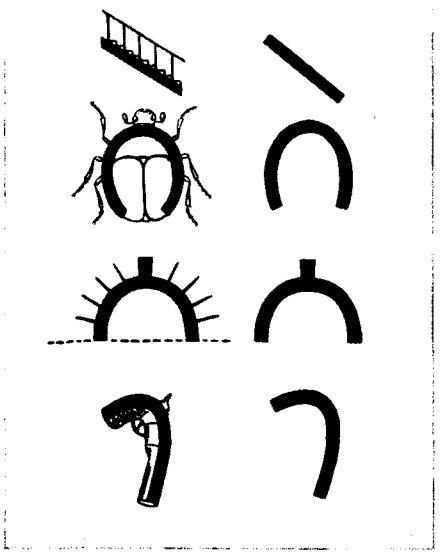
As a result entire towns turned out for mass doses of Laubach's literacy. In the state of Baroda, he was greeted as a conqueror by kilted Indian bagpipers and hailed through the streets in a mad procession including 4,000 children from 35 local schools. They assembled before a huge building, one wall of which had been repainted with a giant sign—the words of a phonetics song which Laubach had composed. While Laubach stood by, the entire throng sang it, fast and loud:

Everybody's singing ka ke, ki ko, ku,
All the boys are singing ka, ke, ki, ko, ku,
All the girls are singing ka, ke, ki, ko, ku,
All Baroda's singing ka, ke, ki, ko, ku . . .

Then there was a feast for the whole town, in which—miraculously for India—caste mixed with caste in the common light of dawning literacy.

In 1949, Laubach and his team went into New Guinea. A chieftain from the inland cannibal country heard about the literacy work and journeyed to the coast with the demand that Laubach come and teach his people to read. First they taught the chief to read and then how to teach. After the lessons and charts were prepared the team set off by plane for the Medlpa country and word was sent ahead by drum and bush telegraph that they were coming.

When Laubach arrived 12,000 Mount Hagen tribesmen were waiting. In a week he taught about 50 of the natives to be teachers. Now the Lutheran missionaries are carrying on the work and are providing the natives with literature.



Ethiopia's Coptic alphabet in a Laubach chart: railing taken from steps (top) is *uh*, means "steps going up"

Throughout this wild and almost impenetrable section the attitude toward mission work and outside civilization has changed. The Australian government, keenly interested in the whole literacy and mission effort, is assisting in every way possible.

Hand in hand with literacy goes the problem of supplying reading material for the newly literate. It is, Laubach believes, particularly vital at this time when the battle of ideologies is raging all around the world. The new literate is greatly inclined to believe everything he reads. Laubach says he shudders every time he sees abroad the shoddy, pornographic literature which is exported from the U.S. in vast quantities. But, he says, you can't stop literacy. The great challenge is to use it for the good.

In India he found big landowners afraid that their serfs would revolt if they became educated and even Gandhi was not easily won over. When Laubach called on him and showed him his charts, he was stunned to hear Gandhi say:

"I doubt whether India ought to learn to read."

"What do you mean?" asked Laubach in amazement.

"Much of the literature you publish in the West," replied Gandhi, "is not fit for India to read."

For a moment Laubach was silent. Then he said quietly, "Mr. Gandhi, you are right. But on the other hand, think of the teachings of Jesus Christ. If His life had not been written and we had not learned to read, we would know little about Him."

Gandhi nodded his head. "Yes," he said, "India must be literate. But with literacy comes a grave responsibility."

Well-Chosen Reading Matter

It is a responsibility which Laubach is anxious to meet. After his charts and word lists come simple primers and second readers. His two second readers are the Life of Christ, which can be translated in the field and adapted to local understanding, and a text entitled Making Everybody's World Safe which gives simple lessons in health, hygiene, agriculture and citizenship. The reader is followed by a four-page weekly newspaper.

Much more literature is required. One of Laubach's greatest present needs is for the training—and financial backing—of young journalists who can write simple news about the outside world for new literates in understandable language. The new literate can't easily understand abstractions; concepts like "democracy" must be brought home to him in concrete terms which apply to himself and his own community.

Laubach says, "We've got to explain Christianity and democracy to the people in the people's language."

Recently, after testifying before Senate committee hearings on the Point Four program, he rushed around on a speaking tour to make the country realize how it could propagate democracy throughout the primitive world through literacy. He pressed his fervent belief that if we fight hunger, disease and illiteracy in these areas, we'll lick Communism.

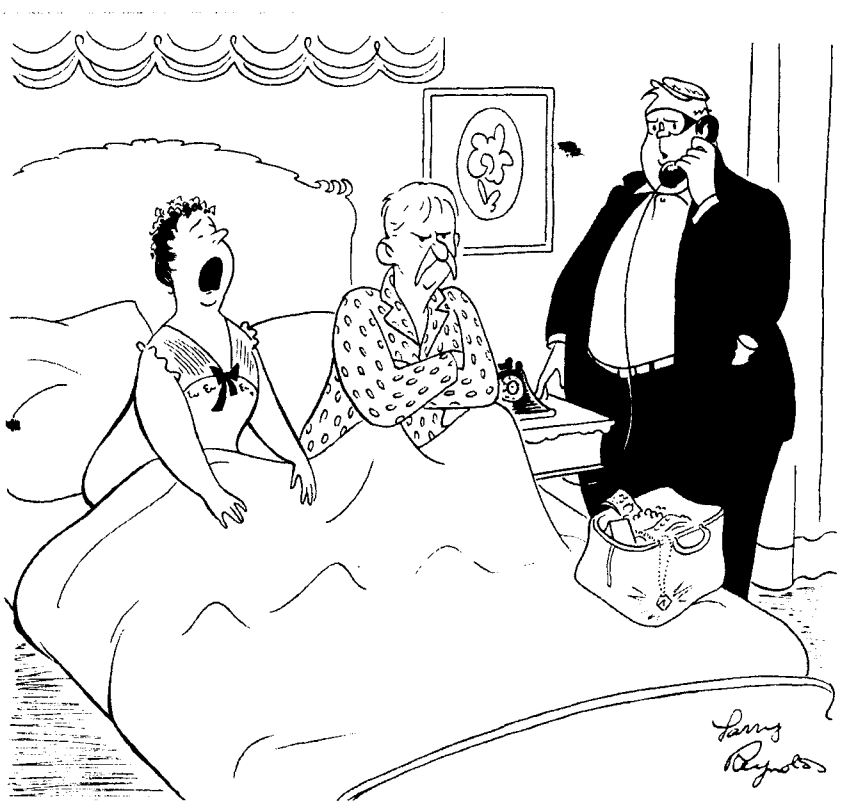
"America must lead the way," he told his audiences. "If we don't help these people they will blow up. They hear two voices. One says, 'You are in poverty because the rich have kept you poor—revolt!' The other says, 'Knowledge is power. Educated people know how to take wealth from the ground and minerals and water. Learn their secret.' They are willing to try either way. These people don't simply want our charity or our food. They want to raise themselves up as civilized human beings.

"We must provide books by the millions. The books must be translated into many tongues and dialects; they must be carried from house to house in remote areas of the earth.

"We can win this battle for men's minds. A billion people are newly awake and on the march. Enough to overwhelm the world or save it."

THE END

BUTCH



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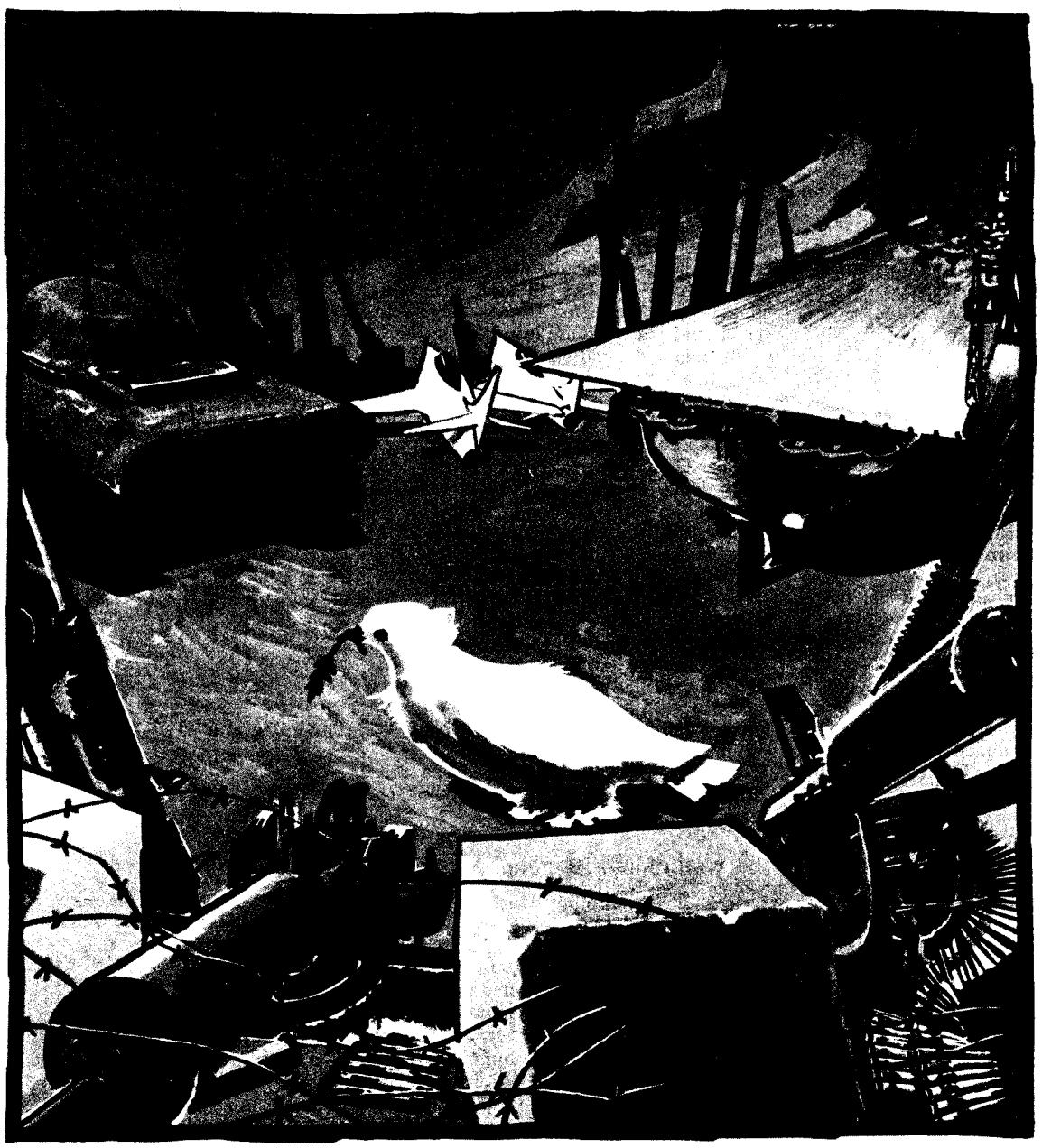

HARRY DEVLIN

We Need POWER to Preserve PEACE

SOVIET COMMUNISM has twice pointed out to our government the proper course of America's postwar foreign policy. The first demonstration was the Berlin blockade. The second was the invasion of South Korea. In both instances Washington was shown that the Pentagon, at least for the present, has far greater influence on Russia's actions than the State Department.

Well-equipped strength, courageously used, has succeeded when flexible diplomacy has failed. That is a demonstrated fact which carries an inescapable conclusion. Our government should accept the policy that has been forced upon it. And it should now follow that policy consistently until Russia is ready to listen to reason and show a disposition to live at peace with the world outside its orbit.

Our intervention in Korea surprised international Communism and cheered the friends of freedom. But it has not insured lasting peace. This government cannot afford to hope that opposition will cause Stalin to abandon his plan of expansion and conquest. It cannot afford to lapse into its past indecision. The present situation calls for preparedness, not complacency.

President Truman won the country's praise and rallied its support by his prompt decision to support the United Nations in South Korea. He did not hesitate in the moment of emergency to abandon his previous attitude toward the Far East. He aided the Korean republic after he had reneged on a rather firm commitment to defend it. He moved swiftly and decisively to protect a recently expendable Formosa and to strengthen the neglected Philippines. In doing so he gained valuable time for the free world and undoubtedly rescued the United Nations from a crisis that might have ended its effective existence.

Thus a lot of past mistakes were corrected, suddenly and dramatically. Now we hope that Mr. Truman, with the wisdom he has shown and the support he has won, will turn his attention to some other urgent questions and neglected dangers.

Suppose Bao Dai suddenly faces a "Korea" in his fight against Indo-China's Communists. Will we go to the rescue? And if we don't, how can we explain our contradictory action?

Are we faced with the prospect of an "E.C.A." program for the Pacific that might run into as many billions as the Marshall Plan for Europe? Will it be up to the United States to bolster a Philippine economy that is rapidly deteriorating?

What if Russia should move against Iran or some other Middle Eastern country, as some sources predict? What is the state of our intelligence in that area? And what would we do if we learned that such an action was being mounted?

Most important of all, perhaps, what is Mr. Truman going to do about the woefully vulnerable defenses of the continental United States?

These are not mistakes and omissions in planning that can be corrected suddenly and dramatically. Their remedy will be laborious and costly.

On May 10th, the President made this statement: "It is easy for foolish people to say that we ought to slash national expenditures by cutting defenses. As long as I have anything to say about it, I do not intend to weaken the defenses of this country to meet any shortsighted cry of 'economy.'" Those are brave and admirable words. Yet at a press conference on June 22d, only three days before the North Korean invasion, Mr. Truman was still saying that the country could not afford the 70-group Air Force that so many congressmen and military strategists had long recommended.

We believe that the country can afford anything that will save it from the destruction of atomic war. And we believe that Russia has demonstrated that the best salvation lies in strength, not in economizing.

Lieutenant General Idwal H. Edwards of the Air Force made this statement on May 21st—a statement that we have not seen challenged: "Our ability to stop an aerial attack against this country is very limited. Our air defense facilities are inadequate. The threat that faces us is grave. To meet it we must have a radar screen sufficient to warn us when enemy aircraft are heading toward any of our centers of industry and population. When we discover the attacker, we must have enough interceptor groups guarding the approaches to the nation to be able to destroy a maximum amount of the attacking force."

We do not have that radar screen. We do not have the interceptors we need. And when you read Hiroshima, U.S.A. in this issue, if you have not already done so, you will find a sobering account of our woeful lack of even the beginning of industrial dispersal and civilian protection in the event of atomic war.

To provide an adequate defense is a staggering task which requires huge sums of money, immense labor, all the time at our disposal, and co-operation by all of us such as never has been dreamed of in times of peace. But must this task be left undone because it is difficult? Shall we persist in hoping, against present reality, that the threat of war is past and the defense is not needed?

The answer is obvious. So also is the first step in that staggering task. We must stop kidding ourselves. And our government must stop kidding us.

We have listened to bland assurances from the Secretary of Defense and to urgent warnings from the officers under him. We have watched the State Department flounder in vacillation and contradiction, and we have seen it caught flat-footed by the Korean invasion. We have heard brave vows of defense from one side of the President's mouth and cautious talk of poverty from the other.

Let us have an end to this confusion and deception. Let us have the whole, unvarnished truth from our government. And then let us get at the job that must be done.

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